THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS FEBRUARY 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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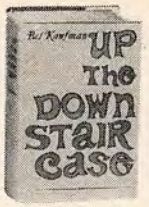

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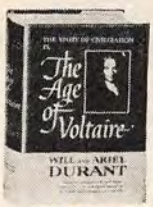

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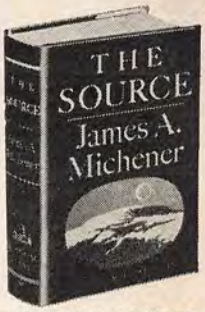

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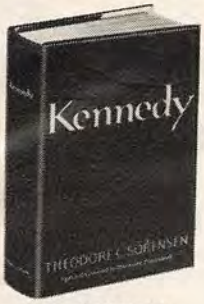

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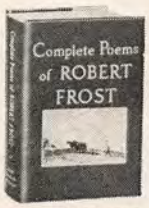

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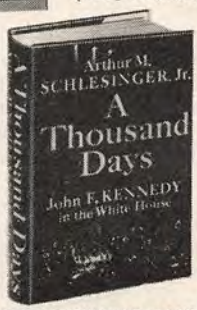

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A Man Reborn

As an avid female fan of your magazine, I wish to compliment you on the excellent coverage of the story appearing in the October issue by W. C. Heinz *The Man Who Grew A New Body*. It is impossible to imagine what Mr. Kobak really went through, but it certainly makes you want to stand up and cheer him for his courage, determination and love of family and life.

My hat is off to a magazine that can bring gratefulness, humbleness and tears to people today, when the accent is on self-pity and self, self, self. Congratuations.

—Mrs. Shirley A. Coroian
Gibsonia, Pa.

Divorce Reform

Your article *Divorce By Mutual Consent* has led to a flood of mail requesting copies of the Maine United States Divorce Reform reform bill. Many thanks! Your May '63 divorce article by Max Gunther led to the beginning of USDR in New England.

Many thanks!

—John E. Harrigan
Madison, Maine

Your September issue of TRUE contained an article on United States Divorce Reform and its activities in Maine. The local chapter in Maine has been flooded with letters from all over the United States from readers of TRUE who want to do something about the divorce racket, and they are interested in additional information.

I think it would be helpful if you would publish the addresses of USDR. The national office is P.O. Box 6222, Sacramento, California. My address as National Director, United States Divorce Reform is P. O. Box 1907, Eureka, California.

In California we intend to put the Sitton-Winterfield Initiative Referendum, sponsored by the Citizens Committee for Preservation of California Families and United States Divorce Reform on the ballot in 1966. This will remove the courts from divorce and place this matter in the hands of a competent and trained board. This should then spread to every state in the Union. People may secure a copy of this bill by writing to me and people may also send contributions to me. They are tax-deductible by ruling of Internal Revenue Service.

—J. W. Cooper, Jr.
Eureka, Calif.

Stamp Act

In the December issue of Man's World you speak of the decline and fall of the noxious trading stamps, in much the same vein as we conservatives speak of the "Decline and Fall of the American Republic." But perhaps we are both too negative in our thinking. At least the trading stamp, if not *res publica*, can still serve a useful purpose. Now I propose that some such be done:

1. Save the stamps to pay on the national debt since it has become evident that every one intends to welsh on this debt.
2. Or use them to buy gold and silver from the people to whom we gave it, and use the metal for coinage, to save the national till—and all private tills.

Since it is glaringly evident that no one in office has sufficient moral character to be entrusted with this trust, it is proposed that a trust be formed—pending sufficient political competence—and administered by Robert Welsh and the DAR! By the time responsible government is achieved, the trust will have grown so massive that it will rescue us all from bankruptcy.

—J. W. Conrad
Altoona, Pa.

Going, Going, Gown

I just couldn't resist commenting on the Aphrotic Gowns mentioned in *It's A Man's World* (December TRUE). In supposedly the most uninhibited sex years of the century, Doctor Swartley thinks he can improve the art of lovemaking with a gown! "Engineered . . . phased-in . . . programmed to passion. . . " indeed! There's too much programming in this computer age as it is—unless we figure on using Rhoda the Robot as the model for Doctor Swartley's engineering fiasco.

—George Day
Rochester, N. Y.

Doctor Swartley's Aphrotic Gowns are interesting enough, I suppose, but one question inevitably comes to mind: what the hell is wrong with sleeping in the nude in the first place?

—William H. Hensler
Aurora, Colorado

Nothing.

Bull Session

Hats off to TRUE!

At last someone has written an admirable article about bullfighting in an American magazine. I am not a Cordobesista, although I have seen the mop-topped torero several times, but Robert Daley's story in the November issue was an absolute masterpiece. Daley undoubtedly has true knowledge of the Fiesta Brava and has explained the life of El Cordobes thoroughly.

Although this torero has been publicized in many magazines, TRUE's story is without a doubt superior in all aspects. I have never been able to figure out why the typical American man's magazine often takes it upon itself to write about bullfighting, gives the assignment to someone who has never seen a bullfight—and who botches the job completely. TRUE has apparently chosen a man who is an expert in the field, and has presented both the bullfight and El Cordobes in a worthy manner.

—Lyn A. Sherwood
Long Beach, Calif.

While in Europe in June of 1963, I was able to spend a couple of weeks in Barcelona, Spain. During my stay I had my first opportunity to see a bullfight at the Plaza De Toras Monumental.

There were six bulls and two matadors for this event. The first matador did a perfect job, and I was impressed with the fairness of play that the bull received. The other matador entered the arena and I honestly thought he was a clown. His hair hung down in his face, and he was almost totally blind because of it. His passes were badly timed and clumsy, and once he even fell down when the bull was nowhere near him! This sort of action lasted through the entire event, and in the end I joined the thousands of spectators who were showering

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[*Continued from page 2*]

"the clown" with abuse, seat cushions and bottles.

I got the November issue of TRUE, and there he was, right on the cover—El Cordobes. I want to thank TRUE for clearing up the mystery as to who the clown with the long hair was. May I also add that it was an understatement when Robert Daley said that El Cordobes has bad days!

—Walter A. Brown
Louisville, Ky.

BEST FOOT FORWARD

The Detroit riots (TRUE, December, page 58) has an interesting sequel in Red Russia. As an anti-American propaganda attack, the movies of the Detroit riots were widely shown as newsreels in Russia. But the effort backfired when the people remarked that even the poorer Negro men and women shown in the films were wearing clothing far superior to anything available in Russia.

One newsreel frame in particular made the Russian viewers gasp. It showed a workman in one crowd wearing two-tone black-and-white shoes, an item then unavailable even to the richest class in Russia.

Readers of TRUE can find that picture in the December number on page 58 immediately after the title: Bloody Monday. The man is shown in the front foreground wearing a white shirt and dark pants, running towards an automobile at right foreground. He is wearing the two-tone shoes that caused a sensation wherever shown.

—Thomas F. Quinlivan
San Antonio, Tex.

LAST LAUGH

The Case of the Scrambled Cadillacs on page 60 of the November issue was particularly interesting to me. Some eight years ago a group of men at our yacht club bar was discussing old motor cars. I made the statement that in 1907 I had driven a "one-lung" Cadillac over the deep-rutted, corduroy-type roads on the Isle of Pines, south of Havana, Cuba. The roars of ridicule were long and loud, and everyone in the group—including one man who was a local automobile dealer—insisted there never had been a one-cylinder Cadillac. You can see why I appreciated Charles Barnard's article so much.

—Robert H. Moore
Huntington, L.I., N.Y.

TUNNEL TRIUMPH

I was very interested in Mr. Martin's November article in *Strange But* TRUE about precision surveying in tunnels. However he didn't need to go to the Alps for a good example. In 1960 an 8½ mile section of the 23.6 mile Roberts Tunnel under the continental divide in Colorado was "holed through" much closer; 1¼ inches horizontally, and 2 inches vertically. Even more remarkable was the fact that at one end, the line of sight had to be carried down a 920-foot shaft that gave only a 14-foot back sight.

Credit must be given to the persistence of Denver's Tipton-Kalmbach consulting engineers because the "line" was checked and rechecked every Sunday for two years while the tunnel was being driven.

—Ben Nott
San Jose, Calif.

TRAFFIC JAM

Commissioner Barnes should have done his homework in the field of mass transit before helping write his article (December, TRUE). He is right in recognizing mass transit as the cure (and this is not too strong a word) for automobile congestion, but does not perceive one prime fact:

That each track of rapid transit line can carry as many persons as 17 to 22 highway lanes. Thus 36 or 40 feet of real estate in San Francisco (which he names) can carry as many commuters as 400 or 500 feet of highway; moreover, parking lot area needed is moved from midcity to the suburbs for park-n-ride.

If this be true, then rail rapid transit is a far better answer than his beloved buses. Furthermore, 50 mph. buses mean 20 mph. average speed at best; the 90 mph. contraptions (his word) average about half that. We need not even speak of the fact that buses must share auto lanes and usurp

[*Continued on page 8*]

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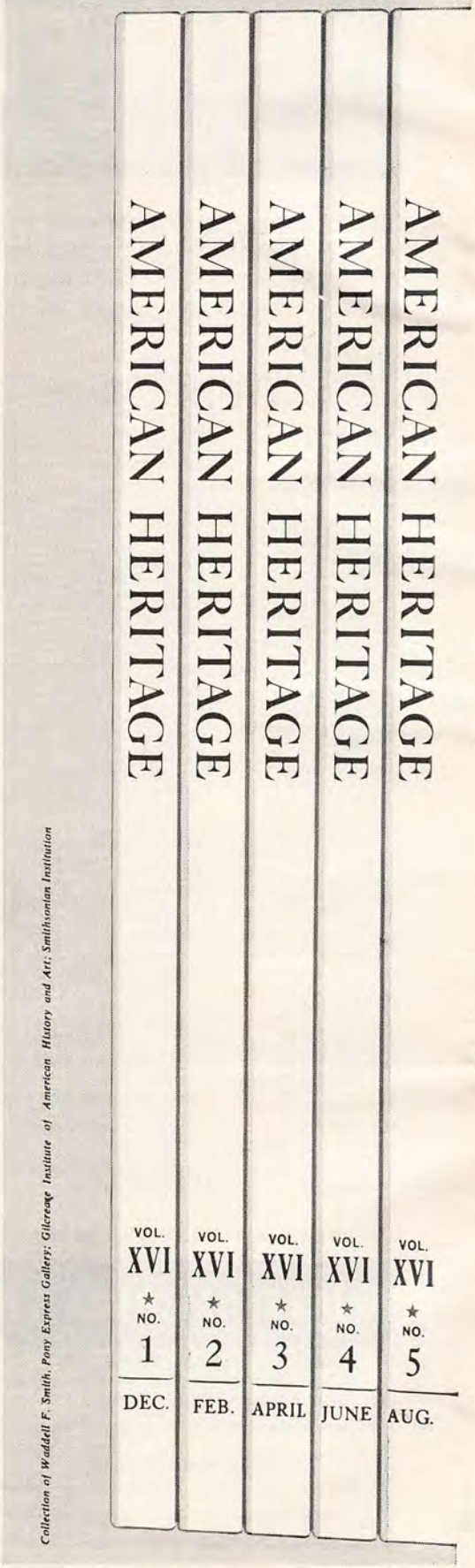
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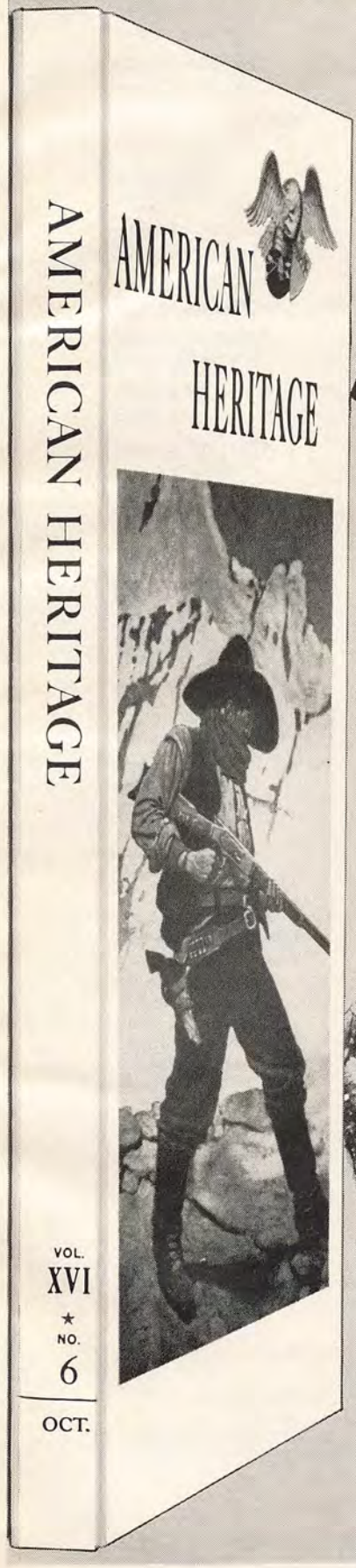

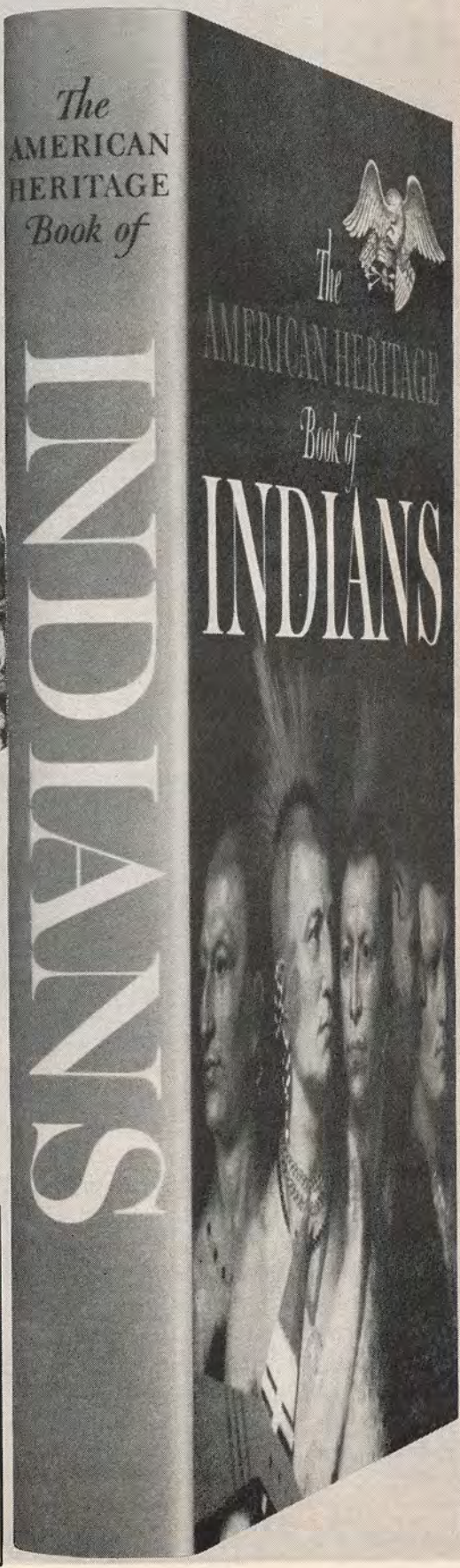

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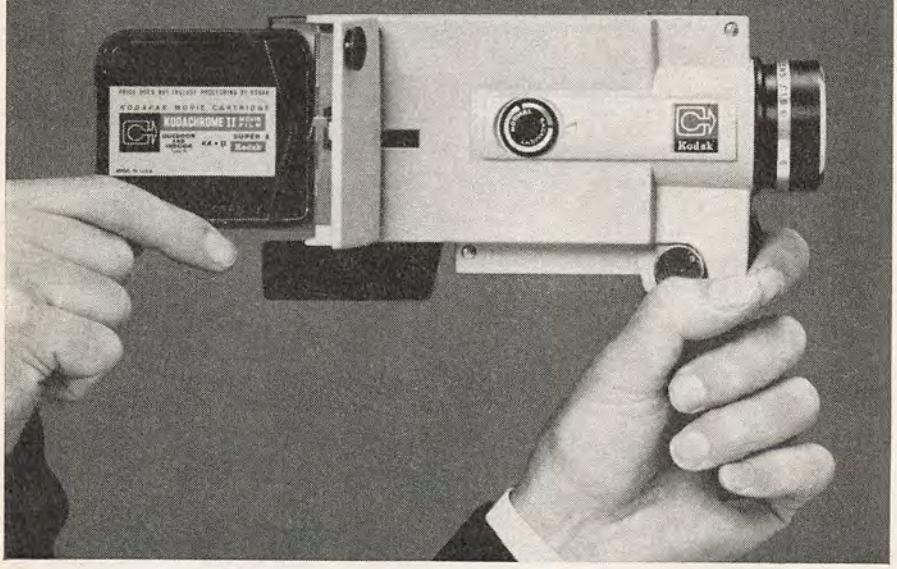

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36—Walter Vecchio
58-59—Photograph taken at Coyote Gulch Flea Circus, Steel Pier, Atlantic City, courtesy Ronald W. Hoffman

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

FEBRUARY 1966

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Twice in two years TRUE, an all fact magazine, has found a work of fiction so compellingly close to truth that it did not seem out of place on these pages. The first was **The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.** The second, by the authors of **The Ugly American,** is the new novel **Sarkhan,** condensed here.

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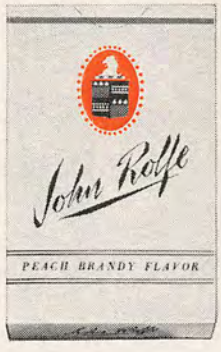
VOL. 47 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION No. 345



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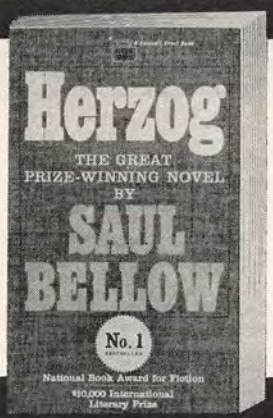

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[*Continued from page 4*]

curb space while they stop; nor of the wintertime slippage and slides of rubber tires.

Expert Barnes is right about many things—the need for mass transit, the high cost of pure subways, the toylike nature of monorail. And, of course, about his own field of competence. He might start his expansion into mass transit by reading the prophecies of Ed Hungerford about 1922; this railroader wrote a book proposing a rail loop line around Manhattan which would avoid the need to crawl into midcity to escape to the hinterlands. I hope he does; we need Barnes.

—*William C. Kessel*
Hamburg, N.Y.

Star Struck

All astrologers, such as myself, who do personal horoscope interpretations are in your debt for publishing Joe Goodavage's *Astrology: Surprising Revelations From A Suspect Science* (November). This is not only the fairest and most accurate article I've read on the subject by a nonastrologer, but virtually the first I've seen in a mass publication periodical. If those who doubt astrology's validity took the time to consult an honest, individual practitioner they might be astonished by the results. I don't know *why* astrology works, but it does; anytime I'm wrong, I ask my client to chalk up the error to *me* and my human fallibility.

—*Mary Neal*
Lawrence, Ind

I didn't know how wrong I was until I read your article on astrology. Now I know all the traits and taints of the human race are caused by the stars and planets.

Due to this enlightening article, I will consult the stars before I beget my next child, and I'll also make up my mind beforehand about whether I want him to be lean or stocky; light or dark; blond, red, green,

violet or black haired; name him Harold or Peter; and, of course, with a high IQ (which he won't need anyway, as the stars will look after him).

As for myself, I'll take it easy from now on. I'm going to lean back, sip my liquor and wench around all the time. I am going to stop beating my brains or breaking my back trying to make a living, for if I was born under a lucky star I won't have to worry about lacking anything and if I wasn't, well . . . it's no use trying anyway.

We should change some of our customs; for instance: anybody breaking the law shouldn't be punished as it is not *his* fault but the stars'. Let's also compel all professors to do away with all that trash called genetics and teach astrology instead.

Perhaps your next issue will surprise us with the adventures of a broom-riding witch on a round trip to the moon.

—*L. Robles*
Aguascalientes, Mexico

Now, Hair This

In re your knock on long hair (Man's World, November): Up until WW I most men wore their hair long. Just check portraits of such great Americans as Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Samuel Adams, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, and you'll find that long hair was the style not the exception. So what's your beef? If a man wants to wear his hair long, why give him hell for doing so?

—*George Marsh*
Dayton, Ohio

I tried to kick the habit but find myself buying another subscription to True. This makes the 23rd year. Some time back you made some nasty cracks about the hairbending fraternity. As a member of same—and after working as a cosmetic huckster in all states and most of their beauty salons, I am convinced that the average hairbender is a better than average stud.

You advocate keeping the little woman near the stove and bed. I try to keep her looking like something human. For more years than I like to take credit for, women have been telling me that they never keep their hair cut because friend husband likes it long. But—unless long hair is brushed daily and washed twice weekly, it gets and stays filthy. After all, the face is washed daily and is exposed to no more dirt than the hair. Perhaps you like to crawl into bed with something that looks like it just crawled off a broom, but I don't.

I'd like to suggest that you hairy editorial types stack your shotguns, pen up the dogs and get the hell out and research your material before you make stupid comments about the guys who are trying to keep the zing in your bed partners.

That is, unless you plan to start sleeping with them hounds, mountain style.

—*Ray Phillips*
Salisbury, Md.

You've convinced us, Ray. To hell with those hounds.

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Look into Eversharp—the new chrome stainless blade with the Miron coated CONVEX EDGE

It's made possible by a new stainless steel formula. Low carbon, high chrome stainless called Swedish ***FINE-GRAIN**** and developed especially for us. It sharpens sharper. Holds its smoothness longer. Even than the best stainless used before. The fine-grain makes possible our new Convex Edge, Miron coated to glide friction-free over your skin for an unusually comfortable shave. Four mirror smooth blades $1. Pamper yourself.

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TRUEVIEWS

TRUEVIEWS OF MOVIES

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD. A grim and grimy, black and white rendering of John Le Carré's celebrated novel, providing a stunning backhand clout to all those gimmicky, Technicolor, spying-is-fun-and-games movies. Heading the large, top-notch cast, Richard Burton underplays, with telling effect, the spy who stays out in the cold too long, and Claire Bloom is fine as his wistful love. But Oskar Werner, playing the ill-fated German spy Fiedler, walks off with the acting honors in a bravura performance.

THE HEROES OF TELEMARK. The principal heroes are Kirk Douglas and Richard Harris, as Norwegian resistance fighters. Their job is to blow up a crucial Nazi installation. It's familiar film fare, but good action sequences, breathtakingly beautiful scenery and a grueling chase on skis make it worth seeing.

SANDS OF THE KALAHARI. What could have been merely an overworked cliche—five men and a girl stranded in a desert after a plane crash—becomes an absorbing film, thanks to intelligent handling and a neat plot twist: The sextet must compete with a tribe of savage baboons for the little bit of food and water on hand. Stanley Baker, Theodore Bikel and Susannah York are good and Stuart Whitman, as a tough-minded and ultimately dangerous realist, is excellent.

RETURN FROM THE ASHES. A Parisian woman returns from a concentration camp after WW II and finds her young, chess-bum husband shacking up with her beautiful stepdaughter and scheming to get her fortune. He tries to keep them both happy, but then turns the romp into a gripping dance of death, (perhaps just to get a good night's sleep). Maximilian Schell is the perfect murderer, Ingrid Thulin is his cool, beautiful wife and Samantha Eggar is the high-stepping stepdaughter.

NEVER TOO LATE. A sixtyish businessman and his fiftyish wife discover that she's going to have a baby, triggering a litter of laughter, largely because the not-so-proud papa is played by Paul Ford. Ford's face seems to be molded of Silly Putty and his nasal growl makes every line a comic gem. Maureen O'Sullivan plays his wife and she's a lovely, funny foil. Unfortunately, a tasteless, TV-mentality subplot about their children clutters up the second half of the film.

BOEING BOEING. A fast, frank and funny farce about a man whose Paris apartment is a layover for three stewardesses from three different airlines. Tony Curtis is the inexhaustible guy and Jerry Lewis, in his first adult role, is the friendly pal who keeps trying to horn in. The best laughs, however, go to Thelma Ritter, as Curtis's maid-of-all-work, traffic cop and den madam.

JULIET OF THE SPIRITS. One of the most beautiful movies ever made—a flowing, free-form, free association drama about the thoughts and fears of a middle-aged Italian woman with an adulterous husband. Directed by Federico Fellini, it is short on plot, motivation and credibility, but long on razzle-dazzle technique and fiercely effective use of color. Stars Giulietta Masina.

RED LINE 7000. Produced by Howard Hawks with a cast of unknowns, this picture is ostensibly about stock car racing. Unfortunately, it never quite gets out of low gear and spends most of its time on dull off-track bedding. It's either adolescent or juvenile and if you're over 18 you'd best stay away.

THE 2ND BEST SECRET AGENT IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD. The James Bond bandwagon has run out of room for more secret-agent spoofs. As soon as moviemakers realize this, the world will be a better place. Relatively speaking, of course.

TRUEVIEWS OF BOOKS

IN COLD BLOOD by Truman Capote. An account, by a novelist turned reporter, of the gory, dispassionate murder of a Kansas family by a pair of punks. More gripping and fascinating than most novels—and better written. The quiet, eerie description of the four murders is hair-raising. *Random House; $5.95.*

A THOUSAND DAYS by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. A moving and consistently interesting memoir of John F. Kennedy's brief administration, with the accent primarily on foreign affairs, missing none of the personalities and events, capturing perfectly the humor and grace under pressure of the late President. The Bay of Pigs invasion is described with absorbing detail, *Houghton Mifflin; $9.00.*

THE PARANOID STYLE IN AMERICAN POLITICS by Richard Hofstadter. One of the best, and wittiest, historians of our day examines the Goldwater movement (which he shows to be quite different from real conservatism) and other right-versus-left jabs in the American arena. *Knopf; $5.95.*

THE PENKOVSKIY PAPERS by Oleg Penkovskiy. Wildly assorted notes said to be written by a high-ranking Russian intelligence officer who spied for the West and was shot by the Russians in 1963. This fragmented diary is at times maddeningly pedantic and at times intensely interesting, especially when describing the organization and philosophy of Soviet espionage. *Doubleday; $5.95.*

TIME STOPPED AT 6:30 by Thaddeus Wittlin. The Russians are having a bad year. This book describes, and furnishes proofs of, their guilt for the 1940 Katyn massacre when more than 10,000 Polish POW's were shot in the back and dumped in common graves. It also illuminates the workings of Soviet intelligence people and provides memorable glimpses of prison-camp life from the author's firsthand experience. *Bobbs-Merrill; $5.00.*

THE THERAPEUTIC NIGHTMARE by Morton Mintz. A shocking indictment of the pharmaceutical industry, with thorough documentation of phony research, overpricing, manipulation of people and politics, government neglect and stupidity, and profiteering in the name of public interest. Mr. Mintz has done his homework and it should give the drug people a headache. Especially shocking is the account of how they made profits on the drugs-for-prisoners ransom deal after the Bay of Pigs invasion. *Houghton Mifflin; $6.95.*

THE TWO ASSASSINS by Renatus Hartogs. The author is the psychiatrist who examined Lee Harvey Oswald in 1953 when Oswald was 13 and a problem child in school. If his report had been acted on, history today would be very different. This examination of the lives of Oswald and Jack Ruby, drawn largely from the Warren Commission Report, is also a blast at Momism and a guide to finding the other Oswalds in our midst. *Crowell; $5.95.*

THE SHOTGUN BOOK by Jack O'Connor. A definitive book on the subject, covering everything from "aiming" to "Zeiss scopes," ranging from the early 18th century to now. Readable and informative; illustrated. *Knopf; $7.95.*

THE GOLDEN PEOPLE by Paul Gallico. Thirteen superficial biographies of sports greats of the 20's (Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Gertrude Ederle, etc.) sloppily and floridly written, with a hard sell for the "good old days" between every line—in spite of constant protests to the contrary. All windup and no pitch. *Doubleday; $4.95.*

THE GREAT COMIC BOOK HEROES by Jules Feiffer. So it starts out with a 53-page essay by Feiffer, trying to be hip and nostalgic, and failing, but you get the feeling that he's just marking time till the money comes rolling in on the crest of the pop-art-high camp boom.

[*Continued on page* 16]

Why are we painting all our engines blue?

Will it make them start faster on a cold morning?

Not one bit. Ford-built engines earned their reputation for quick starts long before blue paint. We keep our test facilities running 24 hours a day, 6 days a week, to prove out engines in broiling heat and freezing cold.

Will our new blue engines save on gas?

Not because of the paint. It's what's *under* the paint —(cylinder blocks, manifolds and pistons designed to save gas). A Ford-powered Falcon is still America's all-time economy champion for either sixes or eights.

Will Ford-built engines give better performance?

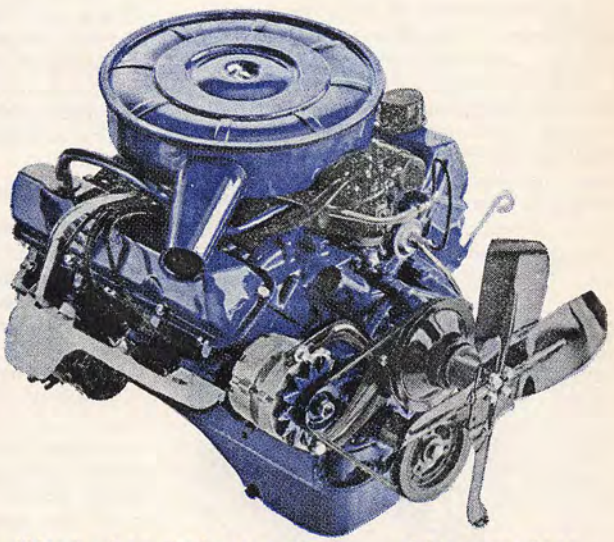
Positively yes. (Whether they're red, white or blue.)

Ford Motor Company took over first place in V-8 engine leadership back in 1932 . . . the year we introduced our first mass-production V-8. Since then, we've built and sold over 35 million V-8's—more than any other manufacturer.

So, why blue?

Because we want you to know the instant you see a Ford-blue engine in a car . . . truck . . . or tractor . . . it's *Powered by Ford*—built to the highest standard of engineering excellence.

If you don't happen to like blue engines—just quietly close the hood. Chances are you won't have to raise it again for a long, long time.



"You've heard of green giants . . . white tornadoes . . . so why not blue horses?"

They drew their way from "rags to riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By Rex Taylor

Albert Dorne —one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family, but studied art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become a fabulous money maker in advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home.

A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck and John Atherton.

Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a way to master the professional know-how that the famous artists had learned by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live?"

The twelve famous artists buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. They made over 5,000 drawings for their superb home-study lessons, each man contributing his own "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Norman Rockwell —this best loved American artist left school at 15.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent overlay, the instructor, himself a working, professional artist, would *draw or paint* his corrections. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record of his work.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools —whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled. Today the School has thousands of students in 54 countries, and is fiercely proud of what its students everywhere have accomplished.

James Ryan of Los Angeles is a good example. If his talent for drawing had gone undeveloped, he might still be a clerk, unhappy with his low-paying, routine job. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time.

Edith Ferullo studied art in her spare time, while raising her family. Today a leading Florida gallery exhibits her work.

Howard Sanden of Minneapolis enrolled while still in high school. Now he's a successful illustrator, has traveled in Europe and the Middle East with his wife on important art assignments.

Virginia Bartter, an Ohio housewife, never studied art before enrolling in the school. Last year she made over $1,000 from sales of her paintings, now teaches art classes in her home.

Paul Brewer of Chicago found that Famous Artists' training changed his whole life. He has gone from paste-up artist to award winning illustrator for the *Chicago Sun Times*. Recently, he was named "Artist of the Year" by the Newspaper Guild.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne says "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous." We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I know," Dorne goes on, "that many are missing careers in art simply because they hesitate to think they have talent. Many *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art.

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a revealing 12-page talent test. It is offered free and graded free. Men and women who do well on the test—or can offer other evidence of art talent—may enroll in the School. But there's no obligation.

To get your free Talent Test, fill out and mail the attached postage-paid card. (If card is missing, write to Famous Artists Schools, Studio 5021, Westport, Connecticut 06881. Give your name, address, age, and ask for the Art Talent Test.)

Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND why more beginners don't take the short road to publication—by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day – no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas – from dramatic new heart operations, to an observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School – founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you send an assignment to the School, one of our instructors—themselves all professional writers or editors—spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. And he returns it with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

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Students breaking into print

Our students have sold their work – even pieces they wrote as School assignments – to over 100 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, True, Redbook, Popular Science,* and *Better Homes & Gardens.*

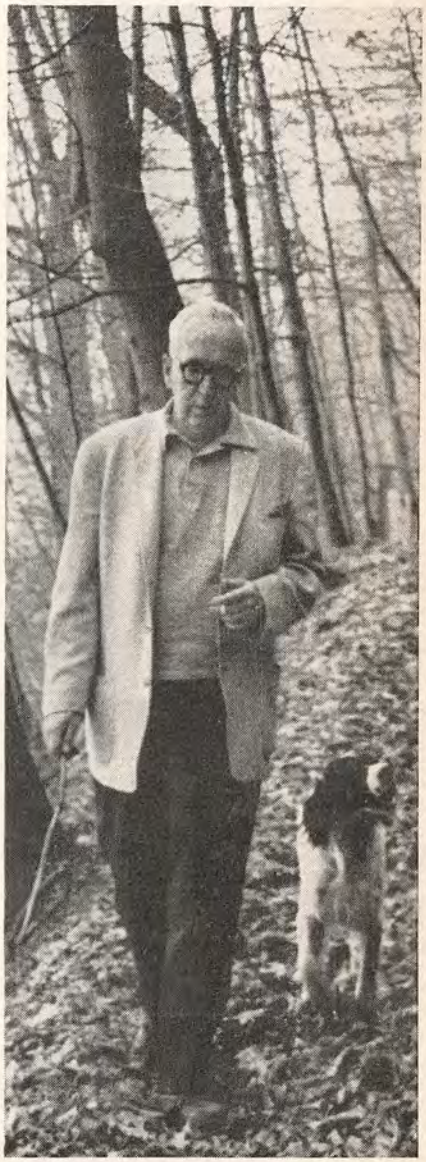
William W. Blanks, who enrolled with virtually no writing experience, announces, "I have sold nearly all of the articles I have written, including one to *Family Weekly,* thanks to your clear, concise teaching methods the School employs."

"As a result of your instruction" writes Dr. B. H. Roisum of Madison, Wisc., "I was able to sell three articles to the *Ladies' Home Journal* for $3,500." Roderick A. Magoon, Lachine, Wisc., says "My article was published in *The New York Times* and later exhibited at the World's Fair."

"I've just sold an article to *True* for $1,000," reports Alfred E. Gaumer. "This is the first thing I've published in 20 years of trying and I owe it all to your training."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

*11,000 newspapers and Sunday supplements also pay well for fresh material.



"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods, where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest,* and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week.*

Writing Aptitude Test offered

J. D. Ratcliff and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test. The postage-paid card attached will bring you a copy plus a 48-page brochure about the School.

Your Test will be graded without charge by a member of the instructional staff. If you do well on it – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training. You are, however, under no obligation to do so. (If card is missing, write to Famous Writers School, Department 6805, Westport, Conn. 06881. Give your name, address, age, and ask for Writing Aptitude Test.)

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GREAT TASTE

TRUEVIEWS

[*Continued from page* 10]

So you say to hell with it and you're about to turn out the light and go to bed, but you figure you'll just take a peek at the Superman chapter... Batman... The Human Torch... The Flash.... Son of a gun. Next thing you know, it's 2 a.m. and you wonder where the time went. *Dial; $9.95.*

THE UPPER HAND by Elaine Kendall. It's subtitled "The truth about American men." It ends with the statement, reeking of sour grapes, that we're all in a state of confusion. Just the thing for any spinster or divorcee on your gift list. *Little, Brown; $4.95.*

GOING TO MEET THE MAN by James Baldwin. A collection of short stories that dramatizes the dilemma of James Baldwin: When he writes about children, parents, lovers—in short, people—he's one of America's best writers; when he writes about race and racists, he merely gouges out caricatures. In this group is some of his best fiction, especially "Sonny's Blues," which wistfully details a musician's hang-ups. *Dial; $4.95.*

OF THE FARM by John Updike. This novel is about an adman, his new wife and old mother, and the long, squabbling weekend they spend together without resolving anything. It has nothing much to say, though it seems at all times to be trying. A brilliantly written, inconclusive failure. *Knopf; $3.95.*

THE TORTURER'S HORSE by Robert Inman. A corporal who's got it made in postwar Germany has his cozy existence shattered by the arrival of a tough new commanding officer. He takes revenge by seducing the CO's wife, but falls into his own trap and finds that putting horns on another man can lead to a fatal goring. A highly readable first novel. *Bobbs-Merrill; $4.95.*

RECORDS

BRAZILIAN BYRD. Charlie Byrd, the rambling guitar man from Chuckatuck, Virginia, understands Latin music as well as any Brazilian. Here, he demonstrates that particular empathy with a dozen lilting numbers as soft and warm as brandy by a fireside. *Columbia; $3.79.*

SEX AND THE COLLEGE BOY. Art Buchwald makes his recording debut as a stand-up comic. In a piping voice, he tells of his life in Paris ("where the streets are paved with mattresses"), the Riviera (where he wants to do Peace Corps work among the half-naked natives), and Washington, where he discovered that LBJ doesn't have a sense of humor. Gently funny throughout. *Capitol; $3.79.*

WELCOME TO THE LBJ RANCH! Taking the actual taped voices of famous political personalities and splicing in questions that make the statements (and the people) look ridiculous could be very funny, in spite of the obvious bad taste involved. However, if the mixture is devoid of humor, and this one is, all that's left is bad taste. The result is execrable. *Capitol; $4.79.*

MORE GENIUS OF HORST JANKOWSKI. Mozart was a genius. Beethoven was a genius. Einstein was a genius. Horst Jankowski is a good, if old-fashioned, piano player and his orchestra plays nice music for dancing. But a genius? Not on your tintype. *Mercury; $3.79.*

FANTASY IN ORBIT. If electronic music, with its bloop-bleeps, weeeeoooowws and ching-ching-chings, is the music of the future, we're staying right here in the present. Electronic it is; music it ain't. *Philips; $3.79.*

IVES: SYMPHONY NO. 4. In 1930, when Charles Ives was 56, he was the head of the largest insurance company in America, a fact which is notable only because he became America's greatest composer—and an avant-garde composer to boot. His *Fourth Symphony*, conducted here by Leopold Stokowski, is an all-American potpourri of joyous fugues on hymns, polyrhythms, brass bands, heavenly choruses, complex comedy and, finally, majesty. *Columbia; $4.79.*

ELLA IN HAMBURG. In the very small community of good female vocalists around the world, Ella Fitzgerald is the undisputed queen. On this recording of a concert she gave in Hamburg, Ella ranges from "*Walk Right In*" to "*A Hard Day's Night*" to "*Body and Soul*" to "*Old McDonald Had a Farm*" to other, equally varied numbers with gracefully swinging ease. *Verve; $4.98.*

CONCERT IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. Duke Ellington and his orchestra drive, roar and soar through 11 numbers, all composed by Duke and/or members of the band. The songs are lean, mean and excellent, with titles like "*Big Fat Alice's Blues*" and "*Jungle Kitty*" providing a clue to the mood. A standout is "*Fiddler on the Diddle*," in which Ray Nance plays a wild violin solo. *Reprise; $3.98.*

ROGER MILLER: GOLDEN HITS. The success story of the year is summed up in this album. Roger Miller sings and strums his way through a dozen of his irreverent country songs, including "*Dang Me*," "*King of the Road*," "*Kansas City Star*" and "*You Can't Roller Skate in a Buffalo Herd*." He obviously enjoys his songs, and you will too. *Smash; $3.98.*

EL REY DEL FLAMENCO. In English, that means "the king of flamenco," and, though there are some challengers, his claim to the crown will be strengthened by this disc. The king's name is, in this case, Sabicas, and here he plays nine royal guitar solos, virile but subtle, artlessly artful and uniformly excellent. *ABC-Paramount; $3.79.*

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SOFT TOUCH

They said it would be like taking candy from a baby. Some candy... Some baby...

d1621

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Buy this Fawcett Gold Medal Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Fawcett Gold Medal Books, Fawcett World Library, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

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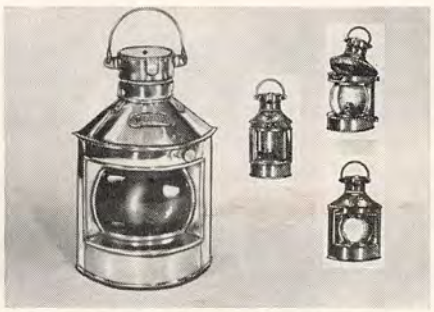
This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.



OLD-TIME COPPER SHIPS' LANTERNS —Handsome copper and brass navigation lanterns are made by British shipchandlers in same shop with same handwork used since 1875. Stand 9". Port has red lens; Starboard, green; Masthead and Stern, plain lenses. Imported. With bracket and mounting screws, $12.95 each; 2, $25. British Imports, 122 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.

CONTINENTAL FLIGHT BAG. Strength without weight is achieved in this imported bag. Supple, natural tan water buffalo and sheepskin, fully lined, weighs only 4 lbs. Roomy enough to carry a week's wardrobe, with 2 outside strapped utility pockets for extras. Buckles, zipper lock are solid English brass. 21"x8"x12½". $24.95. A Man's World, Dept. TE-2, Flushing, N. Y. 11352

MEMOCORD is a recorder for executives. It is a powerful and efficient microphone and speaker all contained in one easy-to-carry unit slightly larger than a pack of cigarettes. Dictate, press a button and it plays back. Permits you to make corrections. Record for one hour. $69.95 with batteries and tape. Norfolk Hills, Ltd., Dept. T, 35 Ninth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10014.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES. Seagoin' adventure for "barefoot" vacationer offers 10 day casual cruises thru remote islands of Bahamas, West Indies, Virgin Isles aboard large sailing ships. No plush resorts, just darn good fishing, skindiving, sailing, comfortable cabins, good grub 'n grog. About $200. Adventure booklet on request. Cap'n Mike, PO Box 120, Dept. 215, Miami Beach, Fla.

HANGING LAMP THERMOMETER is a handsome, gleaming copper-anodized aluminum job. Easily installed, it can be used indoors or outdoors. Precision mechanism guarantees year 'round accuracy. Imported directly from France so allow 3 weeks for delivery. You'll like this one. The price is $2.95. Research Products Co., Box T, 54 West Park Place, Stamford, Conn.

MINIATURE LUGGAGE—Clever scale copies of the famous English Gladstone bag are little gems. Made in British Commonwealth, one is a miniature bar with 4 bottles, and the other is in reality an address book-notebook combination. In British tan; measure 4x2½x1¾". Really nice. Each $2.98. Madison House, Dept. TR-2, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 117

$70,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

"Your $1,200.00 check arrived this morning by Special Delivery. Thanks ever so much for your telephone call and prompt payment. It still doesn't seem possible. It's been a great thrill."

That's the way Emory Mead of Albany, N. Y., just one of our many big winners, reacted to receiving his cash prize. Dozens of men and women of all ages have cashed in as members of our exciting PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

Our Club winners got their cash awards for solving puzzles in their leisure time. Our Club also has awarded huge prizes for contests based on names of U.S.A. cities and towns, statement competitions and word-building contests.

We've awarded cash in hundred-and-thousand-dollar units to retirees, sewing women, farmers, salesmen, war veterans, office workers, clerks, secretaries—people who never before dreamed of having the kind of money that movie stars make.

This announcement is an invitation to you, as a reader of this publication, to find out for yourself if you have the talent to win up to $70,000.00 in cash. If you are over 18 and like to play word games, the information below may lead you to thousands of dollars in extra cash you may use as you wish. Win our games of skill right at home.

YOU Can WIN Each Month!

$1,100.00 in cash went to Diana Davis of Patterson, Calif. Mrs. Davis, whose husband started a small farm with PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB cash, called her victory an "overwhelming thrill."

Your chief advantage in contests sponsored by our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB is that you have only limited competition. Only members of the Club may compete and only members can win.

Members of our Club win cash prizes at home, just by solving puzzles and entering Club contests. They turn an educational and enjoyable hobby into pure profit. **You can too!**

In 1963 we offered our members $35,000.00. We actually paid out more cash than we said we would—$35,511.25, to be exact. In 1964, we again offered $35,000.00. Again, we paid out more than we promised—$40,778.11. And now we're offering our members $70,000.00 in cash prizes. Most contest groups offer about $4,500 or $5,000 a year. **Our Club gives you the opportunity to win double that every month!**

As a member of our Club you will be eligible to enter every cash prize contest we sponsor and you'll get at least four new contests each month. You'll have three weeks to solve each set of contests. One week after the deadline, you'll receive a new copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper** with names and addresses of all winners, correct solutions, and your new puzzle contests. When YOU win, you receive your prize within two weeks. No contest organization, anywhere, pays off faster than our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

This 60-year-old retired U. S. Army officer gave the $1,200.00 he won to his wife. Emory Mead says: "I've never seen a puzzle place as fast as yours and I'm going to keep on trying."

"I was amazed to learn I won $500.00," said Mrs. Florence Humphrey of Cincinnati. "The prize money came at a dandy time as I've had some debts to pay off. Thank you."

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY OUR CONTESTS AND SEE IF YOU HAVE THE TALENT TO WIN

Without paying a penny, we give you the opportunity to preview everything in your own home before making up your mind.

The coupon below will bring you, absolutely FREE, a sample copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper**, the only newspaper in the world exclusively devoted to contests (and it's published for members only). When your free copy of our newspaper arrives, sit down in a quiet place and read about our winners, our prizes, our contests. Try our stimulating word games to see if you can do them. You are under no obligation to enter our contests. If you do decide to go after our cash, there are no boxtops, no jingles to complete, nothing to buy, no gimmicks or tricks of any kind . . . just puzzles and contests guaranteed to give you hours of fun and enjoyment with the added thrill of cash prizes in the offing.

Clip the coupon now and please be sure to print your name and address clearly. Then read about $1,000.00 winners like Mrs. Belle Smith of Yakima, Wash. Discover how hundreds of other members cashed in just by doing our puzzles in their spare time. Find out all about this exciting and profitable hobby now. You may receive your first big prize in a few weeks.

"I still can hardly believe it" Mrs. H. C. Despain of Houston, Tex., wrote to us after receiving $1,000.00 in cash as one month's winnings. She is a seamstress who works for a living.

Dorothy D. Powell, a winner from Portsmouth, Va., got her prize within five days and said: "Many thanks for your prompt $500.00 and the knowledge I've gained."

Raymond Smith of Sacramento has won over $900.00 in Club competitions. A retiree, Mr. Smith's first win was only $25.00. Then, as he practiced solving our puzzles, he won much more.

AFFIX THIS COUPON TO POSTCARD FOR FAST HANDLING OR MAIL IN ENVELOPE.

PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB Box 2, Prince Street Station, New York City 10012

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Gentlemen,

Send me a **free** copy of your newspaper plus all details on your cash prize contests. I am under absolutely no obligation to pay anything. If I join the Club I may compete for all prizes and spend the cash I win any way I want.

FP3

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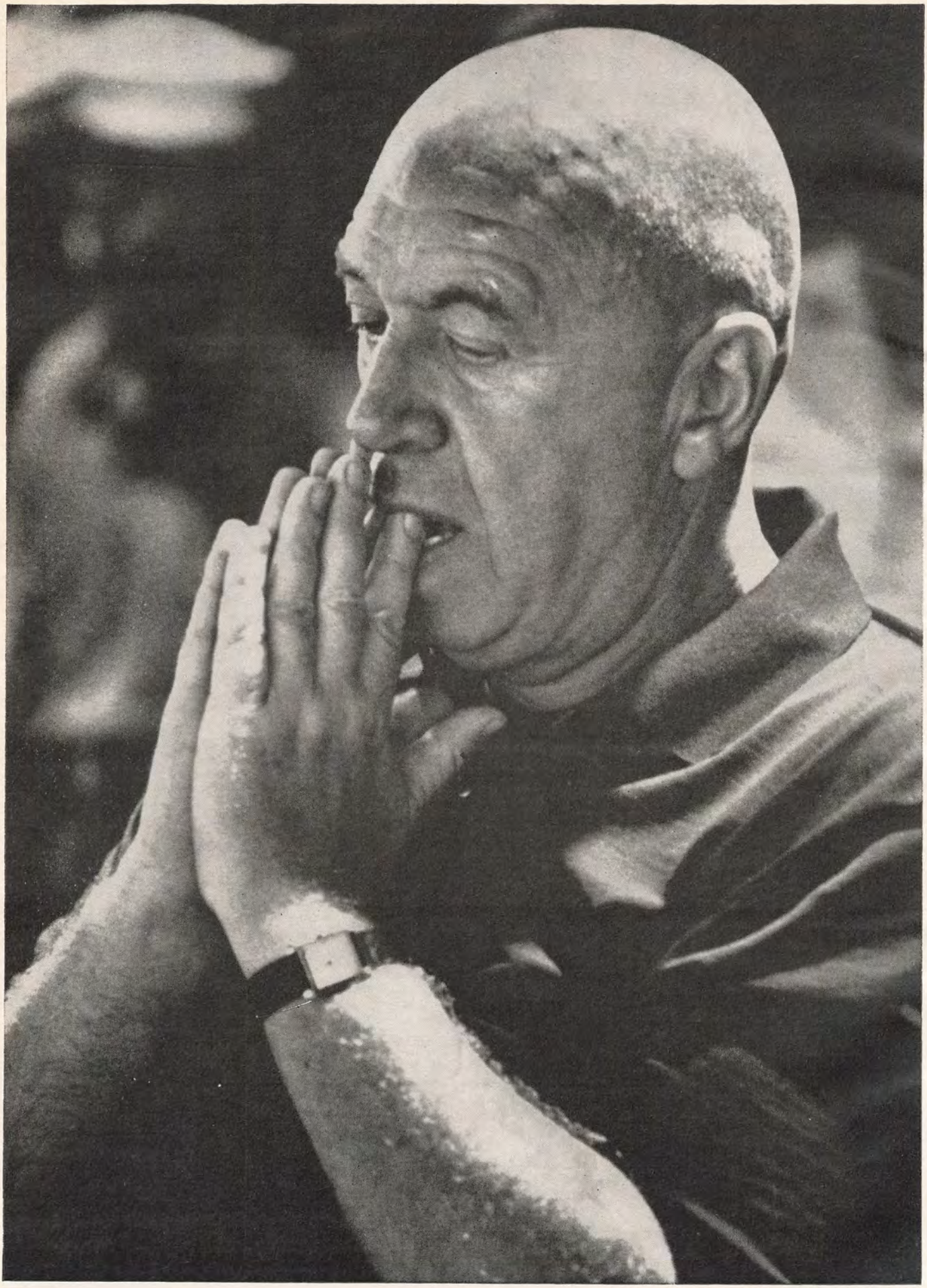

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

TWO FACES OF GENIUS

One moment he's urbane and charming, the next he's a bellowing monster. Either way, he knows how to make movies that make money

■ Assume, for the sake of speculation, that Otto Ludwig Preminger, a former actor and present producer-director-writer, who turns out motion pictures with the relentless precision of the Nazis' Panzer Divisions taking over the Low Countries, whose latest Columbia epic, *Bunny Lake Is Missing*, was recently released, who several times has fought and then ignored Hollywood's self-censorship code, who has embattled several municipal and state censors and won the right to show his films in their localities—assume that this Otto Ludwig Preminger once was a boy.

For most people who know Otto Ludwig Preminger this is an extremely hard assumption to make.

"The man is a monster," an actress said to me last year. "He's so monstrous, I don't believe he ever had a boyhood at all."

Otto Ludwig Preminger did not agree when I repeated this to him. "Nonsense. I am a boy today," he said, blandly. He says everything blandly, except when he loses his temper, which is on the average of once every half hour when he is directing.

Let us give him the benefit of the doubt and assume that he *was* a boy. His brother Ingo, a Hollywood literary agent, swears that he played this unlikely role in Vienna a half-century ago, during the time that a certain Herr Doktor Freud was founding the business that bears his name today. Now, suppose that Herr Doktor Freud and Otto Ludwig Preminger, or Hot-to Lud-vig Pwemintchuh, as he says his name, had met. Preminger would have been untouched, for he is as stiff and immutable as the spire of *der alte Steffl*, the city's beloved 12th-century cathedral. But the encounter could have sent Freud into some other line of work. "This is one I just can't dig," the Doktor would no doubt have said.

Preminger does defy analysis. The producer of *Laura, The Moon Is Blue, The Man With The Golden Arm, Anatomy of a Murder, Exodus, Advise and Consent, The Cardinal, In Harm's Way* and many other items of varying quality, is one of the most paradoxical, contradictory and, above all, controversial personalities in the world of films.

"He is an interesting man," says director John Huston, who put in a stint as an actor in Preminger's *The Cardinal*. By saying this, Huston lays claim to the title of National Open Understatement Champion, for one minute Preminger can seem to be a bellowing egomaniac and [*Continued on page* 26]

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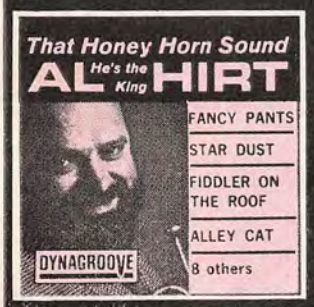

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356 • Polonaise in A-Flat, Waltz in C-Sharp Minor, more.

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627 • Night And Day, Secret Love, It's All Right With Me.

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530 • Thirteen Academy Award nominations! The soundtrack recording from Walt Disney's new film classic for every family that enjoys being a family. Chim Chim Cheree, A Spoonful of Sugar, many more.

PERRY COMO

649 • From A Jack To A King, In the Misty Moonlight, 10 others.

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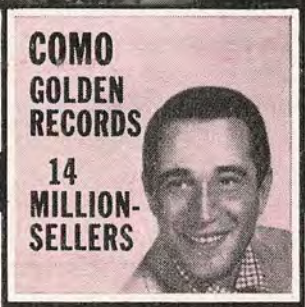
516 • Original cast in all the songs from Broadway's smash!



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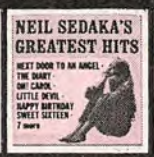
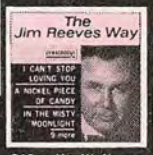
460 • His biggest all-time hits, newly recorded!



432 • Calendar Girl, Run Samson Run, King of Clowns, etc.

515 • Pink Panther Theme, other gems from hit film.

608 • A Heart of Love, You Thing of Beauty, Night, etc.



616 • You'll Never Know, There's That Smile Again, others.

536 • The best of Hollywood's fabulous composer/arranger/conductor! 6 TV themes plus 6 movie hits, including Peter Gunn, Mr. Lucky, Days Of Wine And Roses, Moon River, Charade, Theme from "Hatari!"

HENRY MANCINI

603 • My Gal Sal, You Made Me Love You, others. Ⓔ

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250 • Soundtrack recording of epic film score.

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580 • Jambalaya, A Mansion on the Hill, Cold Cold Heart, etc.

583 • Walking the Last Mile, Your Little Band of Gold.

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648 • Songs by Acuff, Rodgers, Williams, bent-note style.

670 • Two top stars sing Hush, Hush; Train Song; 10 more.

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BERT KAEMPFERT
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YOU YOU YOU
IF I GIVE MY HEART TO YOU

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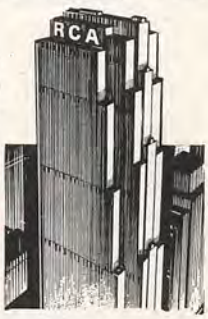

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TWO FACES OF GENIUS

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In Harm's Way *gave Otto the chance to run the U.S. Navy his own way. Even admirals feared his wrath.*

Preminger describes his big successes as "schmaschitts" and he seldom brings in a loser

[*Continued from page* 21]

the next he can be monkishly soft and considerate. He can be both ways in the middle of a sentence.

"Would you PLEASE stop *thinking*?" I heard him scream one day at an actress. Then he added, in the tone of a lover, ". . . My dear?"

Many skilled, day-in-day-out professionals like John Wayne have nothing but respect for Preminger. "The man knows what he wants, he knows how to set a scene, and he knows what he wants his actors to do. He's good for an actor to work under."

There is another man in Hollywood, a certain Sinatra, who never has been known for his St. Franciscan qualities. One of the most memorable still pictures ever taken of this actor shows him, arm outstretched, bladelike savagery on his face, ordering a director off a set. Yet when he made *Golden Arm* for Preminger, he was conspicuously cooperative. "I liked working with Otto," he said. "He is a first-rate director."

To drop Preminger's name into a roomful of movie people is to kill all conversational subjects for the rest of the evening. He has scarred so many psyches while working that hate hovers like a haze above the gathering. Yet to drop Preminger himself into the same gathering is to see him as a witty, polite, urbane and downright charming man, for he is all of those things when he is *not* working. It is his peculiar gift, or perhaps curse, to be *both* monster and boy.

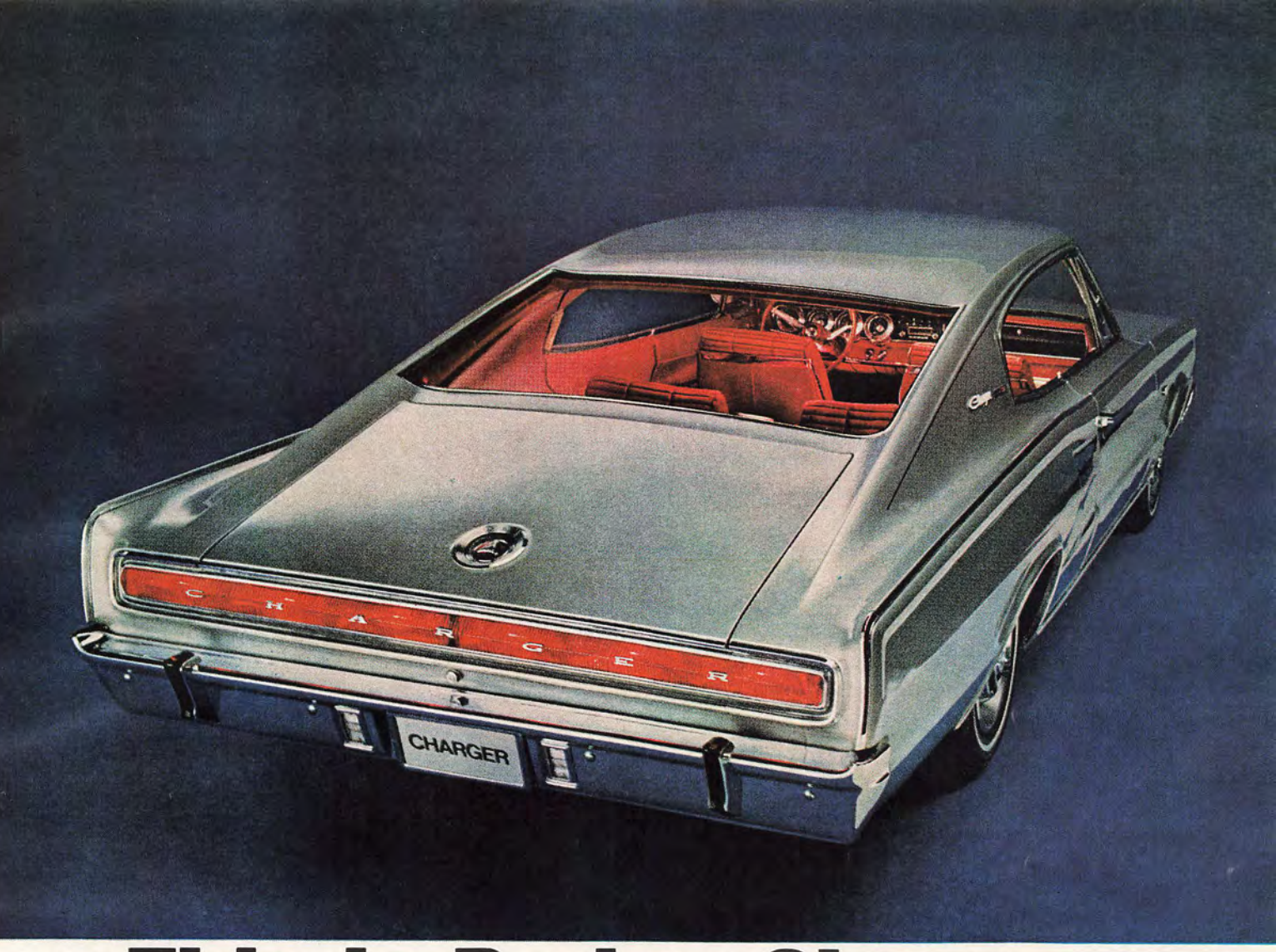
So the actor and car salesman Leon Ames learned. Ames, best known for his television work in *Life With Father,* made a film with Preminger some years ago.

"Otto had this scene where he had a mark made for me on the floor and I had to move from that mark to another one, switching but always keeping my face on camera," Ames said. "I couldn't do the goddammed turn," said Ames, who is not given to profanity. "At 5:30 p.m. of that day's shooting, he blew up and screamed at me," Ames went on, his voice rising. "I screamed back at him and walked off the set. I went home. I had a good drink. Later, Otto called up and said, 'Baby, what's the matter?' I said, 'You know well enough what the matter is.' And then I said, 'You can take that goddammed picture and shove it. . . .'

"And then, you know what he did? In a complete reverse, he said, 'Baby, I only want you should be brilliant.' "

Ames sighed. It was the sigh of a lamb who knows that a lion has eaten him. "The next morning, goddammit, we got it right on the first take."

Preminger is an Austrian who speaks English about as well as American actress Jean Seberg speaks French. which means badly. Preminger discovered Miss Seberg and put her into *Saint Joan*. Then he found that she couldn't act. The film was a disaster. Miss Seberg can act today, however, especially when she is doing a venomous imitation of Preminger. Nearly everyone who has been with Preminger [*Continued on page* 28]



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[*Continued from page 26*]
for 10 minutes can do an imitation of him, so firmly has he resisted Americanization in his own speech. The imitator has only to recall Preminger's part in films as a Nazi (*Margin For Error, Stalag 17* and others). Preminger could not speak a word of English when he arrived in this country. Nazi parts were about the only ones he could handle.

Being identified as a Nazi infuriates Preminger. *"Goddammit!"* he shouts, "I only played *four* Nazi parts!"

That is true, but he played those four so convincingly that it is hard for anybody who remembers them, and who observes Preminger's Hitlerian behavior on the set, to remember that he is Viennese and Jewish.

On a Preminger set, when he is directing, he usually elects someone to be "president." The actor Peter Lawford invented this title for the man—or woman—Preminger chooses for the day, in some instances for several days, to be the special target of his fury. Preminger claims that he uses anger only for effect, thereby shocking mummers and technicians into getting things done.

"I blow up, and I am done with it," he said to me one day after I had seen him elect a man president and give him Preminger's Seal of Office for about nine hours. People who are elected president always wish, later, that their names never had been placed in nomination. Preminger is not even aware that he has picked his candidate. He does not hold grudges, he says, and cannot understand why anyone else would do such an uncivilized thing.

In December, 1960, a play called *Critic's Choice,* which he directed, opened on Broadway. During the rehearsals Preminger had had a number of run-ins with Roger L. Stevens, who had gotten up most of the money and therefore was entitled to be called producer, although his official occupational spec-number was real estate man. Some months after that unhappy event, Preminger had to look for new offices. He heard of a suite in a building that Stevens controlled. He called Stevens and trumpeted an ebullient, cheery greeting. There were 15 seconds of silence at the other end of the telephone. After them, Stevens asked, in tones so cold they would have chilled the chili sold by Tijuana street vendors, "What do you want, Otto?"

Preminger had forgotten about his abominable behavior during rehearsals. When it dawned on him that Stevens was still angry, and probably would remain that way for the rest of both their lives, he was flabbergasted. "I do not understand this man," he said to me one day later. "He seems to allow his personal life to get into his professional one."

That never happens in Preminger's life. The shift that takes place from his working personality to his nonworking one has no equal in nature except possibly in the case of the caterpillar and the butterfly. Indeed, he sometimes seems to be several different people. Richard Condon, author of *The Manchurian Candidate* and other books, once said, "He is so utterly impossible to abide in business and so decent and pleasant away from it that he seems at any given time to be one of four bald, identical quadruplets." (Preminger declares that he is not bald at all: "I shave my head every day," he says.)

The performance of the set of quadruplets in Washington, D.C., during the making of *Advise and Consent,* can show Preminger at his best, living and loving the way we like him, as old movie advertisements used to say. Preminger had assembled a fine cast: Henry Fonda, Franchot Tone, Don Murray, Peter Lawford, Lew Ayres and others. He had lured Gene Tierney out of retirement. Everyone, in succession, was elected president for a day or two at a time. Lawford would arrive at the shooting scene, rub his hands, and ask, "Well, who's the candidate today?"

While I was watching Preminger shoot, the president was a lady, a discovery of his, Inga Swenson, who since has gone on to several triumphs on Broadway, most recently in *Baker Street.* Miss Swenson had a thinnish, nicely-boned face, but was somewhat heavy of leg. One day Preminger made her do an entrance 17 times. Presently she was in tears. Preminger could not understand why. After they finished the scene, there was another to be done at once. She had to change from a street dress into a housecoat and to rearrange her hair. She came out and meekly stood before him, awaiting his approval.

"No," said Preminger, coldly. "The hair will not do. Also, get another housecoat." He turned to me and said, in a voice loud enough for Miss Swenson to hear, "Actresses these days have a tendency to feel that it is not good for them to look chic and pretty. I told this girl to lose 25 pounds. She cannot walk well with that much weight on her. It is important to walk well in front of a camera." The actress now was running toward her dressing room, presumably about to burst into tears again.

Preminger's tactics are designed, he says, to get finished with a picture on schedule. He has a fantastically high batting average of announcement and accomplishment. On the day he begins shooting, advertisements appear in newspapers around the country telling when the picture will open and at what theaters. To the distress of many other producers, who always are encountering things that hold them up, Preminger's pictures *do* open on the day he says they will. That is, most of them do. In the case of *Advise and Consent,* he was sued by the producers of the preceding Broadway play, who wanted to keep it open and were afraid that his film would interfere. They won in court. Preminger was philosophical. "After so many wins, a man must expect a loss now and then," he said.

Preminger's losses seldom are financial. He is known for his ability to stay within the budgets he sets for himself. His finances, however, constitute an area he considers confidential.

"I never discuss my costs," he says. "If somebody tells what the cost of a picture is, nobody believes it. I follow the policy of General Motors and other great manufacturers. They do not tell what it costs to make a Pontiac. They tell only how much the car costs. I tell only how much the ticket costs."

Hollywood respects him for his ability to bring in films within his budgets. One way he does it is by going so far as to indulge in forms of payola. One day in Washington, during the shooting of *Advise And Consent,* I heard him planning a party scene: "Call up some domestic champagne company," he said to Nat Rudich, who used to be his press agent and now is called his "executive assistant," "and see if they will not donate a few hundred cases to us in return for having their label seen on the screen." His stay in Washington was financed, largely, by the management of a hotel in which he, his cast and crew stayed. He made that hotel a member of the cast, doing much of his work in it, mentioning it continually in interviews on radio and television—and, at one point, bawling out its manager, in public, for not having come up with some convenience he desired. In return the hotel got an enormous amount of free advertising.

Preminger always is impatient with people to whom he is giving and from whom he is getting. One day I heard him raving on the telephone: "But *why* can they not adjourn now? I must get in there and shoot my picture." He was speaking of the Congress of the United States, which was unfeelingly lengthening his production schedule by staying in session. The world was in flames; to Preminger, only his budget was.

Preminger has become a millionaire through his ability to select stories that will attract attention, and to compound that by capitalizing on everything that happens to him or anyone connected with any of his properties. In July 1959 he took off for London in a Pan American jet that developed landing gear trouble and had to return to New York for an emergency landing. Preminger met the press when that much-publicized near-disaster was on the ground safely. While expounding at length on his personal philosophy of life, death, the universe, etc., before the radio microphones and the television cameras, he also managed to slip in several mentions of *Anatomy of a Murder,* his newest film.

It is hard to get Preminger to talk about himself. He will talk on at great length about projects on which he is working and others he is contemplating.

[*Continued on page 32*]

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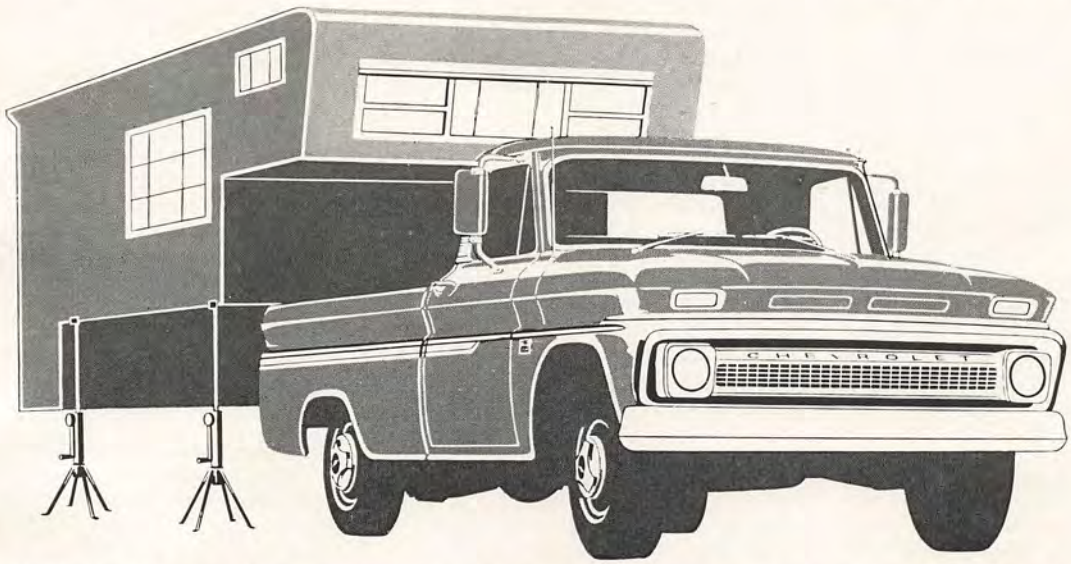

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[*Continued from page 28*]

but the most he will say about himself is that he was born in Vienna, "Oh, about 57 years ago, but who counts age?" Actually, he was born in 1906. His parents were not rich but fairly prosperous. He had a good education, aimed toward the law. At the same time he discovered that he loved the stage and gravitated toward the theater run by the famous Max Reinhardt. Soon he was a producer on his own. He left Austria in 1935, shortly before the Nazis arrived.

At home, Preminger is vastly different from the way he is on the set. He is married to an exceptionally pretty—and patient—young woman, Hope Bryce, at least 20 years younger, who has presented him with twins ("tvintz," says Preminger), a boy and a girl. They are his first children, apples of his eye, and when they were infants he even changed their diapers. "Something is wrong with that?" he says. "You see, I am very secure sexually, nobody can confuse me of being a fairy so I don't have to act particularly virile. Just like politically—I can act like I am, like a liberal, because I never was a Communist. I feel my behavior is all right as far as Communists and diapers are concerned."

Preminger started out on Broadway in this country, having been brought over from Vienna by offers from Joseph Schenck, the film producer, and Gilbert Miller, the play producer. His first assignment was *Libel,* which he directed in 1935 for Miller. It was what Preminger would term a *schmaschitt.* It made a good deal of money and got him to Hollywood, where he began making films for Schenck's company, Twentieth Century-Fox. Preminger told me that he learned English by sitting night after night in 24-hour movie houses in New York, places that used to be populated almost exclusively by bums, winos, junkies and couples who knew the latter would not interfere with their lovemaking. Maybe this contributed to the peculiar form of English that he speaks.

The pattern that Preminger fell into soon after his arrival has not varied much since. He shuttles back and forth between New York and Hollywood, now doing a play, now a film, although today the films are done more often on location than in California. He goes out and shoots wherever his stories take him and then he goes to Hollywood to finish up his interior shots, to cut and edit. The vehemence with which he denies playing a Nazi more than four times also characterizes his insistence that he is not a Hollywood film producer. "I work in New York!" he insists.

Wherever he works, his pictures are well-made. He ranges from comedy to mystery to melodrama to serious social commentary, and although the level may not be consistently high, the entertainment value always is there. Also, he has courage. It was said that he could not do *The Moon Is Blue* without the seal of approval of the motion picture industry's own self-censoring board. Preminger said, "If they will not give me the seal, I will release it anyhow," and promptly did.

It also was said that no producer could hire and give screen credit to any of the writers known as The Unfriendly Ten. For the benefit of those who were not tuned in during the years when the late Senator Joseph McCarthy was running the United States, The Ten were designated as Unfriendly because they would not tell a Congressional committee what their political affiliations were. This got them each about a year in jail, during most of which they wrote screenplays and television dramas under assumed names and sold them to television and film producers. They were blacklisted but they were in heavy demand. Preminger recognized the essential stupidity of this situation and decided to break the industry ban against the writers. He hired Dalton Trumbo, one of The Ten, to do the screenplay for *Exodus,* and put Trumbo's name on the screen. Loud protests were heard. Preminger ignored them all, and since then some of The Ten have been able to work under their own names. Loud protests also were heard when Preminger proposed to make *The Man With The Golden Arm,* Nelson Algren's novel about narcotics addiction. The subject never had been dealt with so openly before. He made the picture despite threats from the producers' association to withhold the seal of approval, and it too became a *schmaschitt.*

It is the desire to make every picture well that keeps Preminger going. He works every day of the week. He has no hobbies except for his art collection, some of which he keeps in his house in New York, a five-story brownstone in the elegant East Sixties, and some of which he has on the walls of his office. Rising around 7 a.m., he goes immediately to work and does not stop until around 7 p.m., at which time, if he is making a film, he goes to see "the dailies"—that is, the rough prints of the film he shot the day before. His shooting-day ordinarily ends around 9 p.m.

If Preminger is not shooting, he relaxes at the end of the day by serving drinks to friends (most often, reporters) in his office, surrounded by the people who work for him. As he talks to these friends he also talks to others on the telephone. There is a lot of talk during these late afternoon sessions and it is mainly a Preminger monologue:

Preminger (*To his first visitor*): How are you, my friend? How is your wife?

First Visitor: She's—

Preminger (*To his second visitor*): This man here has the nicest wife in the whole world. Why didn't you call me while you were in Hollywood?

Second Visitor: I didn't—

Preminger (*To his first visitor*): A charming girl, your wife, utterly charming. (*To his second visitor*): I know you saw Billy Wilder; he told me. So why then did you not call *me?*

First visitor (*Still trying to tell how his wife is*): She's—

Preminger (*To a secretary, waiting*): Get me Zanuck in Paris, please. (*And to the first visitor*): This man here (*indi-*

TRUE

"While I'm at it, I'd like to close out my Christmas Club."

cating the second visitor) has a talent people will call genius some day. (*And to the second visitor*) : But now that you are a novelist and no longer a press agent you are putting on airs and forgetting your old friends and going to Hollywood and not calling, is that it?

Second visitor: No, Otto, that's not—

Preminger: What is the matter with Mr. Zanuck in Paris, my dear? (*To the first visitor*) : This man here has a great talent, a wonderful talent, perhaps even a genius talent, but he thinks he can ignore his old friends as though they never existed. (*To the second visitor*) : This man here is married to the nicest woman in all creation, much better than he deserves.

The secretary: Mr. So-and-so is on the telephone.

Preminger: Here I am trying to be on the telephone to Zanuck in Paris and here is somebody I knew 35 years ago in Vienna. I could not stand him 35 years ago in Vienna and I cannot stand him today. (*He picks up the telephone and speaks to the man with the utmost cordiality.*) Wie gehts? (*They speak for a moment, and Preminger promises to call the caller back—sometime.*)

The secretary: Mr. Zanuck is on.

Preminger: Hello, Darryl, how does it go over there? (*To the first and second visitors*) : Please, my dear friends, have another drink.

So it goes. Such scenes usually end with Preminger changing his shirt and going off to dinner, usually with his wife and more often than not, with some present or future business associate.

Nothing can change him, nothing can alter his headstrong pursuit of his own means to his own ends. He continues to run exactly on his course. While *In Harm's Way* was being shot off Hawaii in July 1964, a harried Paramount man returned to Hollywood. He said, "My God, Otto's even telling the whole damned *Navy* what to do. You've never seen such flap. You've never seen such high-handedness."

John Wayne said, "I never saw anybody operate the way he did. My God, *admirals* seemed to be in awe of him. They were all afraid they were going to be elected president."

Preminger did not regard his behavior as anything but standard. "I am glad to say the Navy was most cooperative," he said, as though he were planning to strike some medals and pass them out. "But let us not talk about *In Harm's Way*. Do I like it? It is not a question of whether I like it but of whether 500,000,000 people like it—and that we have to wait to see."

Now he's counting the gross on *Bunny Lake* and getting ready to do a new one, *Hurry, Sundown*. He grinds them out on schedule.

An old Hollywood hand, who doesn't necessarily like Preminger, says, "You've got to give him credit. He may be the worst director anyone ever worked for, he may be arrogant, he may be the first Jewish Nazi in history, but he's got guts, he makes pretty good films, and he's his own man." So he is. There is only one Otto Ludwig Preminger, boy monster.

—Richard Gehman

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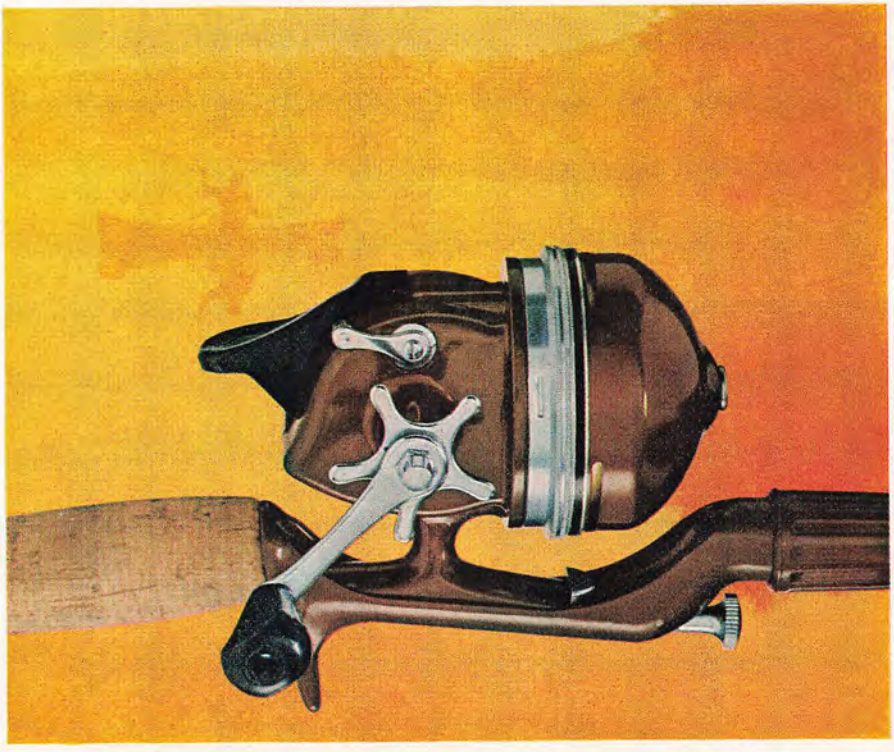

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Happy stepping.

CURVE PLOTTER

It was a pleasure to look at Miss Universe—until they hitched her to a computer. This sacrilege occurred before our eyes in New York's staid Overseas Press Club, where Miss Universe's lovely contours were transcribed into electronic language, and a machine instructed by magnetic tape flattened her figure into fragmentary outlines on a roll of paper. The purpose was worthy enough. The computer-drawn outlines were patterns from which a swimsuit specifically proportioned to Miss Universe was constructed. The end result, as modeled by Miss Aspara Hongsakula of Thailand, who is the current Miss Universe, was eminently successful. She smiled with the aplomb of beauty queens who must promote social progress, deodorants, washing machines, or whatever they're queen of. The show was put on by Catalina, a bathing suit-maker, and California Computer Products, Inc. Their representatives spoke dreamily of fabric saving, cost cutting, production speedup, and the knack of computers for building outsize bulges into garments for wearers of less than ideal proportions. We suppose this is good. Still, we fell to musing on the inhuman inroads of automation. The machine we saw is called a Curve-Follower Plotter. This title rightly belongs to many men who are not at all interested in sewing. It seems to us that curve-following is inherently a human attribute and that reducing it to automation is an abomination.

GAME WORTH THE CANDLE

The hunter is home from the hills with a woodchuck, raccoon and wild boar in the station wagon. "Cook 'em up, honey, and invite the neighbors in for a feast," he says to the little woman, who is having trouble retracting her eyeballs. Honey screams and screams. She doesn't know beans about cooking wild fauna, hates fur except in stoles, and thinks meat comes plastic wrapped in a supermarket. Thousands of hunters are frustrated by misnamed helpmates who won't look a gift moose in the mouth or sully the kitchen range with parboiled varmits. Well, ignorance is no longer an excuse. Anybody who can read can turn out gourmet game dishes by following simple directions given in the *Shooter's Bible Cook Book*, distributed by Stoeger Arms Corp. The author, Mrs. Geraldine Steindler, is the wife of an enthusiastic hunter who introduced her to guns and pleasures of the hunt. She was "just an ordinary housewife with no special training but with a love of good food" who searched for new and different ways of preparing game she and her husband brought home. Along with directions for fixing delectable steaks, roasts and chops, Mrs. Steindler throws in dozens of exotic dishes that have to be tasted to be believed: barbecued bear leg, moose chop suey, roast saddle of goat, smothered grouse, sauteed coot, jugged goose, braised muskrat, beaver tail, woodchuck fricassee, coon stew and moose nose. She tells how to take the gaminess out of wild game and recommends that large game animals not be hunted in the mating season, which affects the flavor and texture of their meat unfavorably. Cooks who use Mrs. Steindler's recipes will never have to eat crow. She thinks nothing a cook can do can make the bird a fit dish to put before a king.

OMBUDSMAN'S WORLD

Add to list of odd occupations: that of ombudsman. What does he do—graft fruit trees? No. He defends the small citizen against injustice inflicted by the impersonal State—wrongdoing, deception, sloppy administration of bureaucrats in government departments which hurts the little fellow unfairly. Government administrators do make mistakes. Every ombudsman knows that no matter how elegant the king on his throne, he still sits on his rump. Scandinavian countries have had an ombudsman for years. New Zealand has one; England soon will. Here in the U.S. where an act of Congress is required to allow an individual to sue the government, not only is the word "ombudsman" virtually unknown but so is the idea. The concept and the need should be publicized, as it herewith is. College students, or matriculants, who are running out of fresh things to demonstrate about could do worse than start a clamor for a Department of Ombudsmanry with cabinet rank. If established, dozens of men who otherwise might run for office could hope to attain a position of noble status.

NONSCENTS

The alleged seductive powers of women's perfumes are quite enough to shatter a Casanova's self-confidence. One perfume promises to "bring out the man in him," one has Bedtime in its title, another warns women not to use it

(Continued on page 36)

"Rob" Walker tells the Quiet Man how the Ford LTD compared with his own Mark 10 Jaguar.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from England:

"What, your Ford quieter than my Jaguar? Not jolly likely!" said Rob Walker... but then he drove the Ford

"Rob" Walker was delighted by the Ford Stereo-Tape System that plays more than 70 minutes of music.

British auto sportsman R. R. C. Walker has had a life-long devotion to fine machinery. Obviously, he knows something about cars... but one thing he didn't know was how remarkably quiet the 1966 Ford is.

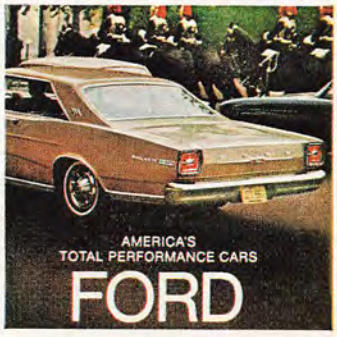
Naturally he was skeptical when Ford's Quiet Man, touring Europe, suggested a comparison between a Ford LTD and Walker's own Mark 10 Jaguar. At Stockton House, his family's Elizabethan manor, Walker drove both cars, very precisely and thoughtfully. Then he said:

"This is really astonishing ...I believe this Ford of yours really is quieter. Astonishing! Let's try them again."

No wonder Walker was astonished; he knows that his Jaguar is one of the world's great cars and that quiet is the hallmark of quality in cars. Ford's quality, the Quiet Man explained, is the result of great basic strength and sound over-all engineering, plus hundreds of individual refinements.

Conduct your own quiet test on a smooth LTD by Ford. The chances are you, too, will say "astonishing."

Ford



IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 34)

if they don't mean it, and still another is harmless at ordinary temperatures but goes off like a blockbuster when ignited by sufficient body heat. Perfumes which practically say "kiss me, you fool," their blasting power rated in megatons, are implied to be nerve gases which stun a man's senses, unseat his judgment and impel him helplessly to any chemicalized Circe who drenches herself with miasmatic juices. Man narcotized by magic scents is viewed as an automaton led by the nose, a mere toy run by olfaction, a blob of gelatin, a puppet of female aggressors. We think that feminine overreliance on perfumes to lure dupes out of the corner is a tragic error, boding ill for the family. A man likes to think that he is master of conquests which ensue from his own irresistibility. If he learns that he has been tricked by assaults of effluvia upon his nervous system, some poor girl is going to wish she had stuck with soap and water. Many years ago Montaigne, a French essayist famous for worldly wisdom, made an urbane statement on the matter, calculated to bring outraged cries from perfumers treading in their pits of ambergris. "The best way for a women to smell," said Montaigne, "is not at all."

CURE FOR NAGGING

Walter Gladdish of Lakefield, England, changed nags in midstream with great success. Gladdish, 81 years old, walked out on his 76-year-old wife when she nagged him too much about his drinking. He bought an old mare and took to sleeping in the stable. When he goes for a walk with Nobby, the horse, she clops along "doing exactly what I say, without fuss or argument. She doesn't snore and she never makes a fuss. She wakes me in the mornings with a gentle nudge. What more can a man ask?" Well, what?

CHEESE HOUND

Frank O. Fredericks of Los Angeles has eaten more than 2,000 pounds of cheese in line of duty. He's a professional cheese snooper, a secret agent with license to kill counterfeit Roquefort. Roquefort and cheaper blue cheese look alike, taste much alike, and are suffused with the same tiny blue varicose veins, the result of penicillium molds exuberating in the curds. But true Roquefort is made from ewe's milk and aged in French caves. Is it or ain't it Roquefort? Fredericks takes a sample, lets the vapors bathe his palate and makes his decision. Fredericks, president of the Roquefort Association, does his cheese sniffing to keep the name of Roquefort in good odor. He loses his appetite when he thinks of what happened to Swiss cheese. Once it was a cheese with holes made in Switzerland. Imitators used the name so widely that it fell into the public domain. Now Swiss cheese is cheese with holes made anywhere, and the authentic article has to be called Switzerland Swiss, a resounding redundancy. It won't happen to Roquefort if Fredericks has to eat another ton of it.

CULTURE IN THE MIDDLE

Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa has been cruelly run over by a cultural steamroller decked out in pop art and ballet tights. All he did, when a bill to subsidize the arts and humanities was before the House, was to offer amendments including belly dancing, baseball, poker, football and pinochle in a definition of the arts. For his pains he was belabored by epithets such as "representative of the boob bloc" by culturally sanitized crusaders who clamored for free water colors for aspiring daubers and grants for ham actors, operatic yodelers and oboe tooters. To a man, Gross was voted down by his colleagues, who thereby enrolled themselves among the culturally elite to the extent that this is verifiable by the Congressional Record. We submit that Gross's concept of culture is more realistic and eclectic than that of his detractors. It is all right with us if a girl gets a grant to win a Ph.D. in baton twirling, but culture is broad enough for everybody to have a slice of it. Evaluation of three-of-a-kind is not an instinct but a cultural acquirement and the uncultured will lose their shirts. Gambling, in fact, promotes travel, indubitably cultural. Many people return to Las Vegas frequently to visit their money. But the proscription of belly dancing as a subsidized art form is a grievous miscarriage. An expert ventral twitch is as difficult to master as twirling in ballet shoes. Congress has miscalculated where the women's vote lies. A Philadelphia dance studio which offers a course in belly dancing got an "incredible" response from housewives seeking a worthy feminine mystique. Lady Moynihan, a British peeress, is a belly dancer known professionally as Princess Amina. All that is necessary to elevate belly dancing to high cultural status is to give it its French name, *danse du ventre*, which makes the art sound more like ballet than belly. We suspect that Gross's colleagues would have voted with him en masse if he had used a foreign phrase comparable to *haute couture* or *cordon bleu*, cultural as all get out.

BLACK TIE AND BEER

People drink beer while wearing work clothes, bathing suits, pajamas, business suits, coveralls or almost anything else. The haberdashery of suds-hoisters is in fact a shambles, an example of permissiveness run wild. Does this give a true idea of the quality of a product lovingly brewed by gnomes in lederhosen? The answer in two words is no, no. Brewers whisper about this public image problem behind closed doors, but as far as we know only one outfit has done anything about it—to wit, Hans Holterbosch, Inc., U.S. importers of Lowenbrau beer. They put 115 staffers aboard a plush cruise ship, the *Oceanic*, and floated them off to Nassau and back. The men attended sales meetings but there were also many posh affairs requiring formal dress, black tie, studs and trimmings—no sneakers, please. With the image of product quality at great risk, was each man asked to furnish his own dinner jacket? Not on your life. A foxy arrangement was made with After Six Formals, makers of men's formal wear, to provide each man with a new white formal and all the accesories. The boys have now scattered around the country and if you see a fellow in a white dinner jacket lifting a beaker of suds at your favorite bar you'll know he's a Lowenbrau man.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Out of 1,000 marriage counselors licensed over a 3-month period in California, 32 were considered by the American Association of Marriage Counselors to be qualified.

—THE EDITORS

For the man who has everything

but the best fishing boat built

Some fishermen say our Sportsman is the best all around fishing boat ever built.

Far be it from us to disagree.

It's a brand new breed of all-purpose boat that's convertible in minutes for all kinds of fun.

Snap on the deck cover and it's a smart runabout. Face a front seat aft and it's a ski boat. Turn the rear seats around and it's a big water fishing boat. Or take the seats ashore for beach partying or camping.

The walk-through folding windshield makes docking or going ashore as easy as stepping off a curb. And gives you easy access to the foredeck fishing platform. You can play a fish all around the compass from any place in the boat.

We sometimes call it a 16-footer, just because it's 16'-2½" long. That doesn't do it justice. We should call it a *short-18* — because it's an 18-footer in everything except the last two feet of pointed nose (who needs it?).

It has more cockpit space and walk-around room than the roomiest "18's." And it has more flotation, stability and riding comfort.

It's a dry boat on any heading. When a conventional boat hits a wave, it throws spray up. The Gull Wing hull rides the spray. Its spray tunnels turn it down — creating hydraulic lift. The bigger the waves, the greater the shock absorbing lift.

The more you know about boats, the more you'll appreciate what the Sportsman does for fishing.

See the Sportsman at your Evinrude dealer (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Catalog free. Write Evinrude Motors, 4216 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53216.

EVINRUDE

first in outboards

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORP.

HAPPINESS IS A DRY MARTINI

A collection of contemporary comments
by America's favorite nighttime comic,

JOHNNY CARSON

Drawings by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

HAPPINESS IS *finding out the hobby your wife signed you up for is nude figure drawing.*

HAPPINESS IS *discovering the prune juice your doctor ordered you to drink has fermented.*

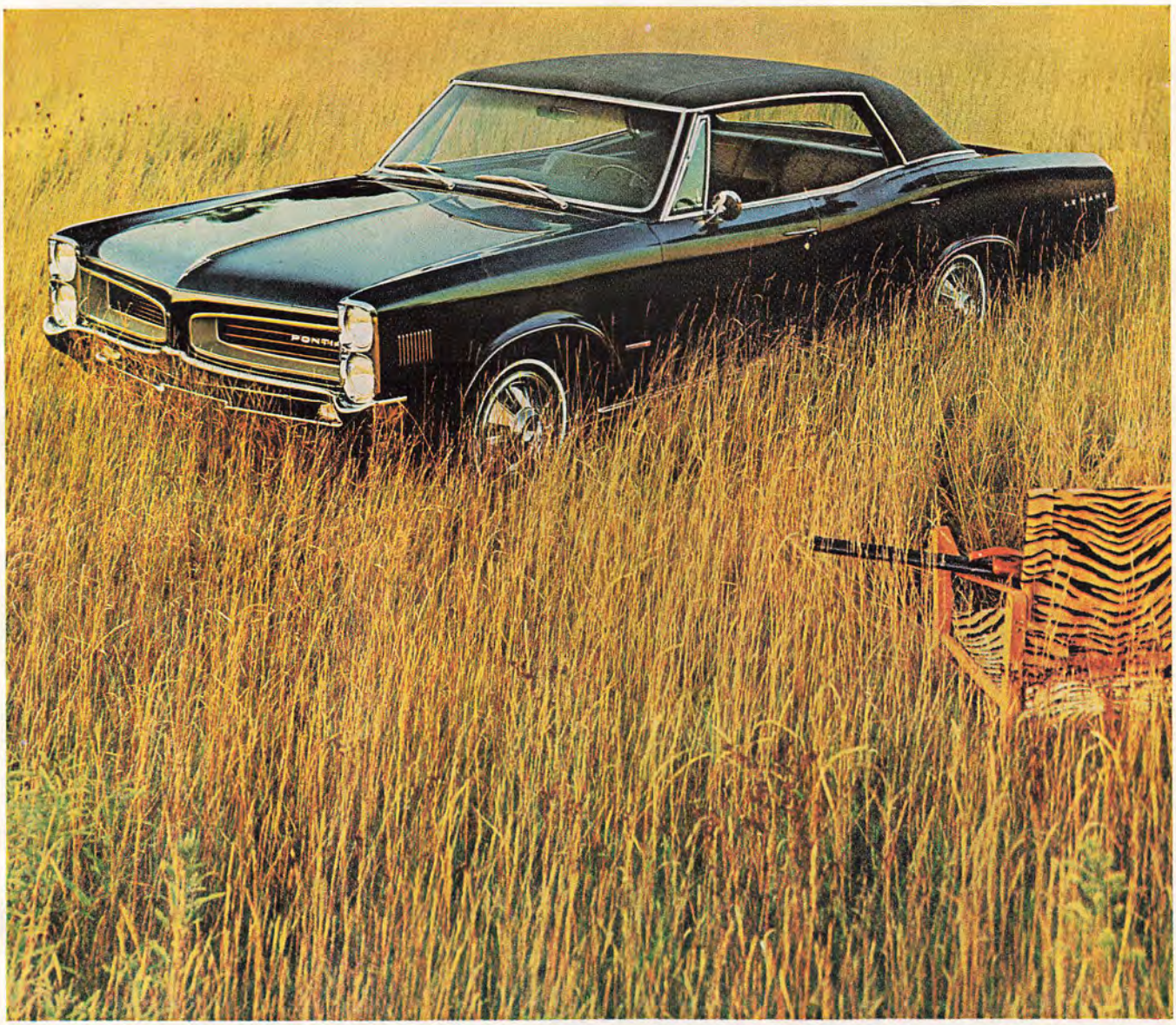
HAPPINESS IS *discovering the giant plant you gave your mother-in-law for her bedside is a meat eater.*

HAPPINESS IS *getting someone to scratch the seven-year itch after you've only been married six months.*

From the book *Happiness is a Dry Martini*. Text copyright © 1965 by Cory-Richard Music, Inc. Illustrations copyright © 1965 by Whitney Darrow, Jr. Published by Doubleday and Company, Inc.

We're so much in the habit of one-upping everybody else that once in a while we even one-up ourselves. Like this year. After designing that delectable 1966 Le Mans down there, we designed an extraordinary new 165-hp overhead cam six (like the ones in many European sports machines) and made it standard in all Tempests and Le Mans. You can even order a 207-hp version in a sports package which includes special suspension, distinctive emblems, and sports striping. Or one of our 250 or 285-hp V-8s. And we've added a host of safety items this year, like front and rear seat belts. (Be sure to use them.) With sweet inducements like these, how can you resist buying a Le Mans? You can't.

Does anything this sleek and luxurious really need a revolutionary new overhead cam six? No. We just like it better that way.



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Wide-Track Pontiac/'66

Great new taste,
rich aroma...
pipe tobacco does it.

PIPE TOBACCO IN A FILTER CIGARETTE
FULL FLAVOR AND AROMA
PIPE TOBACCO DOES IT
HALF AND HALF
America's #1 pipe tobacco cigarette
Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

Enjoy America's best-tasting pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!

Daughters of the Dragon Lady

Behind the Orient's beautiful faces, GI's often find the deadliest of enemies. The Viet Cong not only uses its women as spies, but throws them into battle as well. It's a tough war when the machine gunner you have to kill is a dish you'd love to love

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

SAIGON, SOUTH VIET NAM

■ "You number one," the husky-voiced doll said. She took the GI's right hand in both of hers and leaned so far across the bar that her nose touched his. "You buy me drink?"

"Okay, one drink."

She spoke a few words in Vietnamese and a stone-faced bartender in shirt-sleeves poured her iced tea in a whisky glass.

Now she twisted her shoulders so the shimmering green silk of her dress stretched taut over all the luscious curves. The soldier's eyes moved like a vacuum cleaner over every detail.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM JAMES H. PICKERELL

Viet Cong girls have practical weapons. They use sex, rifles and sometimes smuggle explosives in their brassieres

Night spots are haunts for spies. Half the B-girls may be enemy agents.

"Maybe sometime you come visit my house," she whispered to him with a little giggle.

"Why not tonight?" he demanded.

"No, not tonight. Police, he picking up lots of girls and come all time now. Tonight not good night."

"Baby, it's got to be tonight. I go bang-bang operation against VC tomorrow and I no come back for a week. Maybe not at all if I get killed." And he added, "Bartender, gimme another beer."

The soldier failed to notice the interest in the girl's dark eyes because he was drunk. The blank-eyed bartender uncapped another foaming bottle of 33 Export beer, the tasty but powerful local brew, and handed it to the soldier.

"You kidding me," the pretty hostess said. "You no get killed by VC. They all gone now. You GI's very strong and kill VC. You no worry, no VC tomorrow."

"That's what you think, baby. Ever been to D Zone? There's VC growing on trees in there, and we're going into the biggest mess of them yet, just east of Phoc Vinh. They got .50-caliber boom-booms, too, and maybe shoot down many helicopters. Dija ever see what a .50-caliber boom-boom can do to a poor little helicopter? So c'mon, baby, let's go, huh? It's got to be tonight or never."

"You buy me another drink. I come right back."

She climbed off the stool and flashed a sexy smile up at the GI. With high heels she stood barely five feet tall. She smoothed the slinky dress over her hips and slithered off to the grimy powder room.

But she did not powder her nose. Instead, she wrote about 10 lines in a notebook she pulled from her handbag, then carefully folded the page in her hand and put the notebook away. Returning to the bar, she caught the bartender's eye and slipped him the paper.

An instant later the bartender stepped outside and soundlessly passed the note to a raggedy-dressed little girl. The child ran several blocks to a corner where she gave the note to an old bicycle taxi driver. A half hour later, the old man parked his cycle in the teeming Khan Hoi district on the banks of the Saigon River, walked into a littered metal-working shop and rapped sharply on a door in the rear. He was admitted to a tiny cubicle, barely large enough for the large desk and chair it contained. Seated at the desk was a grim-faced young man. On the desk were a candle, paper and pencil, a telegraph key and a powerful U.S. Army "Angry-9" radio transmitter. The transmitter bore a little "hands-across-the-sea" U.S. aid sticker.

The young man studied the note for a short time and then tapped out the following message, in code:

"U.S. imperialist forces attacking liberated D Zone by helicopter several kilometers east of Phoc Vinh tomorrow, probably late in morning. Anticipate several

Looking like dolls but armed to kill, female VC militia train in jungle. Photo was found on a prisoner.

American battalions. Americans expect heavy resistance, including intense antiaircraft fire, so they probably will precede attack with heavy air and artillery bombardment."

And so the Viet Cong scored another little coup. Knowing what was coming, the local commander was able to move his important elements out of the area under cover of darkness, leaving behind only suicide snipers. U.S. troops killed two of them, but suffered seven dead and 15 wounded from mines, booby traps and sniping.

Back at the bar, it scarcely mattered what happened to the seductive hostess and her GI. Perhaps he gave up in disgust and staggered out into a little blue and white Renault taxi to get back to his quarters at Saigon airport before curfew. He probably had to pay the driver 10 times what the trip was worth. Or, if he was lucky, he had his night with the girl who had milked him of such important information. For U.S. intelligence agents, who pieced the story together later, the failure of the U.S. assault was simply additional proof of the bloody, multiple roles the country's women play in the operations of the Viet Cong.

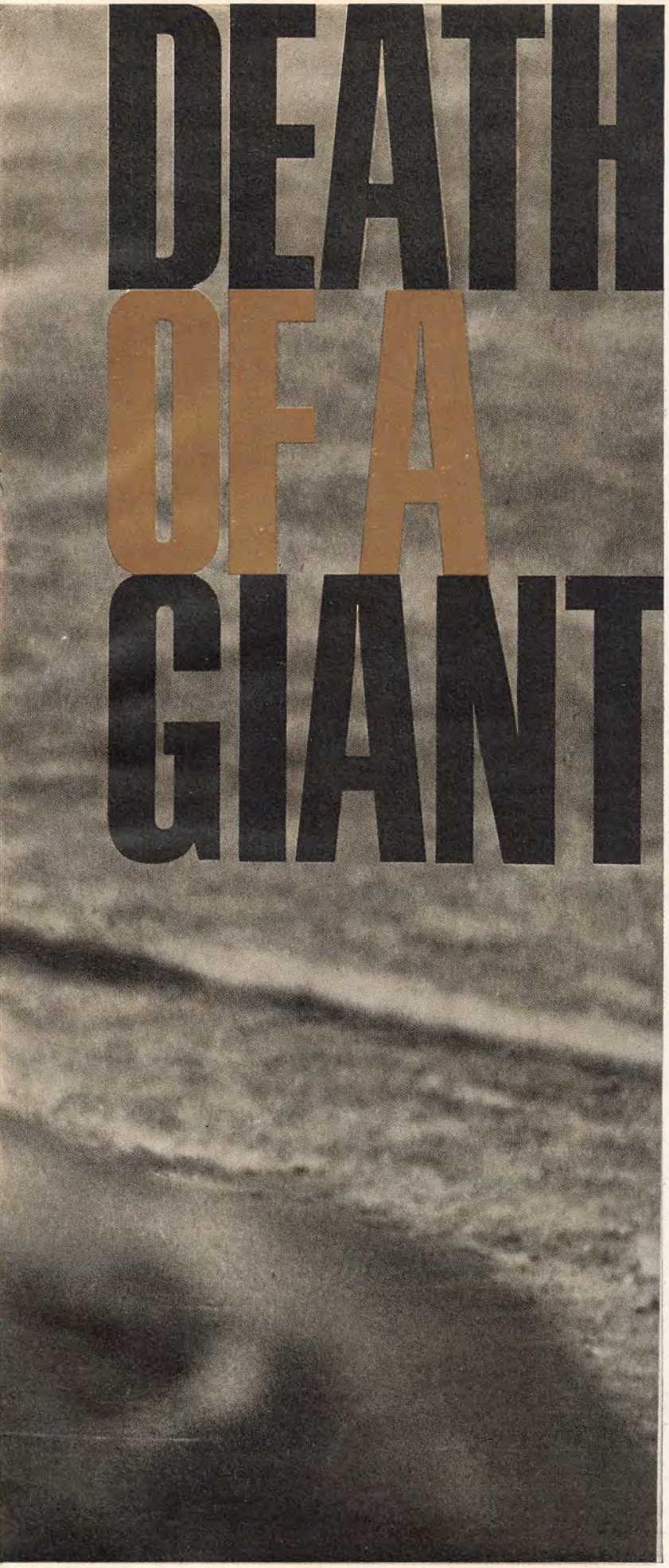
There probably are now more than 1,000 American intelligence agents in South Viet Nam. They work for many different outfits, including the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), the U.S. Embassy Political Section, the 704th Military Intelligence Detachment, the U.S. Aid Mission's Public Safety Division and Operations Division, and a top-secret U.S. Army organization known as "SMIAT."

Whatever unit employs them, all of the agents have been forced to take Viet Cong women seriously. U.S. intelligence gets ugly glimpses of the girls' importance whenever documents or photographs are captured. The photos nearly always show women of Dragon Lady-type beauty in the enemy front lines, often in uniform and carrying weapons. American soldiers and marines have faced firsthand what the pictures show. In many a hamlet, especially in the communist controlled D Zone, 30 miles north of Saigon, our troops have found girls opposing them.

"It's lousy to shoot women, but what are you going to do when they're cutting you down with machine guns and heaving grenades?" a company commander in the 173rd Airborne Brigade recently asked me with an expressive shrug.

Enemy women have been shot or captured in the act of performing all kinds of military chores—firing weapons, dressing wounds, cooking meals for the troops, typing out pay reports and even assembling hand grenades in secret jungle factories.

Moreover, a handful of women occupy important positions in the political [*Continued on page* 96]



DEATH OF A GIANT

One afternoon three years ago I had the closest thing to a presentiment I've ever experienced. "Pack up," I said to my wife, "we're going to Spain. I want to see Belmonte again—before it's too late."

Though we left the next day, we did not arrive in time.

■ It was Sunday morning, April 8, 1962, and he went to church as on any other Sunday. But whether or not he knew it then, this was to be the last morning of his life. He was a very small man with a great barracuda jaw and deep-set eyes. He had all the rewards that any man could aspire to in this life; yet before this day was over he would cause his own death.

He came out of the chapel of San Jose, blinking in the already hot Sevilla sun, holding his hat to his chest. Several of the crowd leaving Mass said, "*Buenos dias, Don Juan*" —and it was almost reverential the way they said it. Most of them he did not know, but they knew him—indeed all of Spain and Portugal and Mexico and South America knew him. He was much more than just a famous and rich bullfighter; he was the most idolized and legendary figure that Spain had produced since El Cid.

Frequently people ask: "Who was the greatest matador—Belmonte, Joselito or Manolete?" That is like asking: "Who was the greatest flyer—Orville Wright, Lindbergh or Doolittle?" Belmonte invented

BY BARNABY CONRAD

The big bulls, the roaring crowds,
the willing women were all
gone now for the great Juan Belmonte.
All that remained
was the final duel against
the one enemy he couldn't conquer

Silhouetted before his home, the aged matador could recall his ragged childhood and how he coveted the ranch he now owned.

A masterful portrait erased the years, and there again was the young Belmonte, as he was when he had all Spain at his feet.

what all other fighters after him would have to imitate, vary, or hone.

Now he was six days away from his 70th birthday, though he did not look anywhere near that age. Not that he was young looking—he had never looked young. But his hair was graying only slightly, his jaw was still thrust out defiantly, and his scarred face didn't look much different than it ever had. It was only his eyes that showed the secret hurts of his soul.

He put on his hat, a mushroom sort of hat, and started toward his car in that special walk of his that was not quite a shuffle. (Once, four decades earlier when he was at the peak of his career, he had said: "My legs are in such a terrible state that if one wants to move it has to request permission from the other." That was way in the past and the legs were no better now, after all these years.)

A newspaperman spotted Belmonte from across the street. He hurried over to him.

"Don Juan," he said, "do you have any items I can use for my column?"

Belmonte shook his head and said lightly: "A fossil has no items."

"Any news at all? I heard a rumor that Madrid has offered you 500,000 pesetas for one exhibition fight."

Belmonte winced almost imperceptibly, but managed a little laugh at the preposterousness of it. "That a-a-amount," he said with his lifelong stammer, "is what I would offer to anyone able to put me in a good enough c-c-condition to be able to be in an exhibition fight."

The reporter sighed. "Things have been so slow. And my editor has been . . . you know? I need a scoop —*una bomba*. Don Juan, you know everyone, what they're doing. Can't you give me *una bomba?*"

Belmonte's mouth widened slightly in a sad smile. "Maybe s-s-soon," he said. "Perhaps very s-s-soon I will have *una bomba* for you." He turned. Then, as an afterthought, he took the newspaperman's hand and said warmly: "Thank you—for your kind printed words—over the years."

He moved toward his car. But a one-armed man in rags caught up with him.

"Don Juan, por dios—"

The first of the day. Belmonte reached into his left trouser pocket; he always kept 10 bills of 100 pesetas each there. It generally was enough for the average day's quota of ex-bullfighters, ragged children, and professional beggars. Belmonte pulled out one bill. He started to give it to the man whose eyes widened at the sight of it. Then, impulsively, Belmonte put his hand back in his pocket. He pulled out all 10 bills and put the 1,000 pesetas (about 16 dollars) into the fist of the astonished beggar.

"God will repay you!" babbled the man as Belmonte walked away.

His chauffeur, Antonio, was holding the front door

Belmonte had trained himself to be a superb horseman. He spent his last afternoon tilting with heifers on the ranch.

of the black Vedette open and Belmonte stepped in; with all his millions of pesetas he was quite content to be driven in this modest car. In the back seat was Asunción, his housekeeper for so long. The chauffeur got behind the steering wheel and they drove off.

"Across the r-r-river," Belmonte said.

"Si, Don Juan," said the chauffeur; no further address was necessary.

They drove past the Cristina hotel, in the back of which Belmonte had his large apartment, then across the bridge over the muddy Guadalquivir. This was the same river that Belmonte had swum across at night as a ragged urchin more than half a century before to fight the bulls in the open fields, where he first developed the stoic style that would rock the bullfighting world, where he had first pitted his puny body against half a ton of murderous toro bravo. It was also the same river where he had slaved as a dredger, his belly empty and his head full of dreams of someday being a matador. To the right was the squalid district of Triana where Belmonte was brought up, the eldest of 13 children, where he had seen his brothers and sisters taken off to the poorhouse because there wasn't enough for them to eat.

But that was long ago. Now Belmonte's car drove to the new district of Los Remedios and stopped in front of a handsome apartment building. Belmonte got out of the car, taking with him a package from the glove compartment. It contained 400,000 pesetas which he had withdrawn from the bank just before closing. He went up in the elevator to the third floor. He knocked, and Enriqueta Perez Lora opened the door. He had given the apartment to her and it was filled with photos of him. She was about 35 years old, brown haired, handsome, sad eyed. She had been a governess for one of his daughters when he had first

No one but Belmonte knew how this day would end; he determined to relive the glory and the pain

Thousands of grieving aficionados followed their hero as his body was carried by the crowd from bullring to the cemetery.

met and fallen in love with her a dozen years before. She had been so beautiful. Her face was still smooth and unlined, but she was getting a little plump.

No one knows what was said or done in the hour he spent with her; Enriqueta refuses to discuss any phase of her long relationship with "him."

He came down to the street. He started to get in the car. Then he looked up at the apartment, as though he wanted to go back. He put his fingers to his eyes and shook his head twice. Then he got into the car. He cleared his throat, but he did not say anything. They drove along the river out toward Utrera. It was hotter now and the flat wheat fields shimmered on either side of the road. Over there were the hills where, years ago, some rabid aficionados had carved a giant likeness of Belmonte's profile in the cliffs and one could still make it out. In 45 minutes they came to the big olive groves that stretched as far as the eye could reach. This was the beginning of Belmonte's property, part of the 4,000 acres of the ranch "Gomez Cardeña," the vast tangible rewards of more than a thousand afternoons. When they reached the white stone gates, they turned left down the dirt road that led to the big white stucco house. They passed the foreman of the ranch; Belmonte called out of the window to him: "Let's go! Be ready in 10 minutes."

Asunción said with alarm: "But Don Juan—you are not supposed to!"

He patted her arm affectionately but he made no reply.

The chauffeur parked the car in the cobbled courtyard and Belmonte went into the house the back way and into the big master bedroom. He changed from his suit into the gray trousers and bolero jacket of his *traje corto*. He pulled on his boots and strapped on his *zajones*—the ornate leather chaps of the Andaluz gentleman-rancher. He took his flat brimmed *sombrero cordobes* off the peg in the hall and went out into the courtyard where his superbly-trained horse Maravilla was saddled and waiting, held by one of the stableboys. Belmonte stroked the animal's neck and chest for a long time, talking to it lovingly and letting it nuzzle him. Then the stableboy gave him a leg up into the saddle. The foreman, Diego Mateos, was there also on his horse, and they smiled warmly at each other. He'd been with Belmonte for 20 years. Wordlessly the two men trotted out of the courtyard, each holding one of the long wooden lances for *derribando*—the ancient sport of painlessly toppling cattle. Belmonte didn't look like much on a horse—any more than on foot—but over the years he had made himself into one of the greatest horsemen in the world. He loved riding after the cattle better than anything in the world and when the doctors had vetoed it recently, it had shriveled and demeaned him in his own eyes.

In 20 minutes they found the heifers that they were looking for in one of the open fields. They were three years old, big, with sharp horns curving forward and up. Belmonte pointed at one of them with his lance and kicked his horse, and the foreman dashed ahead to cut the heifer away from the others. The two horsemen pursued it down a small gulley and up across the flats.

Belmonte was in the lead, holding the lance in tilting position. It had to be done just right. He came up behind the heifer fast. Then judging the timing exactly, he jabbed the blunt end of the pole to the left of the animal's tail bone, just as the hind legs were on the rise. It was done perfectly; the heifer, knocked off its stride, pitched forward and did a somersault.

It scrambled to its feet snorting with anger. Instead of fleeing, it charged the first thing that it saw, which was the foreman's horse. The man deftly spurred his trained animal in a tight circle and avoided the charge of the furious heifer. Then it attacked Belmonte's horse and Belmonte zigzagged away, trailing the lance in the dirt behind him as a target for the heifer to hook at. Finally the heifer stopped, whirling around, defying anyone to come close enough to be reached with its horns. The men pulled up their horses 30 feet away.

"Muy brava," said the foreman, "a brave one."

"Lovely and brave," said Belmonte. "Give me the muleta."

The foreman hesitated. "But Don Juan," he said, "the doctor . . . ."

"Give me the muleta!" Belmonte repeated the command in a soft voice, but one that could not be disobeyed. He got off his horse and held out his hand. There were tears in Mateos' eyes as he reluctantly untied the thongs that held the fake sword and red cloth to the back of the saddle. Belmonte took the flannel in his left hand, holding it by the short notched stick like a handle and then flaring it out and spreading it wide with the wooden sword in his right hand. He shook it twice to get the feel of it and then he walked toward the heifer.

"Vente, Guapa!" he chanted quietly as he walked. "Come on, beautiful, just you and I. My, how beautiful you are when you're angry."

He walked casually, not gracefully, round-shouldered, an old man on old legs. His left hand held on to the upper part of his jacket, as an after dinner speaker might do, and the right hand absently trailed the muleta in the dust. The animal studied the approaching man and then it lowered its head and charged hard. When it was seven feet away, charging hard at his legs, Belmonte calmly dragged the muleta up from behind his body, parallel to his legs, and presented it to the heifer, offering it as a target in place of his legs. The animal swerved off to the left after this new lure.

Then, a strange trans- [*Continued on page* 101]

As far away from Capitol Hill as Viet Nam, another small Southeast Asia kingdom is threatened by a Red take-over. Victory or defeat for free men hangs on the shrewdness of the Communist enemy—and the stupidity of some men in Washington

BY WILLIAM J. LEDERER AND EUGENE BURDICK

SARKHAN

Twice in two years TRUE, an all fact magazine, has found a work of fiction so compellingly close to truth that it did not seem out of place on these pages. The first was *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold.* The second, by the authors of *The Ugly American,* is the new novel *Sarkhan,* condensed here. Copyright © 1965 by Kamina, Inc., published by McGraw-Hill Book Company.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT HANDVILLE

The blow caught the American from behind, spinning him around.

Stealthily, ruthlessly, the Red agents made their moves in Sarkhan

a trail in the jungle

I Tuc, the Communist from Sarkhan, trotted through the jungle, wearing only a pair of dirty shorts. He was hungry, but he enjoyed the sensation. He would wait another hour before eating. In a small bundle tied to his shoulders were a singlet, sandals, political cartoon books, a map case, five religious pamphlets, and a fortune in Sarkhanese rupees.

Tuc was so lean that his major muscles stretched against his skin, the large arteries bulged tautly on his calves and arms. He was average size for a Malay-stock Sarkhanese, a few inches over five feet. His black hair was close-cropped. His fingers had scores of tiny scars, the sure mark of the fish-gutter. The two middle fingers of his right hand were missing, lost when he was 17 and a grenade he was making had exploded in his hand. A comrade had bound his hand, Tuc had borrowed a grenade from someone else and had thrown it with reasonable accuracy at a squad of Chiang's forces.

Tuc's face was usually composed and always unrevealing. His subordinates avoided him unless sent for. After leaving him they felt exhausted, strained. His curt orders seemed impossible, but they must be met. Somehow they usually were.

Although the trail was masked by the overhanging jungle, it was hot and moist, the heat of midday spilling down heavily. Tuc prided himself that at 45 he was able to travel as fast through the jungle as the youngest recruit in the People's Army. He noted with pleasure that there was almost no sweat on his wiry body. Sweat was the sign of the beginner, the soft city person. People who lived long in the jungle soon found their bodies sweating less and less. Water was too scarce.

He dwelt for a moment on yesterday's executive council meeting at the Hotel Metropole in Hanoi. When the conference was over, Ho-Chi-minh had complimented him on his work in Sarkhan.

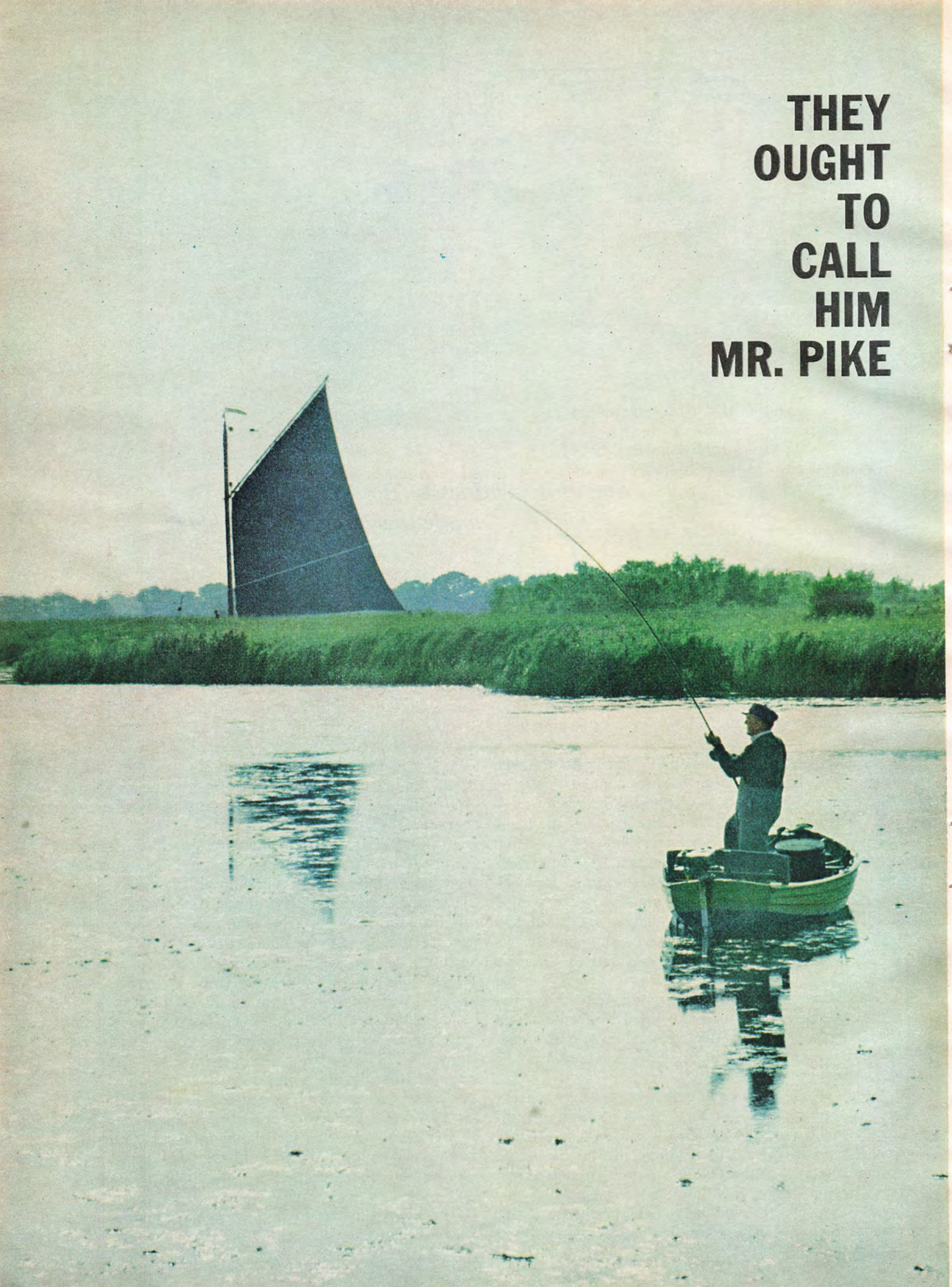
"You fought the long war here for nine years and have been organizing the liberation of Sarkhan for 10," he had said. "It is worth it. Just as they recall Chou En-lai as a former librarian who freed China, you will be recalled as the fish-gutter who liberated Sarkhan."

It was a lavish compliment; and it had been spoken before Communist leaders of nine nations, representing over half the world's population. It had come from the senior Communist in Southeast Asia. Ho Chi-minh, the Premier of North Viet Nam, needed no trappings or ceremony to identify him as the leader. His simple uniform carried no insignia. Even though he spoke slowly in a voice which was barely a whisper, men listened with total absorption to the lean old man.

Then the meeting had broken up. The man from Sarkhan had been taken by light plane to a small village not far from the Sarkhanese border, then had been off through the jungle. He analyzed the Hanoi conference as he moved along the old path cut through the thick foliage. Every one of the leaders—except the Russian representative who had remained silent—had agreed on his plan for Sarkhan. They furthermore had agreed that the offensive should begin immediately.

He jumped over a log and stopped to take a bearing. Without knowing pre- [*Continued on page* 125]

THEY OUGHT TO CALL HIM MR. PIKE



NORWICH, ENGLAND

■ Men in their leisure-time often collect strange things, ranging sometimes far afield from the usual items such as postage stamps and coins. I once knew a man in England who acquired castles, that is, he visited them, after which they were considered a part of his bag. At the time I encountered him his score was 113 but he was only middle-aged and figured to get many more before the end of his days.

Then there is Dennis Pye of Norwich, also in England, who catches pike. In the last 15 years he has hooked, played, boated and released more than 2,000. This would seem to be sufficient for anyone pursuing an avocation. But it isn't the pursuit of the plain, ordinary *Esox lucius* that provides Pye's extraordinary hobby; he is concerned only with the big ones—whoppers of 20 pounds or more.

During years of fishing two days a week in the fall and winter months when the big ones are running, Pye had, at the time I met him last August, taken 262 of these giants, which makes him champion of Great Britain and undisputed master of the art of catching these speedy, savage, ugly brutes.

Not impressed? The average angler fishing the rivers and shallows of the northeast bulge of Norfolk County might in a lifetime take one or, if lucky, two pike of 20 pounds or more. Most anglers never achieve it and are confined to bragging about a 10- or 12-pounder.

Vanity is not one of Dennis Pye's problems. Two pike only adorn the walls of his tiny fish-and-chips shop in the poorer section of the ancient cathedral city of Norwich. One is a fish of 30 pounds four ounces and the other a four-foot horror with wicked inch-long teeth, an ounce or two under 36 pounds. All the rest have been released. There is only one more stuffed fish to come in Pye's emporium—that will be the one that breaks the English record of 37½ pounds.

Somewhere in the weeds and slime below Hickling, Barton, Duck and Sutton Broads or Horsey Mere lurks that big fellow. Someday, Pye is going to get him. I know because I have been out with the master pike fisherman and have watched him operate.

He will win because it is not only out-

Pye fights pike as a boat seems to sail across the land on the strange Norfolk Broads.

But his name is Pye and he catches pike of 20 pounds and more by the ton with a sureness that is the bafflement of England. A master storyteller reveals how a master angler does it

BY PAUL GALLICO

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY GEORGE DOUGLAS

Gallico gaffs a pike for Dennis Pye who calls it "small" because it only weighs 10 pounds.

At day's end, Pye hoists his unexpected whopper which broke the scale.

size pike that this extraordinary man collects, but all the joys and disappointments of sport fishing as well. He treasures the long days of tension, suspense and excitement when, free of the world, he sits alone in his dinghy isolated on one of the broads, that unique marshland cut off from the North Sea by dykes similar to those of the Netherlands. Here, ignoring drenching rains or nipping frosts, only occasionally warmed by sunshine, he is enthralled by the game of matching his wits and knowledge against the guile and experience of the really big ones.

He is a fisherman from his crown to his toes. Passion is involved and complete dedication. He fishes not only with his head but with his heart. In short, he loves every moment he is able to devote to the two days a week he can take off from frying and selling fish and chips.

In addition to the shallow waters of his homeland, Dennis Pye has fished across France, Italy, Germany and the Low Countries—Holland and Belgium—which might give you the notion that in the past he has been a man of leisure, except for the fact that these visits took place when he was there from 1940-1946 on the business of war. Through those years he was Sergeant-Cook Pye of the Royal Engineers. Along with his rifle, his pack and his skillet, his fishing rod accompanied him wherever the fortunes of war led. He recalls that almost the only time he did not wet a line was during the eight harrowing days he spent under bombardment on the beach at Dunkirk. When at last the destroyer *Ivanhoe* plucked him and his comrades off the mole, he had lost most of his army-issued gear, but he still clung to his split-bamboo rod and reel. . . .

Happening to find myself in his part of the world not long ago, I became imbued with the desire to be present when brother Pye should hook, play and land one of these record monsters.

It was "impossible" for a number of reasons: it was the wrong season for pike—early August—let alone a giant specimen; it would be the wrong place as well, since at that time the usually desolate and deserted rivers and marshes of northwestern Norfolk are overrun with Britons on their annual vacations. Add to this that England was enjoying a completely incredible spate

of blue skies and sunshine, plus the jinx that invariably attends any attempt to produce a near-record fish (or any fish at all) on order and you will gather what Pye agreed to take on when I made my idiot request to accompany him.

Our first meeting was at the Bull Inn at Hickling, in the very heart of the broads country.

The Bull is a small, square, unpretentious, red-brick and slate-roofed fisherman's pub, run by Nora and Percy Smith in the old tradition. Of course there was a dart game going on that Saturday night as I waited in the smoke-fogged public room at the end of the little bar.

You will visit the Bull if ever you go for pike on the broads, for that is the spot for post-piscatorial prevarication. The room is always crowded with fishermen who will listen to your lies sympathetically. Crying towels for the big one that got away are dispensed freely. Posters on the wall advertise the Norfolk Broads Open Angling Championships and the Hickling Garden Party. There is a Watney's red barrel pump on the bar and three more handles for mild and bitter beer.

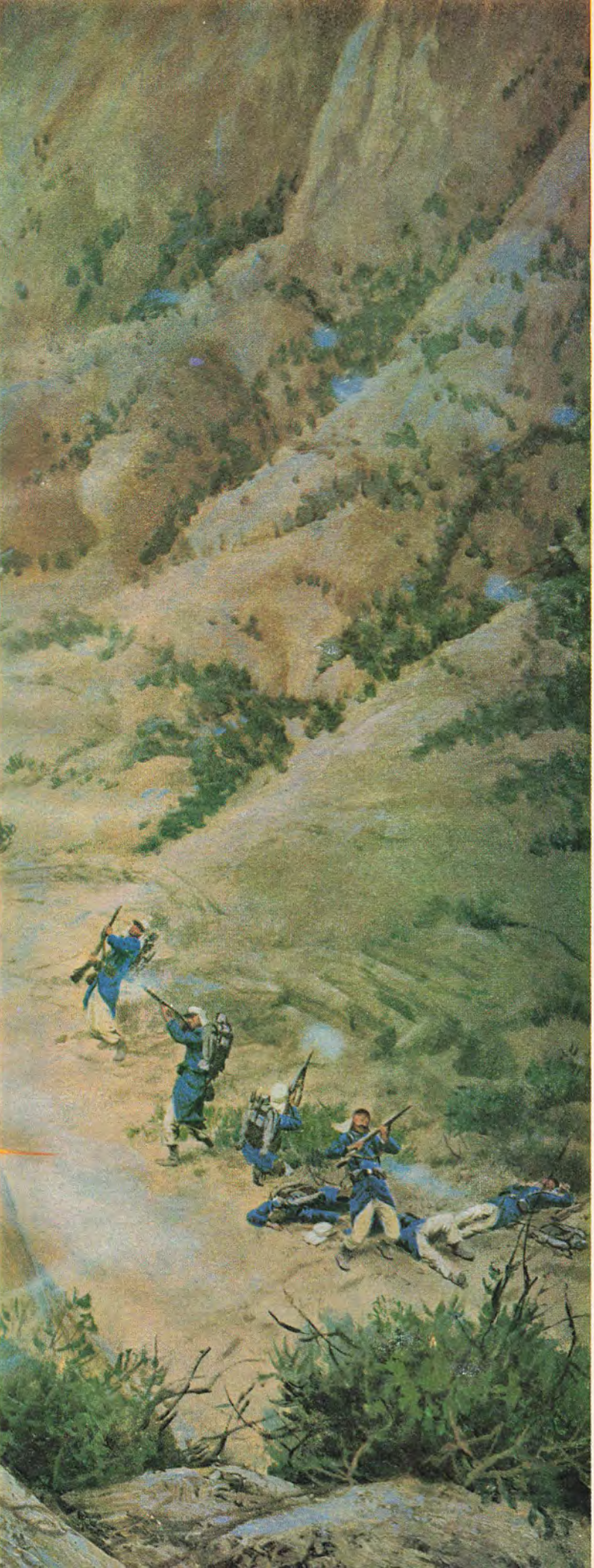
The pub smells of beer and rubber boots, pipes and the rough clothing of men and you have to shout to make yourself heard over the babble of voices. Twice a day the blind man arrives for his pint and with the tap, tap of his cane outside, the evening becomes official. His cottage is a quarter of a mile from the inn and he probes his way unassisted down an automobile-infested highway to the pub where everyone is relieved at his advent.

There comes a moment of quiet. Someone listens and says, "That'll be Garge." The cane goes tap, tap, the door opens, he feels his way in. "Evenin', Garge!" A customer leads him to his seat on the bench which is always reserved for him. Another hands him his pint which Nora has drawn. General conversation resumes. Old Garge has made it again. It is that kind of a place.

Dennis Pye came in from Norwich at 9 and we stood at the bar downing mugs of Watneys and getting acquainted. At first impression he looked like Mr. Four-by-Four, he was so square and stocky. But he was not all that small, at that. His head sat on powerful shoulders and he had the keen, bright-blue eyes of the lover of outdoor sport. He [*Continued on page* 113]

Homemade jaw spreader protects mouth of pike as hooks are quickly disgorged.

Relaxing at pub afterward, Pye and Gallico relive an incredible feat.



THE TRAITOR-HERO FRANCE FORGAVE

He betrayed the Foreign Legion and led enemies against his old comrades. Curiously, however, he fought with honor and an admiring world saved his neck

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

■ The night air of Morocco was cold and the unshaven sentry at the Legion's Second Battalion barracks, in the city of Fez, warmed his morale with judicious sips at a brandy bottle. An officer appeared in the rays and shadows as he passed the dim lights of the fort, and the soldier saluted unsteadily. The officer regarded him with contempt. "*Cochon*," he muttered, ignoring the salute, and entered the barracks magazine, emerging a few minutes later with his arms full of rifles and revolvers picked from the racks.

Again the soldier saluted, too drunk to be curious. The officer walked to the stables and saddled his horse, strapping the rifles to its flanks and sticking the revolvers in his belt and in the saddle pouch. He flung a flowing Arab jellaba over his uniform, slung a last rifle over his shoulder and rode out into the blackness of the desert—and into immortality.

The lieutenant who galloped away that night in April, 1920, had just ruined a fine eight-year Legion career in a surge of blind fury. He had punched a superior officer and now he was a disgraced man, a deserter, obsessed by a hatred of France and the French. His name was Otto Klems. By the time his career as a warrior had ended, he was a legend, to Legionnaires and Berbers alike, the most colorful desperado in the history of the Foreign Legion. He became one of the greatest generals who had ever fought the Legion, and led nearly 100,000 Riffs to the gates of Fez itself, causing panic all the way from Rabat, the capital of Morocco, through Madrid to Paris. He was interviewed by admiring war correspondents, headlined on front pages, and finally glamorized on [*Continued on page* 90]

El Hadj both led the Riff attacks and photographed them to show the sultan how the Legionnaires died.

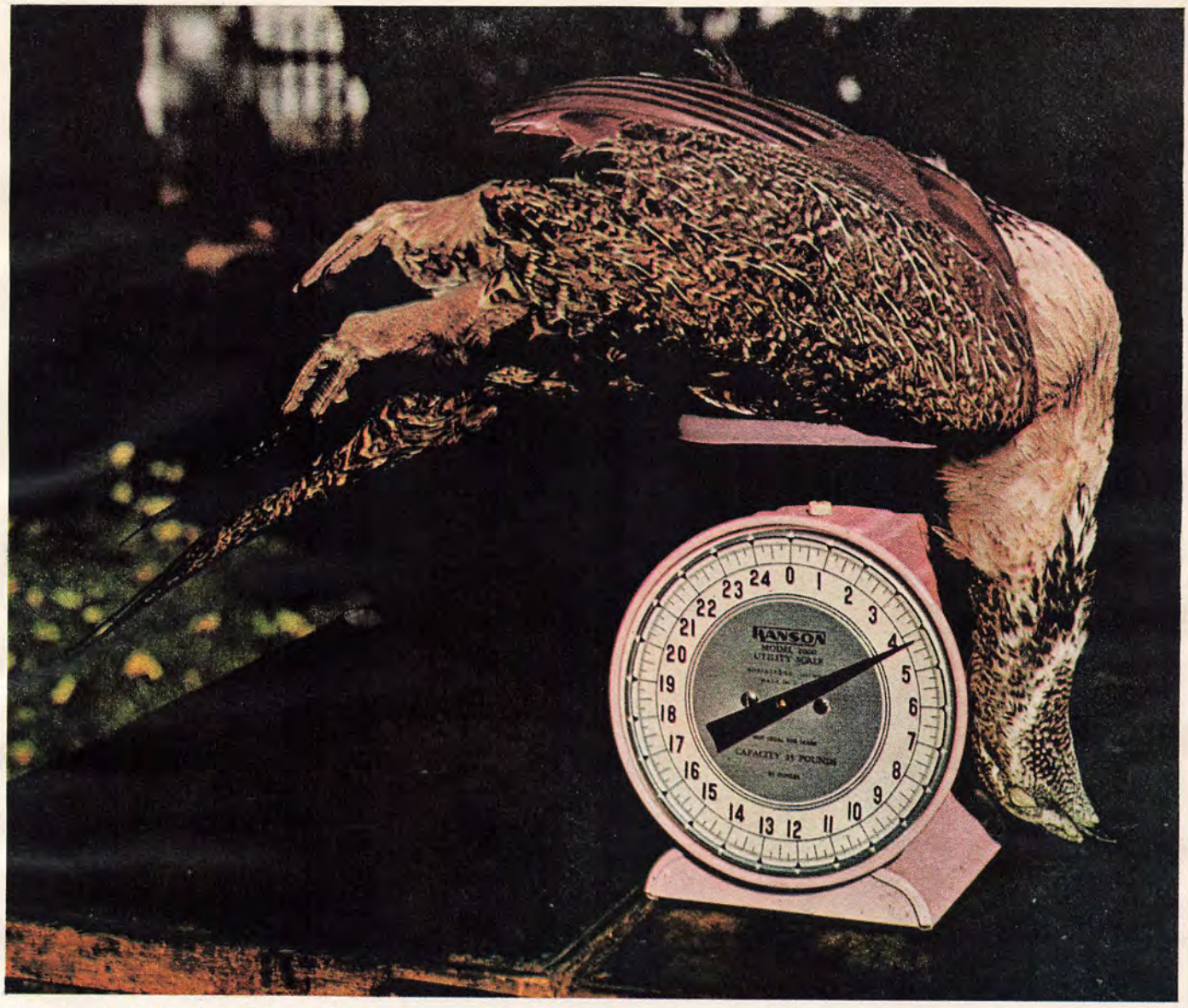
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

Trueblood about to shoot as sage hens flush. Disliking civilization, the birds have retreated to unpeopled areas of West.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

A hunter looks across the barren sagebrush country and thinks: "Nothing worthwhile can live here." Not so. This is the home of the sage hen

A Game Bird That Lives West of Nowhere



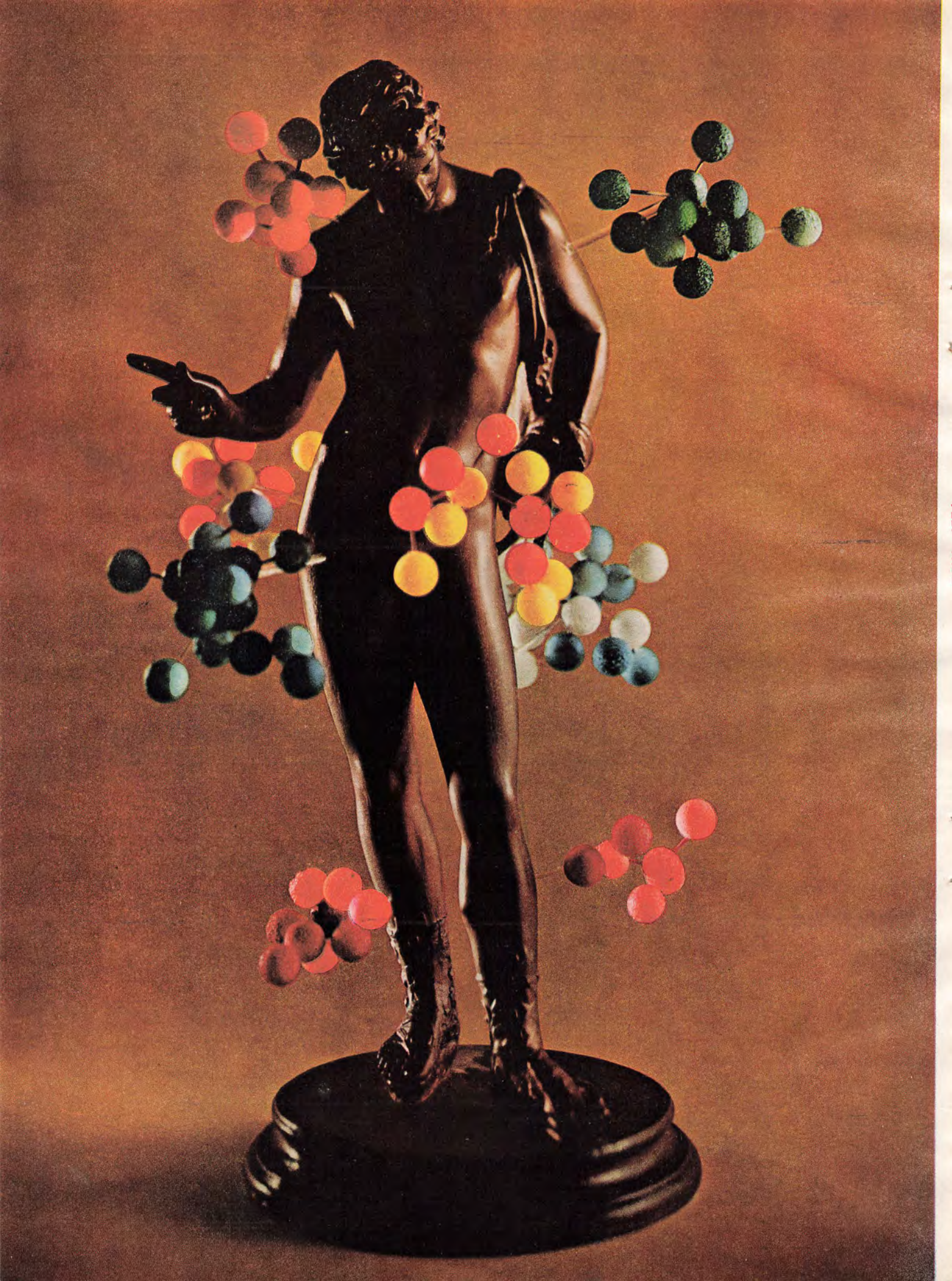
The "cock of the plains" is our biggest grouse. So well is it camouflaged that a hunter may all but step on a hiding bird.

■ You leave the town and then the irrigated valley with its green fields and clumps of trees and follow a paved road out into the gray, dry, rolling hills, each a little higher than the last. The pavement ends and you are on a good dirt road, graded and graveled, and you follow it, still climbing higher among the barren hills, and the road gradually becomes rougher and narrower until you could pass another car only in the occasional spot that has been widened for this purpose. A long cloud of fine, white dust rolls out behind, hanging like fog in the still air.

Under the blue dome of the September sky, you are in a world of gray. The sage of several varieties is gray. Greasewood and four-wing saltbush are gray. The sparse grass blends with distance into the gray soil. A jackrabbit bounds across the road and it, too, is gray. There are no trees, no green at all. Only the rabbit brush, which blooms bright yellow in the fall, adds spots of color here and there.

Gradually, the road grows worse. It becomes a pair of wheel tracks, winding on and on into the desert, bending around rocks and bluffs, with grass and low sage growing between the ruts. Meanwhile you have been climbing steadily. You grind up the last long rise and find that you are on a great plateau, stretching away as far as you can see—east into Idaho, south into Nevada, west into Oregon. In the far, far distance, half hidden by the blue haze of autumn, are snow-capped mountains. You are 6,000 feet above sea level. The temperature rises to 100° in the summer, drops to 40 below zero in the winter; the wind blows 40 miles an hour—and there is no shelter from it. You are in the home of the sage hen.

You wind on. The earth becomes rocky. Black basalt, scattered by volcanic action, lies everywhere in chunks and blocks. Among them, in the cracks and crevices where soil persists, grow little tufts of short grass and the ever-present scrubby [*Continued on page* 106]



BY ISAAC ASIMOV

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

They think it can be done — that life can be created in the laboratory.

CONCEIVED IN THE LOVE BED OF SCIENCE

Then Man can create New Man — and not necessarily in his own image.

■ The young doctor leaned over the prone, sheet-covered body centered in the harsh glare of the overhead lights. Only the head, with its crisply-curled dark hair, its bronzed skin and perfect features, was visible. The eyes were open but completely lifeless. No expression marked the face.

At the doctor's gesture, a waiting nurse plunged a hypodermic needle into the figure's neck. Iridescent fluid, faintly radioactive, pushed out into the carotid artery of the body on the operating table.

Doctor and nurse held their breath. The galleries were silent. In homes on every continent, men and women watched their television sets uneasily.

Project Life was reaching its climax.

The television camera panned in on the patient's face; his eyes filled millions of home screens—and flickered. Then both eyelids closed and opened.

The television camera drew back, bringing the whole face into focus. The lips twitched, parted and and broke into a smile.

The excited voice of the announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, the artificial structure, Adam II, seems alive. Man appears to have succeeded in constructing a human body out of nonliving substances. He has created life. . . ."

The above is only a scene that might be written in a science fiction story. But perhaps it should be taken seriously, for it represents a modern version of a theme as old as civilization.

In ancient times there were the girls of gold who (according to Homer) helped Hephaestu, Greek god of the forge, form the armor of Achilles. In medieval times, there was the tale of the golem, an automaton-like creature made of clay into which life was infused by Rabbi Löw of Prague through the use of the ineffable name of God. And in modern times there is the well-known story of Pinocchio, the wooden marionette who came to life.

Will the age-old dream ever become reality, or will it be nothing more than science fiction forever?

Consider the serious possibilities of creating life. Must we mold a human being, complete with flesh and bones, muscles and brain, glands and blood vessels? Of course not. All living organisms, including human beings, are self-building devices, provided they start from the right beginning.

Living organisms are composed of cells, tiny (usually microscopically tiny) blobs of life. The human body is composed of some 50 to 60 trillion cells, but some very simple forms of life (the amoeba) are composed of single cells.

Those organisms built up of many cells begin life as a single cell, the fertilized ovum. A man or a woman is formed, in actual fact, from a little blob of living jelly. From that fertilized ovum, properly nourished in the female uterus by the mother's placenta, a baby containing about two trillion cells is formed in a period of nine months.

To create a man, then, it would be sufficient to create a fertilized ovum. It would carry on from there. To be sure, it would have to be nourished, adequately, thereafter, but we are approaching the ability to do all of this.

Biologists can keep isolated organs, and even scraps of tissue, alive for considerable lengths of time. Before World War II, the well-known surgeon, Alexis Carrel, managed to keep a scrap of embryonic chicken heart alive and growing (it had to be periodically trimmed) for over 32 years. This was quite a feat, for special precautions had to be taken to keep the tissue

from becoming infected by bacteria. Nowadays, with the development of antibiotics, infection is no longer a serious problem and tissues can be kept alive more easily.

As for the fertilized ovum, progress has been made there, too. It is quite within the realm of present technology to transfer a fertilized ovum into another body and let it develop there. This was done as long as 70 years ago with rabbits. It has been done with most common laboratory and farm animals, and, if the species are the same, a foreign womb often produces normal young. One prize ewe has given proxy birth to 11 lambs in one season, instead of the usual one or two.

What stops this from being done with human beings is distaste rather than inability. In 1961, Dr. Danielle Petrucci of Bologna, Italy, claims to have taken an unfertilized female human ovum out of the ovary, had it fertilized in an artificial glass "womb" in which the embryo lived and grew.

The suggestion is often made that the sperm cells of a remarkable man could be frozen and kept alive in order that his genes might be passed on to many more offspring than he could produce in a single lifetime. Similarly, if fertilized ova can be passed on to other women for "brooding" purposes, the genetic mother could produce 13 potential offspring a year. A robust, young "brooder" might actually produce healthier young than the supplier of the ovum, but would not contribute genetically.

Do we need a human "brooder" at all, for that matter? Suppose the ova banks and sperm banks are used as sources for the necessary cells, which would be allowed to undergo fertilization and subsequent development within a synthetic womb. Such a womb would reproduce necessary environmental conditions such as temperature and pressure, perhaps even the sound and vibration of a simulated maternal heartbeat.

Till now, fertilized eggs have been developed outside the body only through the very early stages. Before actual organs begin to form, the process stops. If the equivalent of a placenta could be designed, then the way would be clear for the artificial development of a complete human being from an egg cell and a sperm cell. There is a name for such a process: "ectogenesis."

Ectogenetic development would clearly be of great scientific value for it would enable us to learn a great deal about the development of life through continuous observation.

A society in which ectogenesis becomes common might consider it desirable to develop embryos under ideal conditions, safe from the ills, shocks, malnutritions and accidents to which a real mother might be subjected.

In an overpopulated world, it is becoming important to find techniques for maintaining the population at a controlled level. With ectogenaria, this needed goal of population control would be easy.

Furthermore, it would be possible to study the embryos closely and bring to fruition only those which tested out as free of serious physical or biochemical abnormalities, something that cannot be done while the baby is invisible in a human womb.

The complete divorce of childbearing from the sex act would undoubtedly revolutionize the general attitude of mankind toward sex. By removing the false extremes of good and evil from its image, sex might at last become the natural function it really is, and a potent source of neuroses may be removed forever from the human race.

Naturally, there are anti-Utopian aspects of such a possible future. Who is to decide who shall qualify as potential parents? What shall be used as a basis for qualification? Actually, we don't know enough right now to be safe with an ectogenetic society. But we can hope that by the time our science and technology has advanced to the point where such a society is possible, we *will* know enough.

But an ectogenetic society does not fulfill the dream of created life. It is not enough to take life which already exists and guide its development. How about actually forming a cell out of nonliving materials? In that way we could form a completely new specimen of life, which would owe nothing at all to previous life.

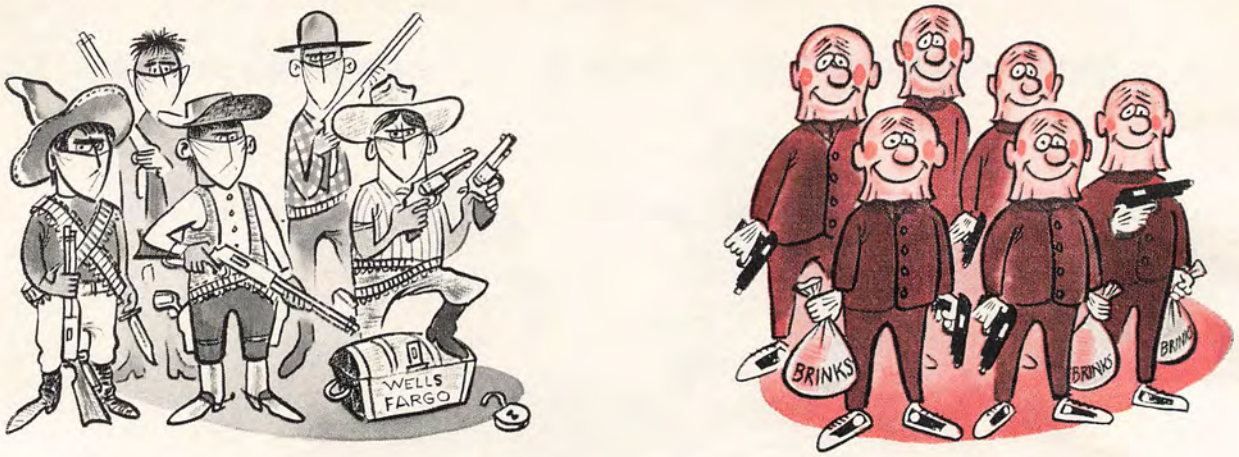
A cell consists of a complex of substances that are undergoing thousands of chemical reactions. Many of the substances are quite simple in structure, and chemists can make them in the laboratory. Others are unbelievably complicated but are built up out of simple "building blocks" which, individually, can be made in the laboratory. In some cases, building blocks can be put together to form complicated structures resembling those that exist in cells. Then, too, all the chemical reactions that go on in cells can be imitated in one way or another in the laboratory.

There is nothing in the cell—either substance or reaction—that really represents an impenetrable mystery, if each substance and each reaction is taken by itself. The difficulty is in the enormously complicated fact that all the substances are taking part in all the various reactions at once. Before we can synthesize life, we must learn how to keep such ceaseless turmoil under tight and useful control.

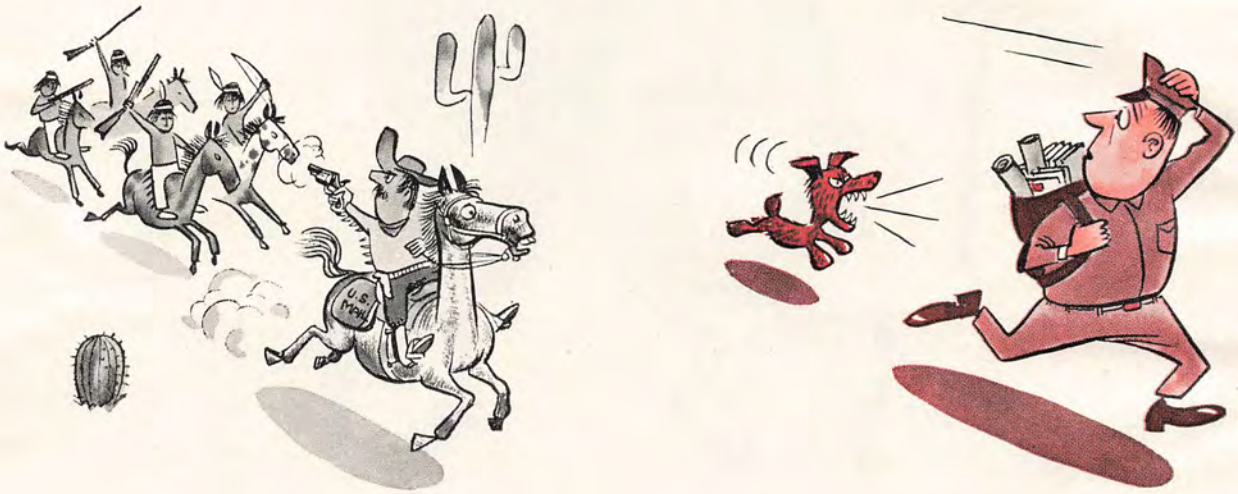
How does the cell itself do it. The various reactions in the cell are under the control of substances called "enzymes." Each enzyme has a single reaction (or, in rare cases, two or three very similar reactions) under its influence.

Could we manage, then, if we had a complete set of cellular enzymes at our disposal? We could expect that under the influence of the enzymes, simple substances (easily obtained in the laboratory) would be built up into the [*Continued on page* 85]

A century of change—for better or for worse—as seen by Vip



1866 — BANDITS — 1966



1866 — MAILMAN — 1966

1866 — BANKER — 1966

1866 — DRINKING MAN — 1966

1866 — ADVERTISING MAN — 1966

1866 — PHOTOGRAPHER — 1966

SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF THE KANSAS FLYING MACHINE

■ The mind of Bill Purvis was a thousand miles away when he walked into Derby's Confectionery Shop in Goodland, Kansas, one morning in 1909. He was thinking about how to get up in the air and in those days that was a problem. It was just six years after the Wright brothers made their historic flight and for a poor railroad mechanic to dream of piloting an airplane was folly indeed.

His mind snapped to attention when he saw some schoolchildren playing with a new toy, a little stick with candy on one end and a whirligig on the other. The kids were flipping the whirligigs into the air. They fluttered to earth with an easy spinning motion.

Purvis stopped for a moment, thoughtfully thunderstruck. "That's it!" he yelped. Grabbing one of the toys, he threw the kid a penny and took off at a dead run out of the store.

Just exactly why Bill Purvis wanted to get up in the air was a mystery to everyone, including himself, but men have been afflicted with the wish to fly ever since Daedalus began sticking feathers into hot beeswax. It wasn't as if Bill was an educated man. He had barely squeezed through third grade and quit before they threw him out of fourth. He was making his living, such as it was, as a machinist in the Rock Island railroad yards in Goodland, a hot, dusty town that sat on the western edge of Kansas like a bump on a buffalo's back. But educated or not, poor or not, in an isolated, godforsaken part of the country or not, this longing to get up into the sky was eating him.

Clutching the little whirligig, he galloped over to the railroad machine shop and cornered his friend, Charles Arthur Wilson.

"You got to help me, Art," he pleaded. "I just figured out how to fly."

"Oh no, not again," Art groaned.

"But this time I really got something!" Purvis said. He pulled the toy out of his pocket and spun it away from him. The bright object jumped up into the sunlight and hung there, suspended in the air. Wilson watched, fascinated in spite of himself.

"You see?" Purvis asked dramatically, stooping to pick up the toy. "All we've got to do is make it big enough to carry a man!"

Wilson let out his breath. "It might work, at that," he conceded. "I wonder why nobody's thought of it before."

As a matter of fact, they had. Leonardo da Vinci, that master dreamer, made a scale drawing of just such a machine. Scientists of the 19th century made small working models about a foot long. But nobody had yet been able to figure out how to make one big enough and powerful enough to carry a man in flight, or control it if they could.

That didn't bother the two Rock Island machinists. They were ignorant and undaunted. They sat down that very afternoon and started drawing plans. Confident that all they needed for eventual success was enough scrap iron, they started to piece together with bolts and baling wire, a strange, scary contraption that was supposed to rise straight up in the air and hover there indefinitely.

They were short on money so they changed their plans continually, making something a little shorter here or a little longer there, to suit whatever piece of metal they happened to have on hand. But what they lacked in scientific exactitude, they made up in mechanical know-how.

About half way through, it occurred to them that once the machine was in the air, engine torque would make the platform as likely to turn as the blades. This, in scientific circles, is known as Newton's Third Law of Motion: To every action there is always opposed an equal reaction. It had been giving inventors fits ever since the first tiny model got a few inches off the ground.

Purvis and Wilson didn't how what to call it, but

When two cow-town machinists decided to build a helicopter, nothing could stop them. They were ignorant, ingenious and broke— but they made the thing work. More or less.

BY M. L. COLLETT

they knew what to do about it. They built a long central shaft with a second shaft inside it and made two sets of blades, one above the other, turning in opposite directions to offset the effects of torque.

They worked on the night shift in the railroad machine shop so that they would have daylight for the flying machine. Their eyes grew weary and red rimmed from lack of sleep. But they couldn't give up their jobs and they wouldn't give up the flying machine. They needed the dream worse than they needed the money.

They decided early they would need a place to house the device and they built a square tower for it close by the water tank. Their pals from the machine shop would come around and laugh and make cracks. But somewhere along the way a strange transformation came over their friends' attitudes. When the outlandish thing began to take shape with its rotor sticking up into the sky, their buddies quit laughing. Instead they would circle around it, inspecting it thoughtfully.

Soon the railroad machine shop began turning out strange parts that didn't belong on any train that ever existed. The parts were smuggled out, often right under the eyes of the supervisor, who seemed to be half blind. With this extra help, the flying machine quickly neared completion.

The thing was a wonder to behold. The long thin rotor jutted up into the air. Its two sets of blades, one halfway up and one near the top, were made of canvas, with bamboo stays braced with wire. Tilting planes on either side of the platform were supposed to incline the machine in the desired direction and a little sail out behind acted as rudder. It was a fantastic monstrosity, with all the grace of a crippled praying mantis. It weighed a neat 400 pounds.

Purvis and Wilson optimistically decided that two lightweight, aluminum seven-horsepower gasoline engines would lift it. But the engines would cost $800 and they didn't have the money.

Purvis came up with the answer. "We'll form a company, and sell stock." To convince potential investors, the two men scheduled a demonstration for Thanksgiving Day.

The whole town turned out. Farmers and businessmen jostled each other for position, little boys and dogs ran in and out of the crowd yelling and barking, and the ladies unpacked picnic lunches. In the middle of all the clamor, the machine sat on the ground, its platform weighted down with huge boulders. A single six-horsepower gasoline motor, heavy and workmanlike, was hitched to it.

Purvis stepped forward and drew a deep breath. "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness a demonstration of the lifting ability of the Purvis-Wilson Flying Machine! In order that it won't take off into the air, flying upward forever, we have weighted it down with these rocks!" he said, well aware that the machine was no more likely to fly than the cow in the next pasture.

The crowd maintained a puzzled silence. Finally one man spoke up. "Isn't flying what you want the thing to do?"

"Eventually, of course." Purvis stopped to collect his wits. "But first we must make a probability study. We don't want to get up there, and not know what to do." When in doubt, he thought, use big words. "We want to be sure of the stabilizer, as well as the equalizer, and possibly even the equalization of the stabilizing effect on the equalizer."

He stepped forward and started the motor before anybody else could ask anything. The two sets of rotors stirred the air. Dust rose in clouds. The platform shook, heaved and jumped up and down. Everyone was impressed.

"You can see," Purvis stated, after he had shut off the engine, "that if it hadn't been securely weighted down, it would have sprung [*Continued on page* 95]

STALIN'S $10 MILLION PLOT TO COUNTERFEIT U.S. MONEY

BY ALAN HYND

Thomas J. Callaghan, the brisk Supervising Agent of the United States Secret Service in Chicago, muttered to himself as he studied the counterfeit $100 bill under a powerful magnifying glass. The paper, with green and red silken threads, looked like the real thing; the engraving was a work of art, and the printing was as good as anything out of Washington. The single infinitesimal flaw lay in Ben Franklin's cheeks: one was a whisper plumper than it should have been. Still, it had taken the long experience and highly suspicious nature of Callaghan to catch the defect.

The Supervising Agent, a faultlessly groomed man in his 50's, pushed the bill impatiently aside and glowered at the other Franklins staked on his desk—thousands of dollars' worth of them. He suspected they would be all but perfect, too—the most dangerous bad money he had focused his sharp blue eyes on in a quarter century of counterfeit hunting.

Hours later, his suspicions confirmed, Callaghan eased himself into his Chesterfield, clapped on a derby, and hustled over to the Federal Reserve Bank, which had sent the bills to him.

"Where," Callaghan asked a bank officer, "did these Franklins come from?" The officer said the bills had come from three Chicago banks—Northern Trust, Harris Trust, and Continental Illinois National.

In one sense the counterfeits, good as they were, stuck out like sore thumbs in this month of October, 1932. They were fakes of the old-size bills, about 25 percent larger than the new currency which had been issued in July, 1929, and which now had almost completely replaced the old. During those three years, however, bogus Franklins in the old size were known to be journeying through banking and business circles in China, Mexico, South America, France, Germany, Switzerland and, finally, the United States.

The score of the counterfeiters was in the millions. It was the biggest take of bad money in United States history. What was giving the Secret Service nightmares was not only its inability to nail the makers of the stuff, but the fear that the Franklins might be the beginning of a much greater operation. If men of such skill ever followed up with multimillion-dollar issues of the post-1929 new-size currency, the value of Uncle Sam's paper money might be seriously undermined.

With that specter haunting him, Callaghan set off immediately to run down the lead from the Federal Reserve. At two of the banks turning in the bum Franklins he drew blanks, but at Northern Trust he found a teller who had been cautious enough to note the name and address of a man who had exchanged several of the hundreds for tens a few days previously. Callaghan traced the man down and asked him where he got the big, old bills. The man said he got the C-notes from friends. He admitted the thought had crossed his mind that they might be suspect—but on the grounds of being loot rather than bogus money. They were simply too good to be counterfeit.

The prior possessors of the notes were happy to tell Callaghan what they knew—after the penalties for counterfeiting had been explained. The trail then led Callaghan to a figure prominent in Chicago's twilight world. He called himself Count Enrique von Buelow, but the police had identified him, before he acquired the title, as Hans Dechow. He had no criminal record, although he had once been accused of perjury and had been engaged over the years in various interesting enterprises, such as selling machine guns and taking orders for tear gas bombs.

Callaghan dropped in at the count's fashionable [*Continued on page* 80]

To the Russians, an easy way to get money in the 1930's was to copy the best—American dollars. But the Kremlin didn't figure on our Secret Service

ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

Count 'em everybody. Four little critters that can move objects 700 times their own weight, leap eight inches high and make man and beast itch like crazy. They're mighty members of the family that is...

THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH

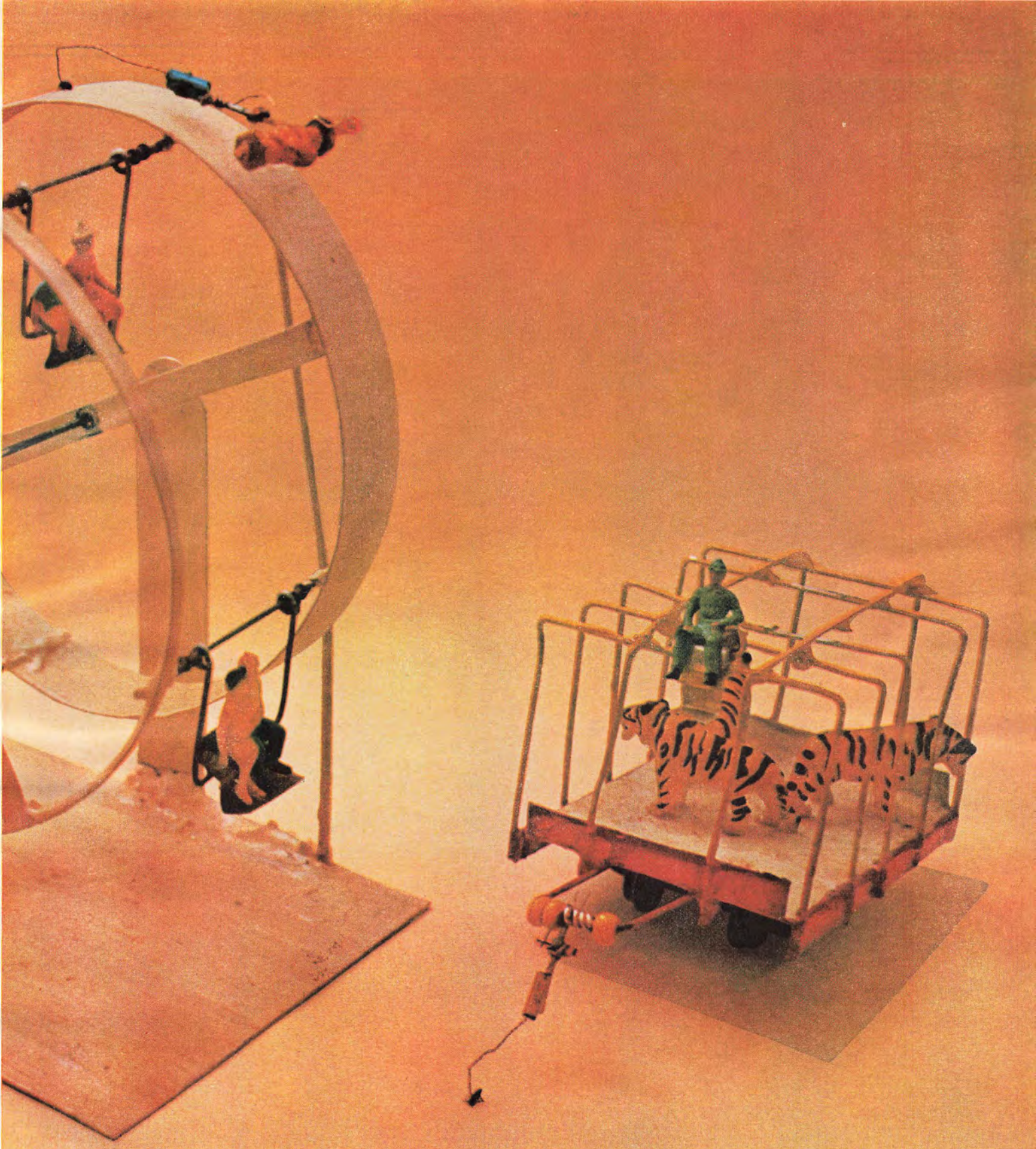
DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY AL FENN

■ I got the itch to learn more about fleas recently when the flea population around our house temporarily forsook hound meat and began craving humans. While waiting for my wife to sprint back from the market with the newest brand of bug killer, I began to worry about whether fleas would ever get the upper hand in our civilization.

It never occurred to me to capitalize on my bumper flea crop the way the late Nathaniel Rothschild did. This great financial wizard would pay any sum for a good speciman. As a boy at Harrow he used to trap animals in order to collect the fleas on them. He endowed a museum at Tring, England, in which a great collection of flea specimens is kept.

Several monarchs have been flea lovers, including Saul who went out into the desert to look for a flea



(I Samuel 26:20). Mephistopheles in *Faust* sings "Once there lived a monarch, a lovely queen had he, but dearer far than queen or son, he loved a big black flea." The Russian composer Musorgski even wrote an ode to a flea and so did John Donne.

Then an idea came to me. Why not start a flea circus? All I would need for a successful theatrical production would be a leading lady. Then I could start my advertising with "See the notorious *Xenopsylla* completely in the nude."

Getting the rest of the cast posed no problems but training them would. Looking over a program of a flea circus, I found the fleas were supposed to stage a chariot race, play football, juggle, carry flags, jump through hoops, operate a merry-go-round, waltz and fight duels with swords. These [*Continued on page* 97]

No ski tow? Hitch a ride up behind a Bombardier Ski-Doo. Getting there can be half the fun.

A high-flying spill-seeker sails through the air on a Larson Eagle.

SADDLE UP THE SNOWBURNERS!

Winter sports lovers have discovered a new motorized mount that's a cross between a pinto and a sports car. Result: snowmobiles are flying high

BY WILLIAM TAYLOR McKEOWN

■ A machine is replacing man's best friend up North. For getting somewhere fast over the snow, a dog team is no longer the answer. The modern solution to this old problem is powered by gasoline instead of frozen fish. It does the job better, cheaper and with fewer irritations.

The new machines are called snowmobiles. They are powered by two-cycle, air-cooled engines and driven by a flexible track. The track is in the back and the steering is managed by a pair of skis up front. The driver straddles the seat, grabs a bicycle handlebar and scoots off. Passengers sit behind the driver or are towed along on skis.

Snowmobiles are light, simple to run and fun to drive. Fun, in fact, is the main thing selling these gadgets—and plenty are being sold: 50,000 snowmobiles were in use the last time anyone counted. But the snow scooters are catching on so fast that no one can really keep track. The result is that thousands of acres of Northland country that used to close down after the first big snowstorm are being reopened for sport and recreation.

Fun is not the only element in the skyrocketing snowmobile sales picture. Trappers, hunters, lumbermen, prospectors, doctors, missionaries, utilities men and Eskimos are using them for a lot of practical purposes. But, undoubtedly, fun is the biggest factor.

Using snowmobiles, skiers can go across country with a minimum of effort. People with snowed-in summer cottages can reach them easily. Ice fishermen can get to isolated spots [*Continued on page* 105]

After a fast trip, two hunters arrive at the scene of action on an Evinrude Skeeter (left) and a Johnson Skee-Horse.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

When two heads of state hold a summit meeting nowadays, neither is likely to suggest to the other, "Let's wrestle!" But once upon a time it happened. England's King Henry VIII journeyed to France in 1520 to visit French King Francis I, in a hearty display of supposed friendship. The two monarchs met amid dazzling splendor on the Field of Cloth of Gold—so named because the tents housing their entourages were made of that costly fabric. For entertainment, knights jousted, and English and French wrestlers grappled—a favorite medieval sport—in bouts that the English won. Henry and Francis adjourned to a refreshment tent where, with somewhat overweening joviality, Henry said, "Brother, I would wrestle with you!" and hooked an arm around Francis' neck. Both kings were young—Henry 29, Francis 26—and both were muscular six-footers. Henry was the heavier and incipiently fat, but Francis was an accomplished wrestler. With a firm grip and an adroit flip, the King of France dumped the King of England on his royal derrière. Henry got up sore and belligerent. Horrified courtiers rushed between them and smoothed the thing over. It was the last time, so far as history records, that any of the world's important rulers have competed in a body-contact sport. *By Charles L. Walsh, Urbana, Ill.*

The United States is practically unique among nations in possessing no national holidays. The Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, and other holidays commonly regarded as national are in fact simply days on which, by Presidential proclamation, the federal government suspends its activities, and which state governors or legislatures declare to be legal holidays within their state. In the history of the United States there has been just one national holiday, designated as such by Congress. It was September 17, 1887, the 100th anniversary of the Constitution.

No amusement-park ride of the electronic-atomic-supersonic future probably can ever match an elemental device of our grandfathers' day for producing pure terror. The loop-the-loop was a gravity roller coaster that discarded all the swoops and turns of the ordinary figure-eight coaster in favor of one maneuver: it flung its victims around the inside of a single 30-feet-high vertical loop. Its sole car, seating four people, descended a launching slope fast enough to hug the track with centrifugal force as it arched up and over—the passengers' heads momentarily pointing earthward—and down, to coast up another slope to a halt. The thing looked insanely dangerous. At first, crowds at New York's Coney Island paid an admission fee just to stand inside the enclosure and watch. Daring souls rode free; it was so terrifying that few cared to repeat. Yet the loop was perfectly safe. In the standard test for roller coasters, a glass of water in the car rode the route, including the inverted position, without shedding a drop. Elegantly simple, the loop never malfunctioned, though it continued for some years to be the most notorious of rides and a test of anybody's courage. But before the second successful human looping was done—in an airplane, in 1912—the amusement loop-the-loop had vanished, financially a failure. *By Marvin Richard, Buffalo, N. Y.*

Art of the improper kind, sometimes seen on lavatory walls, has long been immortalized in a quiet English village. On a smooth grassy hillside above Cerne Abbas is drawn, front view, the 180-foot-tall figure of a naked man. The Cerne Giant is delineated by means of two-foot-wide lines cut into the turf to expose a chalky subsoil that shows white against the greensward. The giant's male appurtenances have been drawn explicitly and exaggeratedly large—an outstanding 30 feet. Nobody knows who laid out the hillside giant, or when. Archeologists agree the giant is at least 2,000 years old, and possibly the work of early Bronze Age Britons invoking virility; a nearby spring retained, into Christian times, a "fountain of youth" reputation. Local inhabitants have always cleaned the figure's outline of invading grass, out of pride and something like admiration for their horny old pagan. But Britain for centuries closed its eyes to his shameful presence; nobody mentioned him in print until 1764, and not until 1925 was he surveyed and tape-measured for a scientific report. Though the Cerne Giant is now a perpetual national monument and one of the most remarkable sights in Britain, he is unlikely ever to be pictured in tourist folders. *By Sims Wortley, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

Playing polo was the particular passion of young Akbar, an emperor of India, and he couldn't get enough of the game. Because he regularly slept during the hot part of the day and didn't start playing till the cool of the evening, he was always annoyed when he had to quit on account of darkness. So he ordered special balls made of *palas* wood, a lightweight material that, when set afire, burned slowly with a smoldering glow instead of a flame. Thus Akbar and his courtiers continued their game on dark nights with a luminous ball—a 16th-century innovation not yet duplicated in any modern sport.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

The tuned car. For young people of all ages.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Wildcat Gran Sport.

We have a secret formula for rejuvenating tired drivers. It's called "Buick tuning."

You know how well your car's engine runs after a tuneup? Buick tuning has the same effect on the whole car. Not just the engine. The whole Buick. Everything blends with everything else. Styling. Performance. Ride. Handling. All tuned to work together in harmony. That's what the tuned car is. A Buick.

Where the tuned car comes from. It comes from ideas, yes. But we don't really trust ideas until we see how they prove out. So we put our ideas in cars and take them out on the road for exhaustive testing.

Do we test on orthodox proving grounds? Sure—in Phoenix, Arizona, for example. But since we couldn't tune a car on a proving ground alone (and since you won't be driving on one, either), we don't ship our cars out there. We drive them—testing all the way.

Where else do we test and tune, test and tune? The answer is: everywhere. Anywhere a road can teach us something about the roads you drive.

Safety is everybody's business. Including ours. The tuned car is tuned for safety, too. Which is why every model comes with an outside rear view mirror. And a padded dash. And seat belts front and rear. And a shatter-resistant inside mirror. And padded sun visors. And automatic backup light. And dual-speed windshield wipers and washers.

What the tuned car can do for you. Will a new 325-hp Wildcat make a new driver out of you? We think so. You may find yourself enjoying those little unexpected trips to the grocery store. With the 340-hp Wildcat Gran Sport version (it has the larger engine, a special ride and handling package, Positraction rear axle and—naturally—everything tuned to match), you may just find yourself arranging to forget things so you can go back again. Don't blame us. Just think how much fun it will be to feel like you've just gotten your driver's license. Ah, youth.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

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ENJOY TRUE BOURBON

as only ***Hiram Walker*** *can make it*

86 proof straight bourbon at a welcome price

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—86 PROOF

MADRID

Despite an occasional spray of rain—which doesn't always fall mainly on the plain—the city was alive and swinging. Traffic darted about like something out of an old Mack Sennett movie. Tony Lema and Jack Nicklaus were battling with 36 other two-man teams from all over the world for top place (they took third) in the Canada Cup golf matches at the ultraplush Club de Campo. Zero Mostel sneered into the lens of a movie camera mounted on rails for a close-up scene in the film version of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum.* Three other American films were shooting simultaneously on the outskirts of town, and smiling Xavier Cugat was filming an elaborate tour of the city for later U.S. television consumption. With so many celebrities on hand, hotel registries read like pages torn from a gossip columnist's notebook. The men's fashion look in this city of many faces was equally diverse, for Madrid is fast becoming a world-influencing men's style and design center. And on these pages it proves equally ideal for a background of travel and fashion. As the cosmopolitan bull's eye on the Spanish map, Madrid offers *mucho.* Clicking castinets, thumping guitars, and dancing dark-haired, dark-eyed beauties are standard fare at the city's network of nightclubs. And from posh to native, Madrid's restaurants are renowned for service and rank with the world's best.

Olé at the bullring. TRUE's traveler wears a velour, high-necked pullover with shoulder zipper, by Damon, about $10. His "Male Scrubbed Lean Jeans" have a special soft finish and are by the H-K Corporation, $4.95.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER
Men's Wear Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

Madrid also provides an ideal home base for short daylong excursions into the surrounding countryside. Close-by are the cities of Toledo, Segovia and Avila. And if you're really living rich, the resort island of Majorca is only an hour away by chartered plane. With so much to see and do, the visitor to Madrid will need a complete wardrobe, from casual wear to formal clothes. Typical and appropriate attire are shown here. Remember, especially, wash-and-wear shirts and interchangeable sport outfits that will help extend a less extensive wardrobe anywhere that you may be traveling. A late starter in West Europe's postwar economic boom, Spain has gone all out in recent years to encourage foreign visitors. Prices have been maintained at fixed levels, border formalities have been simplified and dozens of new hotels have been constructed in the past year alone. The country even boasts a recently opened tourist school in Palma de Mallorca where local shop and hotel owners learn to transform a once natural instinct for hospitality into a finely honed science. These efforts have paid off handsomely for tourism in recent years has become Spain's biggest industry. From five million in 1955, the number of annual visitors has skyrocketed to an anticipated 16 million this year. Flying time from New York to Madrid is seven and a half hours by jet, and fares are almost up to individual fancy. TWA, for instance, offers rates from as low as $341 for a 21-day excursion to $754 round trip first class—with a variety of prices in between. And once the visitor arrives, he doesn't really need a fat wallet. The collector will find a fine cache of reasonably priced guns, swords, leather, antiques, brass, bullfight items and whatever else his den requires. And for real bargain hunters, the flea market in the old section of the city offers everything from fine art to used toothbrushes, with prices open for discussion.

Top left. At warm and windy Madrid airport, girl wears pretty smile and man wears a poplin and hopsack three-button suit by Palm Beach, $49.95; button-down shirt by Van Huesen, $5, and a striped all-silk tie by Mr. John, $5.

Left. In contrast to doorman's ancient robber's outfit, traveler wears finely striped Yale sports jacket of blended Dacron, by Brookfield, $25. Contour slacks by Miller, $10. Wash-and-wear Dectolene Regency shirt by Arrow, $10.

Right. Inside Las Cuevas, once a bandit's hideout, now a popular restaurant, TRUE's visitor wears an azure-blue dinner jacket with embroidered shawl collar and cuffs, $90, formal trousers, $20, accessories—all by After Six.

STALIN'S $10 MILLION PLOT

[*Continued from page 68*]

Lake Shore Drive apartment, but found his man had left for New York. Callaghan put in a call to his counterpart in New York, Supervising Agent W. G. Houghton, and arranged for a tail to be pinned to the count. Houghton's men found Von Buelow had registered at the luxurious Ambassador Hotel, and when he went out, they followed.

He led them to an apartment house on 58th Street, between Park and Lexington Avenues. The count spent more than three hours there in the office of a physician named Valentine Gregory Burtan. It seemed a long time for an office call.

Curious about the doctor, one of the Secret Service men checked the New York County Medical Association. Files there indicated that Burtan was a heart specialist, 34 years old, married and the father of three children. He had received his M.D. at Bellevue Medical College in Manhattan eight years before.

This was conventional enough—and Von Buelow could have had a perfectly good medical reason for that long visit. But the agent probed further. He found that Burtan had been born in Russia and brought over here as a child. He also found a number of complaints from patients stating that the doctor didn't keep appointments because of sudden trips.

When Count Von Buelow made a second visit to Burtan and later appeared on the street with him, the agents got a look at the doctor. Burtan was short and broad, with massive shoulders, and had a square face and a pasty complexion. As he and the count headed toward Park Avenue to hail a cab, he glanced behind him exactly like a man fearful of a shadow.

Far out of range, the agents moved casually after the two. At an apartment house on Central Park West, in the 60's, Burtan and the count entered and were swallowed up. Looking for a lead to their host, one of the agents slipped into the lobby to study the mailboxes.

The name that caught his eye was "N. Dozenberg." The agent recalled a Nicholas Dozenberg of Boston, who had been long identified with the Communist Party in the United States. He had worked at various businesses as a cover for his political activities, and from time to time had gone underground.

It was an interesting trio—so interesting that knowledge of its existence called for some high-level conferring.

Getting the word in Chicago, Callaghan went to Washington to see his boss, Chief William H. Moran of the Secret Service. "I think," he said to Moran, "that we might have a little on the Franklins."

Moran doodled at his desk while he listened. "Nice work, Tom," he said when Callaghan had finished. "This might lead somewhere at last." Moran paused. "Of course you've noticed that one of the three is a known Communist and another was born in Russia. Now, the question is, how does that tie in with what we've been suspecting for a long time?"

The first batch of phony Franklins, almost 1,200 of them, had arrived at the Treasury Department in December, 1929. There they had been spotted by Moran himself. These bills were the only ones the Secret Service was able to find until the second set of phonies turned up in Chicago. Moran had traced the earlier notes to the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, which had received them from New York's National City Bank. National City, in turn, had received them from the Deutsche Bank in Berlin.

The story in Berlin was that the counterfeits had come originally from a private banking house that had been taken over by a group of suspected Communists. But even before the Secret Service was making its inquiries, the private bank had closed its doors. To Moran the evidence was clear: the best counterfeits in the history of American bad money were tied up with Communism.

That had been three years ago, and, until the Chicago bills had come to the surface, not another lead had appeared. Now, his conference with Moran over, Callaghan headed back toward his office via New York. In Manhattan he learned that Count von Buelow had returned to Chicago, but Doctor Burtan and Dozenberg were still very much around.

It was interesting about Dozenberg. One of Houghton's men, keeping tabs on him, reported he had traced his man to the office of the American-Rumanian Export Film Corporation on 14th Street. Dozenberg's name was on the door as American representative.

Curious, the agent had done a little spadework with the New York Police Department. "We're certain the film outfit's a front," a police official said. "But we haven't been able to find out what for."

Callaghan was trying to figure his next move when Burtan decided it for him. The doctor dropped into the film office one morning in November just after Dozenberg had arrived. When Burtan came out, he was carrying a small oblong package wrapped in brown paper.

Neither Callaghan nor Houghton were about to lose track of that suspiciously shaped package. Three days later, when Burtan walked into the Imperial Hotel in Mexico City, still clutching it, a Secret Service man was right behind him.

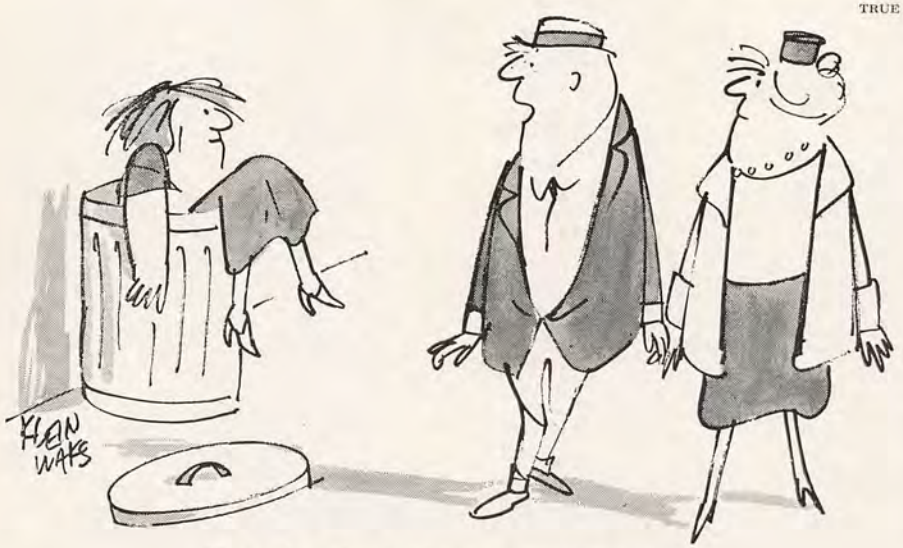
Burtan asked the desk clerk for Count von Buelow of Chicago. "He's expecting you," the clerk said. "At the moment he's in the bar."

It was Von Buelow who came out of the bar with the package. Since the agent had orders not to let the bundle out of his sight, he set off after the count. The trail went right back to Chicago, where Von Buelow wasted little time getting to the office of a private detective named George B. Markle. George Markle was well known in Chicago—mainly because his clientele consisted largely of gamblers and underworld figures. When Von Buelow left the office, he was empty-handed.

Soon various local characters began calling on Markle. Among them was Izzy Lazarus, a prominent Windy City gambler, who was rumored to be willing to bet on anything, if the fix were in. When developments were relayed to Callaghan, it was obvious to him what the callers had in mind. There was little doubt that the brown package was a bundle of counterfeits which Burtan had taken from American-Rumanian to sell in Mexico City. Markle, like the count, was going into the money game and turning over the bills to passers.

Late that night, with the moon brilliant over Lake Michigan, Callaghan sat sipping strong tea in his office, wondering whether or not Markle knew the bills were counterfeit. For more than one reason Markle might not know. He was too cagey a character deliberately to engage in the commission of a crime—which handling counterfeit money certainly was.

To back up that argument was another: bills so nearly perfect would hardly be sold as counterfeits. They had probably been fobbed off on Markle as hot money from some robbery. The pri-



"I see that the Smiths are separated again."

STEP
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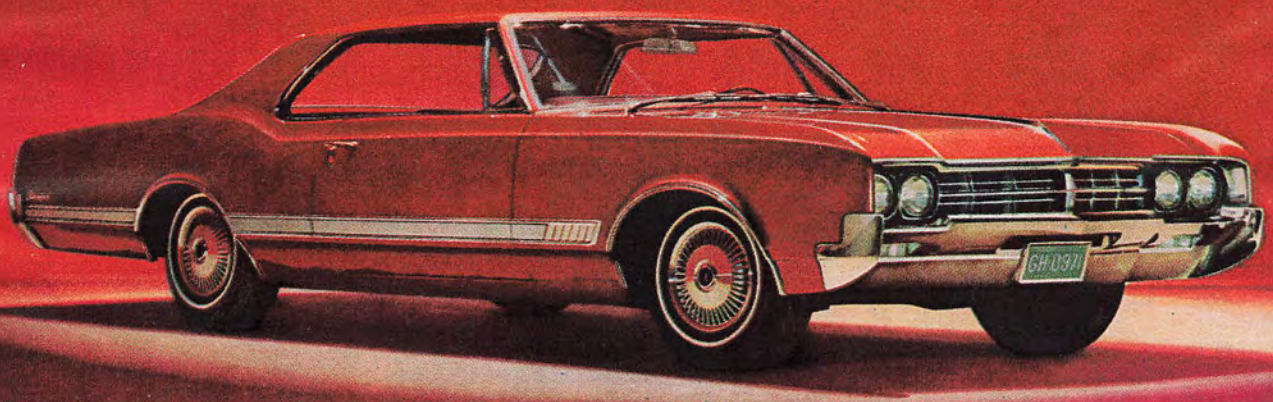

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vate eye would have no scruples about dealing in genuine currency, even if its origins were murky.

The question for Callaghan then was: how to parlay what he had for the greatest payoff to Uncle Sam. He could nail Markle with his bunch of fakes now, but that wouldn't really settle anything except where the detective was going to reside for the next few years. Doctor Burtan had committed no crime in the United States that could be sworn to, and Dozenberg was legally clear. Even Count von Buelow couldn't be convicted. How were these characters going to be brought to court on hard charges?

Callaghan put the Machiavelli in his Irish head to work. At 2 in the morning he phoned Markle at home.

When the detective answered, Callaghan said, "Don't bother to ask my name, George, but listen carefully. What I have to say is very important."

"Talk," said Markle.

"That stuff you bought in Mexico isn't real. It's counterfeit."

Callaghan got nothing but silence in reply. "Are you still there?" he asked.

"Keep talking," said the detective.

"The count knew the dough wasn't just hot. He knew it was phony."

Callaghan let his words sink in. Then he added, "You've been double-crossed," and hung up.

By opening time in the morning, each teller in all Chicago banks where a C-note wouldn't ordinarily excite interest had been cued to a part. Secret Service men covered every bank. Callaghan himself was at Northern Trust, where the first lead had come from. And there, when the doors were unlocked, Markle was the first customer in.

Popping up to a window, he shoved in a Franklin. "Tens, please," he said.

The teller made a production of examining the bill. He held it up to the light, squinted at Markle, disappeared, reappeared, then called two other tellers in.

Callaghan, off in a corner, saw that Markle had had enough. "Lemme have the hundred I just gave you," he said to the teller, "and forget about the tens."

"Sorry, sir," said the teller. "I can't let you have this bill back, and I can't give you other bills in exchange. If you'll just leave your phone number, however, we'll get in touch with you."

Markle glared, then turned on his heel and rushed out.

Callaghan followed the detective back to his office. There, shortly, Markle had a visitor—the count. The Secret Service man would have given a year of his life to have listened to the compliments exchanged between the private eye and the man who had led him to Doctor Burtan.

That afternoon the count caught the train for New York. In Manhattan he made a beeline for Burtan's apartment —with a Secret Service man on his heels. The agent did not have long to wait. Von Buelow came storming out, a harried look on his face, and stalked down the street. At the next corner he was intercepted by a tall blond man who spoke to him briefly but emphatically, then hurried away. As the agent watched, the count stood stock still for a moment afterward, his face a mixture of amazement and fear. Suddenly he impelled himself forward, and almost ran for Grand Central Station and the first train to Chicago.

The agent went back to his office and wrote a report, to be transmitted to Callaghan. Along with it went the information picked up in a side development. Other Secret Service men in Manhattan had let themselves into the American-Rumanian office one night and taken a look around. Dozenberg, they decided, was actually importing films into this country. But when the boys examined the film cans, they came up with something most interesting. The cans had false tops and bottoms—thin enough to fool the Customs men, but thick enough to have held batches of the counterfeit C-notes.

In Chicago, Callaghan found a highly perturbed Count von Buelow back on his hands. The count chased right up to Markle's office. It was obvious that he had to spill to the private eye immediately whatever it was that Burtan —and the man on the street—had told him.

Christmas passed, and no phony bills showed up at the banks. Callaghan was certain the word had gone out to hang onto them for the time being, and he so reported to Chief Moran. "We're keeping our fingers crossed," he said. "Something's bound to give."

Four days after Christmas, Callaghan got a call from a New York agent—in Montreal. "Doctor B. has just registered at the Mount Royal Hotel here," the agent said. "I think he's expecting somebody."

Callaghan smiled. "I can guess who it is."

But it took several days for the count to make his move. On January 4 he arrived in Montreal, to join Burtan in his room. In the meantime, the Canadian Mounties had conveniently set up eavesdropping microphones for the Secret Service tails.

The greeting Von Buelow had for the doctor was colorful, but then he cooled enough to make his complaint specific. "You told me the money you were selling was hot—not that it was counterfeit. In fact, you swore it was not counterfeit. When Markle tried to pass one of the bills I got from you in Mexico, the bank held onto it. He's had the feeling he's been followed ever since."

Burtan's sympathy was limited. "Suppose the stuff is counterfeit. What am I supposed to do?"

"Give the good money back we paid for it."

The doctor shook his head. "Those are the best bills that have ever been made," he pointed out scornfully. "And Markle is the first person who has ever got into trouble with them."

Von Buelow panicked. "Aren't you going to make good?" he persisted. "If you don't, the Chicago people holding that stuff will take it out on me. I'll be dead."

Burtan's face was bland. "I told you to leave the country when I saw you last in New York. Someone else told you the same thing. My people do not bluff. Leave Canada, too. A ticket will be sent you."

The discussion ended, and the count left the room. His despair was apparent, and he shied at everyone coming near him. But as he walked down the street he seemed to come to a decision. Grabbing a taxi, he went out to the airport and caught a plane for Newark, New Jersey. His tail got on the phone to Supervising Agent Houghton in New York.

When the plane landed, Von Buelow skittered off—right into the arms of a couple of Secret Service men. "I was looking for you people," he stammered. "Believe me, I need you." He was soon at the United States Attorney's office, telling his story.

The count said he had met Doctor Burtan in New York at a cocktail party. They had become friendly, and Burtan had indicated that he, like Von Buelow, made a few deals on the side. At present, in fact, he knew where there was at least $200 grand in good old-style currency available at a discount. Because the stuff was old style and had a bootlegging taint, the owners were afraid to pass it themselves. "I bought half of it," confessed the count, "after I saw how easily a friend of mine passed one."

"What did you pay Burtan?" he was asked.

"Sixty-five thousand."

"And what did you sell the bills for?"

"Eighty-five grand. I made 20 for myself."

"How did Markle get into it?"

"I sold part of the batch to some of his friends. They liked the bills so much he decided to buy some for himself."

The questions flowed on, until the Secret Service men came to a key one. "Where are the fakes now?"

The count shrugged. "Everybody was stuck with them last I heard."

Von Buelow was still talking when word came that Burtan would be arriving on the train from Montreal. Secret Service men were at Grand Central to meet him.

Charged with passing spurious currency, Burtan denied everything. He was released on bail pending grand jury action. Meantime, Dozenberg got wind that the great counterfeit plot had blown up, and he disappeared. In

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Chicago, Callaghan wasn't disturbed at the reports of the Communist's fleeing because all there was on the man was suspicion—no real evidence. And with the unwitting help of Dozenberg, the Secret Service had discovered how the fake money was being brought into the country.

With Burtan under round-the-clock surveillance, the count returned to Chicago. Callaghan arranged a deal: if the count and Markle agreed to testify against Burtan, Uncle Sam would let them off.

Doctor Burtan went on trial in April, 1934, a year and a half after Callaghan had first spotted the bad money. Von Buelow and Markle, with Lazarus thrown in for good measure, were government witnesses.

Taking the stand in his own defense, Burtan brought in his professional standing to bolster his plea of not guilty. The jury chose to believe the case against him. He drew 15 years in the federal prison at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania.

The day after Burtan's conviction, Uncle Sam, who had recognized the Russian government the year before, decided to state publicly his suspicion that these superb counterfeits of American currency were of Soviet origin. Assistant U.S. Attorneys Austin Hall and Edmund Sullivan, who had handled the prosecution of Burtan, told the Chicago *Tribune* that, although it was not brought out at the trial, Doctor Burtan was well known as a Communist. They had information his counterfeiting ring's headquarters was located in Moscow and that Secret Service men believed the bogus money was printed in Moscow.

Five years passed. Then in November, 1939, the news broke that Gen. W. G. Krivitsky had broken with Stalin and was on his way to the United States. Krivitsky had been a top officer of the Russian secret police, the OGPU, and knew the inner workings of the Kremlin's plots.

Krivitsky came to this country to expose Stalin's duplicity. He sold his story to a national magazine, then testified before the House Committee on un-American Activities. The counterfeiting plot, he said, had been developed because the Russians were badly in need of dollars for purchases abroad. If they could print their own, they would both undermine American finances and bolster those of the Soviets. There was no question that Stalin had okayed the scheme.

A couple of years after Krivitsky had revealed the general details of the plan, he was found dead in his hotel room, apparently a suicide.

Sometime after Krivitsky's death, Nick Dozenberg was picked up and sentenced to a year on a charge of passport violation. He landed in the same prison that housed Burtan. The difference in their sentences so enraged the doctor that he got off a letter to the new chief of the Secret Service, Frank J. Wilson. When Wilson's men came, Burtan admitted that he had been acting for Russia, and spilled the details.

Even Dozenberg finally made his break with the Kremlin. He admitted that he was the Communist agent who had set up distribution for the counterfeits not only in the United States but elsewhere. And he put the final figure on the amount that had been put into circulation—$10 million around the world. More than a million of this had come into the United States in the film cans of American-Rumanian.

The good money obtained for it went to Russia on Soviet ships. The Burtan take, for example, had been placed on Russian vessels off the Mexican coast by the doctor himself.

Dozenberg said he had been in Russia twice during the working out of the plot. Stalin personally supervised the counterfeiting, and his paper specialists labored hard before they succeeded where no one had before—in duplicating American currency paper.

It was almost a foolproof scheme. If the fakes had succeeded in the old-size bills, and were reprinted in vast amounts in the new size before they were exposed, their very existence would reflect on United States money as a whole. If everything went right, Stalin would have almost unlimited funds opened to him. And as the Secret Service had feared, it had been Stalin's intention to follow through with other issues if he had been able to get away with this trial effort.

—Alan Hynd

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CONCEIVED IN THE LOVE BED OF SCIENCE

[*Continued from page 62*]

necessary substances of vast and complicated structure. We might hope that somehow the tiny structures that exist within a cell might be formed and that a membrane might be built up to enclose the whole.

Actually, no one yet has the faintest idea of how cell structures and cell membranes can be formed by enzymes out of any collection of starting materials. All cells that exist today have been formed from other cells in which such structures and membranes already existed. And these former cells were formed, in turn, from still others and so on for billions of years back in time. Far back at the very beginning, cells must have formed from noncells but we have no remaining traces of that event, and we don't know the details of how it happened.

And yet, if we had the enzymes, we might discover an appropriate technique for building cells. Certainly, we could never do it without enzymes.

Turning to enzymes, then, we find difficulties that used to seem insuperable but that are now being overcome. Enzymes belong to a class of substances called "proteins." These are composed of gigantic molecules, built up out of tens of thousands or even hundreds of thousands of atoms. Each enzyme has its own atomic design; no other will do. The number of possible designs is incredible. Even a simple enzyme can have its atoms rearranged into trillions of trillions of trillions of different designs, of which only half a dozen designs (very similar ones) may perform the natural function of the enzyme.

But then, how does the cell itself form enzymes? How does the cell choose just the few useful designs out of the trillion-trillion-trillion-many-times-trillion that are possible?

The answer to that has arisen out of a study of the chromosomes. The cells of each species of creature has its own characteristic number of these—the human cell has 46—resembling blunt, thick, intertwined spaghetti strands at certain stages of the growth of the cell.

Every time a cell divides into two cells, each chromosome undergoes changes that produce two chromosomes that are replicas of the original. The process is called "replication." One of the two chromosomes then goes into one of the new cells while the second goes into the other new cell. Each new cell, therefore, has a set of chromosomes identical with that which the old cell had.

It is the chromosomes which bring about the formation of the different enzymes in each cell. The chromosomes, in a sense, run the cell. In fact, there is reason to think that the spark of life is in the chromosomes in particular and not in the cell generally.

For instance, "viruses" are incredibly small and are themselves nothing more than bare chromosomes, so to speak. They are capable of replicating themselves but they need raw material to do so and that raw material they find within cells.

Particular viruses are equipped to penetrate certain living cells. Once within the cell, they take over. They use the cell enzymes and cell chemicals to build additional virus molecules like themselves. In the process, they often kill the cell.

Therefore, our first step in creating life would have to be the constructing of a chromosome.

The interior of a chromosome, or of a virus, is made up of a long, coiled chain of atoms forming a molecule of "nucleic acid." Surrounding that nucleic acid is a coating of protein.

Back in 1955, Heinz Fraenkel-Conrat, a research biochemist at the University of California, at Berkeley, pulled the protein coating off the nucleic acid core of the virus. Pulled apart in that fashion, the virus could no longer infect cells. It seemed dead. He then mixed the coats and cores and some of these came together again to form complete viruses capable of infecting cells.

For a time it seemed that a living organism had been killed, then restored to life. Even though the organism concerned was at the simplest possible level of life, this feat made headlines. However, it turned out that life had neither been killed nor restored. The nucleic acid core was alive in itself. The protein helps it get into cells (as a car helps a man get from New York to Chicago), but the nucleic acid can manage it—with difficulty—alone, just as a man can walk from New York to Chicago if he absolutely has to. And it is only the nucleic acid core that actually enters the cell. The protein coating remains outside.

Scientists began to concentrate on the nucleic acid. A New Zealand-born physicist, Maurice H. F. Wilkins, who had been one of the British scientists working on the atomic bomb during World War II, studied nucleic acids by bouncing X rays off their molecules. The photographs he produced were studied by a British colleague, biochemist Francis H. C. Crick, and his American co-worker, Dr. James D. Watson (who, in his youth, had been one of radio's "Quiz Kids"). In 1953 they worked out the structure of the nucleic acid molecule. (All three shared a Nobel Prize in 1962 for this.)

The nucleic acid molecule is built up of a long string of small units of four different types. These types form a particular pattern. Uncounted trillion-trillion-trillion patterns could be built into a single molecule of nucleic acid, but each nucleic acid molecule in a chromosome (or a virus) has its own particular pattern. This pattern is reproduced exactly (or almost exactly) every time the nucleic acid forms a replica of itself and it is this pattern that contains the instruction for the pattern of the individual enzymes. (The transfer of instructions from the nucleic acid pattern to the enzyme pattern is called the "genetic code.")

The application of chemical and physical methods to the study of biological problems has produced a new branch of science: molecular biology. This seems to be the very peak of scientific effort now. All the major branches of science are here united in an attempt to plumb the greatest mystery the universe has to offer: the mystery of life.

The day is dawning now when we can get down to basic fundamentals and use nucleic acids for useful purposes. We may soon be able to duplicate an early triumph of mankind at a far more subtle and sophisticated level.

Once, in dim prehistoric times, man was a "food-gatherer." He ate wild animals that he could kill or fruits and berries that he could pick. If he was unlucky at the chase, he went hungry.

Then came the time when mankind learned to tame animals, feed them and watch over them, making use of their milk, wool and labor, and slaughtering them for food whenever necessary. He

TRUE

"Someday, son, all this will be yours except for Miss Dodd, there."

also learned to sow plants and harvest them. From a food-gatherer, he became a herdsman and farmer, and much more food became available. Mankind had its first population explosion as a result of these discoveries about 10,000 years ago.

As far as the substances of the cell are concerned, we are still in the "food-gathering" stage. Take insulin, for instance. Insulin is a protein produced by certain cells in a gland called the pancreas. It is not an enzyme but a hormone. It is necessary to the proper functioning of the body. If the pancreas of a human being loses the ability to form insulin, a serious disease, diabetes, results.

A man with diabetes can live a normal life if he receives regular injections of insulin. Such insulin is obtained from the pancreases of slaughtered cattle and swine. We "gather" the insulin from the pancreases we happen to come across—exactly one per slaughtered animal. This means the supply is limited.

The supply happens to be enough, but why gather insulin, if the possibility comes that we may obtain it from "herds" of molecules. Suppose we don't filch the insulin from the pancreas cell but filch, instead, the nucleic acid molecule that forms the insulin. If we "herd" the nucleic acid, keeping it supplied with the raw materials it needs, it can form insulin in indefinite quantities (as a cow produces milk). We will then have our own supply of insulin, and won't have to depend on the number of animals we happen to slaughter. Furthermore, we can make the nucleic acid form replicas of itself, perhaps, and never have to go back to the animal even for that.

Can we see a future in which factories are built in which the working machinery consists of submicroscopic nucleic acids? Might not mankind gather a repertoire of hundreds or even thousands of complex enzymes and other proteins? Some of the enzymes could be used to bring about chemical reaction more conveniently than any method now used. Others might be used in medicine, or in helping to construct life.

It is even possible that some of the material formed might serve as food. The manufactured protein could be used to fortify natural foods in the undernourished parts of the globe. It would be expensive, particularly at first, but it would consist of pure digestible substance, free of bone, gristle and fat, and of particularly high nutritive value.

The average man on earth might be expected to resist the introduction of such "unnatural" items into the diet, but how about colonies on the moon or on Mars? In the absence of cattle and apple trees on those worlds, and considering the expense of carting food across space, it might be just the thing to bring hard-working nucleic acids along. The raw materials for the molecules could be built up very largely out of minerals found on the spot. (Limestone and hydrated silicates would be very helpful.)

In fact, it may not be until nucleic acid molecules are properly harnessed that the colonization of the solar system will become a fully practical venture.

Nor need mankind confine itself to following the feats of the cell with complete slavishness. Nucleic acids do not, after all, always produce *exact* replicas of themselves. Sometimes, small errors are introduced into the replica. This is not an entirely bad thing, for occasionally the errors result in a new kind of nucleic acid that is useful to the cell in which it occurs. It is these random changes in nucleic acids that have resulted in the process of evolution and in the long two-billion-year development that has made a man out of an amoeba.

Men can encourage the appearance of such changes in nucleic acids during replication. By treating nucleic acids with heat, radiation or certain chemicals, the number of errors is made to increase. The new nucleic acids form protein molecules (many of which are enzymes) that are also in error; that have patterns somewhat different from the original pattern.

Most of these new proteins may well be useless. A few, however, might have new and important properties not met within nature.

(Chemists have gone through this process before. A hundred years ago, they learned to put together chemicals that are not found in nature. In so doing, they discovered new dyes, new medicines and even new giant molecules such as those in synthetic fibers and plastics. In many cases, the new substances were actually improvements on nature in certain ways.)

Might we not, then, form new nucleic acids which will form new proteins that will turn out to be improvements on nature, in one way or another? In addition to "herding" our nucleic acids, we will "breed" new varieties, just as we now breed new varieties of cattle and wheat.

And can the new nucleic acid technology ever be applied to human beings directly? We can speculate.

Each chromosome is made up of hundreds, if not thousands, of nucleic acid units, each capable of bringing about the formation of particular proteins. The oldest name for these units is "genes." Each human being has his own set of genes, and every one of us, probably, includes in his own cells certain defective genes, incapable of forming certain enzymes in appropriate form.

Often this lack is not serious; sometimes it is. Scientists are learning to identify the genes by various techniques. In 1962, Dr. Robert S. Edgar of the California Institute of Technology, identified about half the genes present in a particular virus, working out the nature of the enzyme each produced.

Eventually, given a set of chromosomes in a cell, techniques may be evolved that will determine the nature of each gene present. All cells in a given individual have the same set of genes, so that such a "gene analysis" can be made from the white cells in a drop of blood and the whole process will cost only a pinprick.

Perhaps, the time will come when each individual will undergo such an analysis

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Your wife.

at birth. From this chart of his defective genes the future state of his health may be predicted; preventive measures may be taken; his career may be planned with his physical potentialities in mind. The gene analysis card may become an essential part of a man—to be on his person at all times, and on file at some central bureau as well.

And once the set of genes is analyzed and identified, is there anything that can be done about it? Perhaps. . . .

Even though each cell in an individual has the same set of genes, the genes don't express themselves the same way everywhere. Cells specialize; some become nerve cells, some muscle cells, some skin cells, some liver cells and so on. Each cell has its own set of enzymes which means that in each kind of cell, some genes are prevented from working, while others are encouraged to work at double time.

Exactly what it is that blocks some genes and encourages others, scientists do not yet know, but as of now, this is the most urgent problem facing biochemists and they are working at it from several angles. Some are checking the proteins contained in the chromosomes; they may be the blocking agent. Others are studying the products of enzyme action; these very products, as they build up, may slow down the action of the enzymes that produce them. This "feedback" may be involved in gene blocking. And, of course, still others are checking additional possibilities.

The possibilities here are exciting. Suppose we can learn how to unblock all the genes. In that case, we would have cells with all the capabilities of the original fertilized ovum. If the stump of an amputated arm or leg is "despecialized" in this way, can it then be treated so as to cause it to grow back a complete arm or leg? Can nerves be regenerated so that paralysis becomes a thing of the past; eyes rebuilt so that blindness becomes a memory?

Or let us go back further and bring gene analysis to the original fertilized ovum. Suppose that a fertilized ovum is allowed to divide in two and that one of the new cells is then detached and removed. No damage is done, for the remaining cell can then proceed to divide again and again and produce a complete individual. (In fact, identical twins are born when the first pair of cells formed by the dividing fertilized ovum happens to separate, each cell going its own way.)

The cell removed can be used for gene analysis. It might then be possible to tell at the very beginning whether to allow the remaining cell to develop to babyhood or not.

Suppose, though, we find that a key gene in the fertilized ovum is defective but that otherwise the pattern is a very good one which will give rise to a superior human being. It would be a shame to lose that possibility for the sake of one gene. Could a healthy gene be substituted from some "gene bank"?

In 1964, Dr. Muriel Roger at the Rockefeller University, reported having transferred an individual gene from one bacterial cell to another. The cell that received the gene could then produce a new enzyme it could not have produced earlier. So the idea of gene transferals is by no means an inconceivable one.

Then, too, suppose, a fertilized ovum has several defective genes, too many to salvage it for a complete individual. It might happen, however, that none of those defective genes would hamper the working of a heart, or a kidney. Could the ovum then have various genes blocked so that it will specialize at once and develop into only a heart or a kidney? Could we then have a supply of strong young organs for use in transplantation?

But all this is still not really the true creation of life. We are talking about constructing men by beginning with materials in which the spark of life already exists, and we are hampered by having to remain within the limits set by that spark.

The real versatility of life is, however, virtually unlimited. There is no end, practically speaking, to the total variety that can exist in nucleic acids. The amount of variety that actually exists on earth is only a fingernail sliver of the amount that could exist.

But can men form nucleic acid molecules from scratch?

They can. They have. In 1955, Dr. Severo Ochoa, biochemistry professor at the New York University College of Medicine, began with the building blocks out of which nucleic acids are formed in the cell (building blocks that can be formed in the laboratory) and using certain enzymes, brought about the formation of one of the two chief varieties of nucleic acid. It was a very simple nucleic acid which he formed, one that was nothing like those actually formed in any cell. It could not form any useful enzyme, though it could be made to put together "nonsense proteins" which had no function.

The next year, Dr. Arthur Kornberg, biochemistry professor of Stanford University Medical School, formed the other variety of nucleic acid in the test tube. As a result, Ochoa and Kornberg shared the 1959 Nobel Prize in medicine and physiology.

So things are moving terribly quickly and we can look forward with hope. Enormous, even undreamed of progress, can be made in mere decades. Sixty years after the Wright Brothers' first fumbling plane flight, jet planes were circling the earth. Forty years after Prof. R. H. Goddard had sent the first liquid-powered rocket 184 feet into the air, rockets were flying past Mars.

The speed of scientific advance is constantly increasing, and although living tissue is a far more complicated mechanism than an airplane or rocket, it is tempting to predict with optimism.

Here are some of the items which sound science fictional now but which might conceivably come within the realm of possibility some day. Nucleic acids might be built up not in a random way but to a specified pattern. The nucleic acids required in a fertilized ovum might be produced and used to build the necessary enzymes, and those used to build the cell. We would then have produced new life without the use of any spark of life to begin with (except, of course, that present in the scientists conducting the experiment).

As we come to learn more and more about the detailed nature of nucleic acids, of enzymes, of the nature of life processes, we may also learn to design nucleic acid to produce enzymes intended to bring about reactions that will fit cells for particular purposes.

Instead of breeding animals to give more milk, or more white meat, or more wool, or more speed, or a keener sense of smell, and taking whatever turned up in nature—we might construct such crea-

TRUE

"Of course, an autopsy would tell us much more."

tures to suit whatever needs we have, without waiting for nature. And just as we can synthesize dyes that are better than anything found in nature, we might construct creatures that are better (for our particular purposes) than anything nature might have supplied us no matter how long, within reason, we waited.

How fascinating it would be to reconstruct animals long since extinct. We could make a few dinosaurs (small ones) so that we might study them and satisfy our curiosity concerning them. (Will we be reasonably sure, however, that the dinosaurs we create will really be like those that once existed?)

On a more serious note, we might be able to undo some of the damage we have done to ecology (the skein of life that interconnects various species, the so-called "balance of nature"). We might recreate those forms of life we have thoughtlessly extinguished, or design new versions that can survive the pollutions we introduce into the environment.

Can we gain the courage and knowledge to adjust mankind itself? Suppose we construct human beings with rugged structure designed to withstand high gravity. These could be space explorers capable of taking high accelerations and completing long-distance flights in shorter times. Or we could construct human beings fitted to resist long periods of no gravity, so that they may be ideally suited for long assignments to asteroids or space stations. We might even develop men with gills for life under water, or construct porpoises designed to live on land.

Most interesting of all, we might develop men and women more intelligent than ourselves. In the ordinary course of events this would happen eventually—just as we ourselves developed out of the primitive submen of a million years ago. Only, instead of waiting another million years for the slow forces of evolution to work, might we not accomplish the task in the laboratory in one-hundredth or even one-thousandth the time?

We might then heave a sigh of relief, feeling that mankind as formed by nature—Homo sapiens—had completed his work. He had carried his victory over the universe to the logical break-off point by forming "Homo superior."

Our job well-done, we could then retire and let the new breed, constructed by ourselves, carry on the fight with better minds, keener tools and greater wisdom.

—Isaac Asimov

COMING . . . .

The man who made the luckiest strike of all

**DIG HE DIDN'T—
BUT RICH HE GOT**

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THE TRAITOR-HERO FRANCE FORGAVE

[*Continued from page* 57]

Broadway in the Hammerstein-Romberg musical *The Desert Song*. Its famous character of the Red Shadow—part French officer, part sheik—was based on Klems and his exploits.

But now, leaving the barracks, he was just another deserter. His absence would be discovered the following morning. A reward would be posted for his capture, dead or alive. He would be taken care of sooner or later, by the Berbers up in the Riff mountains, or the buzzards or the Legion itself if it caught him. It would be difficult to say which fate would be the most disagreeable.

Otto Klems was born a Düsseldorfer about 1885, but he did not look German. He had jet-black hair, burning brown eyes and a swarthy complexion which gave him a Mediterranean rather than a Teutonic cast. He was well aware, as he rode up the narrow mountain trails, of the desperate risk he was taking. He knew, because others before him had tried to ally themselves with the Berbers. Somewhere ahead of him among the peaks was a handful of wretched deserters, the living dead who had fled the French and the Spanish Foreign Legions and offered their services to the tribesmen. Dysentery, caused by unclean food, and *paludisme*—endemic fever—had made skeletons of them. They had been forced to adopt the Moslem religion and submit to circumcision. Some were castrated just for sport. Even after they were accepted by the natives, they were sometimes ritually flogged with camel whips.

Then Klems saw the Berbers, not all at once but gradually, by an eerie optical illusion characteristic of these bare yellow mountains, an illusion caused partly by the blending of the jellabas with the volcanic rock and partly by the Berber gift of total immobility. One moment Klems thought he was alone. Then he saw a man, quite still on a horse, almost invisible, regarding him. Then another. Next he realized he was surrounded by scores of men.

He salaamed and said hopefully, *"Es salaam Aleichem,"* and waited for the courtesy reply, *"Aleichem es salaam,"* but it did not come. The Berbers closed in on him without a sound and escorted him for several hours to a collection of tents. His hands were bound behind him, his guns taken, and his captors held a jubilant conference in which suggestions were invited for the most interesting way to put him to death.

Klems pleaded in a mixture of Arabic and French that the guns he had brought proved his good intentions. He spoke of his military knowledge and offered to put all his expertise at their service. The sharif of the tribe heard him out and agreed to spare his life, provided Klems adopted the Moslem religion. The condition was no more than Klems expected, and it was preferable to possible alternatives—one of which was to be suspended upside down and dipped slowly into a pond infested with flies, rats and excrement until he drowned.

That night, by flickering tallow lights, Klems was circumcised. He was allotted to the sharif's team of slaves, to learn the Berber language, tend the flocks of sheep, do women's work. He was often spat on and beaten, but he kept his patience, awaiting the chance he knew must come. Klems had a priceless asset. As a Legionnaire he had learned how to kill Berbers in the Riff mountains. He could teach them, when the time was ripe, how *not* to get killed by Legionnaires.

Only occasionally did he rebel. Despite his brooding persecution complex and his hatred of the French, he had always, as a Legionnaire, been a man of honor. Sitting among his sheep one day, he saw the tribe bring in a captured French officer. Klems watched indifferently as the women prepared a grave. The Frenchman was his enemy, and execution was all he deserved. But then Klems noticed that the grave was a vertical hole five feet deep, and that the women were bringing out pots of honey. The Frenchman was to be buried up to his neck, and his head covered in honey to attract jackals and ants to a living feast.

Klems went berserk. With a tremendous yell he sprang among the women and sent them scattering. In turn, nearby tribesmen threw themselves at him. It took a dozen men to beat him down. Afterward he was glad they had knocked him unconscious because he had then been spared the horror of the Frenchman's death. He was returned to his menial tasks, and in time became inured to the sight of Berber torture. He lived this existence for a full year, growing gradually in esteem until he was permitted to marry the sharif's daughter, a girl of 15, and rose automatically to the rank of chieftain. He acquired sheep of his own and horses, and became, by mountain standards, a rich man. For his chief purpose he could afford to wait. He knew what he had to offer, and that Abd-el-Krim, the warrior whom the Berbers considered their rightful ruler, would one day hear of the converted infidel who knew about artillery and the techniques of modern war.

When he became famous, Klems told foreign correspondents romantic stories of his youth in Düsseldorf. He said he left Germany forever in 1907, after he had fallen in love with a girl who had been forbidden to marry him. The truth was less naïve. Otto Klems had been a professional burglar, and had skipped Germany to avoid a prison rap.

He turned up in Turkey, and spent several years as a hobo in the Arab lands. He happened to be in Morocco, footloose, when France proclaimed the country a protectorate in 1912. It seemed only logical for a German without fortune to enlist in the Foreign Legion.

Although *Beau Geste*, the most popular novel ever to appear about the force, had not yet been written, the Legion already had its legend firmly established. It was paradoxical that any army which had made itself the refuge of fugitive men should attract so much publicity. Little boys everywhere knew the Legion uniform: the heavy blue greatcoat, buttoned back at the skirt for easier marching, the kepi with the puggaree flapping behind, the sash around the waist.

The spiritual home of the Legion was North Africa, and there, oddly but inevitably, it acquired a German overcast. The French and the British had vast empires to pioneer in. The Germans had nothing to compare. For the adventurous young German it was the Legion or a dull, regulated life in the few German possessions. By the time Otto Klems joined up it had become a Legion of Germans, with all the worst German features.

It suited Klems fine. He was arrogant.

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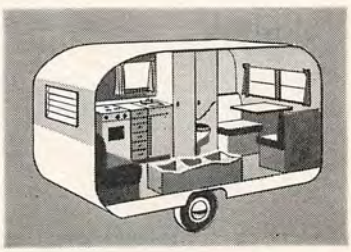

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He was insolent. He was German, and he was tough. He soon became a sergeant. All armies are run by their NCO's, but none so much as the Legion, and Klems as a sergeant was all-powerful. He gained a reputation for ruthlessness, and the punishments he inflicted were brutal, but he never asked a man to do what he himself was not prepared to do.

The outbreak of World War I in 1914, for Klems as for many other Legionnaires, presented a personal crisis. Klems knew that a return to his homeland meant prison. To declare his loyalty to Germany while under French command, however, would send him to a Moroccan stockade with Senegalese guards cracking whips. So he decided to stay put. Legion officers had developed a profound understanding of their men. They knew that many German Legionnaires were anti-French. But the Germans were not serving France as such; they were serving the Legion. As long as they continued to serve the Legion with *honneur et fidelité*, their private opinions were their own business.

Klems, with other Legionnaires of dubious loyalty, was never sent to the trenches of France. Nevertheless he did ample campaigning in Morocco. He fought against the Bedouins and the Berbers, winning several decorations. He studied warfare with the thoroughness of a scholar, and by the end of the war he had been commissioned a lieutenant of artillery.

One might have thought that an army which had turned a common Düsseldorf thief into an officer and possibly even a gentleman would have commanded his loyalty, but life is not so simple. Otto Klems now loathed the French. They had committed the unpardonable crime: they had beaten the Germans in war. When Klems was on garrison duty, he spent hours on end brooding, looking out at the bare silhouette of the Riff mountains, which sometimes, at night, winked with the fires of tribal camps. No one suspected that he was thinking of deserting. Desertion, caused by the unrelenting discipline, the brutal sergeants, boredom, regrets over a wasted life, was always the hemorrhage of the Legion. None of these reasons applied to Klems. He did not seek escape *from* the Legion. He sought revenge *on* the Legion.

This night, in April, 1920, his decision was made for him. He was dining with some French officers at the Hotel du Maroc in Fez. World War I was over, but the hatreds lingered on. Even here in the Legion, supposedly above such personal feelings, they erupted occasionally. They did now at Klems' table, and when the words were spitting, a drunken French captain called him an unpardonable name: *"Sale Boche!"*

Klems' surly temper spilled over. He leaped to his feet and smashed at the captain's face, knocking the man down. At once he sobered, realizing the enormity of his offense. He would certainly be reduced to the ranks, perhaps sent to the penal battalion at Colomb-Béchar. It was better to take his chances with the Berbers.

While the other officers tended the nose of the sprawling captain, Klems walked calmly out of the hotel. On the way to the barracks he worked out the plans for his personal destiny. Whatever else, he must not forget to take arms with him, as many as he could carry. Only by that gesture would the Berbers consider accepting him as an ally. With his horse loaded, he galloped away.

Morocco, split under its two ruling powers, France and Spain, was seething with discontent. Abd-el-Krim and his Berbers decided that the best hope for freeing the country lay in the distrust of the Spanish and the French for each other. Further, he reckoned that the French would not lift a finger if he struck at the weaker Spaniards. In 1921, therefore, he began a jihad, a holy war, against the Spaniards. He used as an excuse a Spanish decision to occupy the holy city of Chechaouèn. Krim's success exceeded all expectations. At Anoual, on the border between Spanish and French Morocco, he forced a Spanish army of 20,000 men to capitulate. It was the greatest setback in Africa for a European power since the defeat of the Italians at Aduwa by the Abyssinians, in 1896, and it brought Abd-el-Krim to the gates of Melilla. Krim released the Spanish prisoners on payment of a heavy ransom, but kept all the rifles, machine guns, cannon and even a couple of airplanes. He was now victorious, rich and well armed. What he needed was an expert to teach his men how to use this wonderland of loot. But another two years would pass before he was told of the mountain chieftain, Otto Klems.

Then, in the summer of 1923, Klems was summoned to the presence of Abd-el-Krim. Klems described his knowledge of artillery, his skill at map reading, and the French Legion tactics. What fascinated Krim most, however, was that Klems revealed a knowledge of photography. Krim adored having his picture taken, and told Klems to photograph the forthcoming Berber war against the French.

Everything Klems had hoped for was about to come true. He was a Moslem and rich. He had added several wives to his harem and they had borne him sons. And he would be given his greatest reward of all, a commission to lead the war against the French.

Krim appointed him chief of staff. Klems drilled his tribesmen in German fashion. He even taught them the goose step. He advertised in German newspapers for aviators seeking adventure, and was able to provide Krim with fliers and maintenance crews for the two captured Spanish planes, to make up a Riffian air force.

In the fall of 1924 Krims' troops, fresh

TRUE

" . . . then comes the big dramatic scene in which she and her husband discover radium!"

from a year's intensive training by Klems. struck. The Legion forces were overwhelmed. Berbers had the heady experience of seeing Legionnaires go down in rows in front of *their* machine guns. Klems fought with his men, now directing the cannon which reduced Legion forts to rubble, now recording the scene with his camera, now cheering the tribesmen on and leading attacks.

Veteran Legionnaires were quickly aware of a kind of malevolent presence in the Berber attacks. They had ceased to be the fanatical charges Legionnaires had become used to. Instead, they were carried out with military precision.

The "presence," vague at first, materialized in time as a mysterious European who was a trained soldier. The mystery man acquired a name: "El Hadj."

Rumors spread about El Hadj. Some said he was a former general from the old Imperial Army of Germany. Some said he was an English adventurer. Intelligence officers obtained descriptions from men who had spotted him in action and sent them to the *Deuxième Bureau* in Paris. What they had come to suspect became practically a certainty: El Hadj was a Legionnaire. In time they found out *which* Legionnaire . . . ex-Lieutenant Klems, O., Second Battalion, Third Regiment, deserter.

The news that the Berber forces were being commanded in the field by a Foreign Legion deserter made Klems world famous. Those who had seen him in the ranks of the Riffs portrayed him as a man more enormous than life. He had grown a huge black beard and rode a white Arab horse. He always wore an orange turban and a brown homespun jellaba with pompons. What impressed observers was the apparent intensity of his conversion to Islam. He went on his knees to the east when called to prayer. He insisted on his wives being heavily veiled. He ate in the Arab manner, with his fingers, rolling mutton and couscous into a ball and tossing it into his mouth. After eating he belched loudly, in what was considered good manners in Arab society—the equivalent of saying, "My compliments to the chef."

Much of this was undoubtedly playacting, but Klems stood with the giants, and interviewing him became standard for the correspondents covering the war. Webb Miller, the great United Press correspondent, George Seldes, Vincent Sheean, Ward Price of the London *Daily Mail,* all made the trek to his mountain headquarters in the rebel strongholds of Targuist and Aïn Aicha. To Sheean, Klems expounded his philosophy. "In actual combat," he said, "I like to kill people, especially Frenchmen. This is my adopted country, and I am happy to have a home here. I was a German. Now I am a Riff. As long as Abd-el-Krim is in power, I am a rich man."

But Sheean caught Klems off guard by showing him an overcoat with a tab from Düsseldorf. All at once the bearded Moslem became the sentimental German again. "I haven't been there since 1907," said El Hadj. "How are the restaurants? Does Wiesel's in Cologne still have the best Johannisberger wine in the Rhineland?"

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Through the first half of 1925 Abd-el-Krim continued to win wherever he fought. To the north he had the Spaniards penned in the coastal cities. Just below, he had ripped the chain of forts in French Morocco to pieces. He outnumbered the French, outgunned them and outfought them.

To stop Krim's drive, every available Legionnaire was sent into Morocco. Some of the most famous names in the Foreign Legion's history were caught up in the merciless combat of the Riff War. There was Prince Aage, nephew of the King of Denmark, who commanded the Third Battalion at Taza. There was one-armed Major Peshkoff, flamboyant son of Maxim Gorky, the Russian writer.

Troops poured from France and the French Empire—Legionnaires, Zouaves, Spahis, Tirailleurs—300,000 of them under Marshal Pétain, the hero of Verdun. At last the French and the Spanish agreed to combine operations, but it was not until the spring of 1926 that they had the breathing space to launch an offensive.

The poising of this tremendous new force against the 100,000 Riffs led to a momentous conference among the rebel leaders. Krim, the cunning guerrilla fighter, was for a general withdrawal into the mountains, hitting and running, and always picking off the French troops from the rocks above. El Hadj, the Legion-trained German officer, advocated that the tribesmen stand and fight.

"We should inflict an overwhelming defeat on them while we are still strong," he said. "Our victory at Anoual stopped the Spaniards in their tracks for four years."

Abd-el-Krim shook his head. "It is not wise to humiliate the great powers," he pointed out. "Defeat them, but with honor. After Anoual I could have driven the Spaniards into the sea. But I refrained, deliberately."

El Hadj was insistent. "We will never be so strong as we are now. If we don't fight, our men will think the war is over. They'll fold their tents and go back to their wives with their booty."

The view of El Hadj prevailed over the doubts of Krim. Klems decided to attack a strongly held Legion fort at Médiaouna. It was a major supply depot for troops marching from Algeria to Fez. Klems knew a powerful force under Major Peshkoff was approaching the fort. If it could be blasted off the map before the force got there, the rubble would be a mute witness of Riff hitting power. It would serve to destroy the Legion's fighting spirit.

The fort, a complex of strongpoints guarded by barbed wire, was manned by a battalion of the Legion. El Hadj brought an estimated 4,000 Riffs into the area by night, so that the fort was invested without attracting suspicion. The Legionnaires were unaware the enemy was anywhere near when, in the blackness, they were hit by a rain of artillery fire, followed by a furious assault on foot. The first attack penetrated the wire at

"My bill proposes *we* get some foreign aid from somebody."

several points but was thrown back. The second wave of Riffs silenced the French machine guns by jamming their bodies in the slits of the pillboxes.

The fighting went on until dawn, when the Riffs faded away. The Legion commander was under no illusions. He knew the assault would be resumed when night fell again. He had suffered 60 percent casualties, and most of his ammunition was gone. Peshkoff's relieving column was a good 24 hours away. The only hope was to abandon the fort and try to reach Peshkoff. The wounded were given a single cartridge each to use if they seemed likely to fall prisoner, and the rest prepared for orderly flight.

As soon as it was dark, the Legionnaires filed silently out of the fort—and ran into El Hadj's massed machine guns, which were waiting for just that move. Decimated by withering fire, the French fled back into the compound pursued by the screaming Riffs. A furious hand-to-hand battle went on. At last, 15 miles away, a nervous staff officer informed Major Peshkoff that the fort's radio had given one last desperate message in hurried Morse code. Then, a few hours later three half-dead Legionnaires staggered up to Peshkoff's column with news of the defeat.

Although the three survivors did not report seeing him, El Hadj had been a part of the battle at the fort. Somewhere, in the midst of the furious carnage, a Legionnaire had spotted a huge, black-bearded Riff in an orange turban shouting orders. The Legionnaire, before he died, fired, and the Riff fell. But the French did not know.

The French knew only that it was a Riff victory, decisive and obliterating. That night was one of the worst in the life of Major Peshkoff. "We could not look at each other because we were filled with horror," he said afterward. "The horror of losing our youngest and best."

This great French grief only proved that Krim had been right and El Hadj wrong: the disaster also filled the French with a fury for revenge.

Pétain drove from the south, the Spaniards from the north. After a few months of bloody fighting the war was over.

On May 26, 1926, Abd-el-Krim surrendered and rode into the French lines at Imazouenne, north of Targuist. His staff of 200 and his harem, veiled, followed him. He was exiled to Réunion Island in the Indian Ocean. (In 1947 he was given permission to live on the Riviera, but jumped ship at Suez and was given a hero's asylum in Egypt. There he resumed denouncing the French. In February, 1963, he died—a great warrior.)

With the downfall of Krim, the Legion had only one war aim left—get El Hadj. Prisoners passed word that he was badly wounded and hiding in the mountains. There began the greatest Legion manhunt ever mounted—10,000 men seeking one. In every mountain village reward notices were posted for information on or capture of the man who had both betrayed the Legion and symbolized brilliantly its fighting qualities, who had at once disgraced and glorified it.

The search went on for six months, until the day a Riff woman called on a Legion company bivouacked near Messaoud, in the heart of the mountains. Years afterwards the commanding officer, Capt. Pierre Mesurier, recalled, "She told us Klems was hiding in a cave not five kilometers from the camp. She told us he was desperately ill, and claimed the reward."

The company closed silently on the cave and trained a machine gun on its mouth. Mesurier, revolver in hand, advanced gingerly to the entrance.

"Come out, Klems, with your hands up," he shouted. He heard deep breathing from the darkness and, expecting a volley of shots, retired to the side. "The cave is covered, Klems. If you don't come out, we are coming in."

A weird figure emerged from the gloom—a man, unshaven and black with filth, hobbling on a stick. He was in rags, and verminous bandages covered his arm and thigh. His eyes, almost lost in their sockets, blinked in the sunlight, hot with fever. His whole body shook.

Mesurier called for his horse. "Don't be frightened, Klems," he said. "You fought a good fight. The Legion respects you."

Klems was incapable of speech, Mesurier helped him on to the horse. Mounted, with his captor on foot, he was taken away.

Klems was tried by a war council of the French Army at Taza, three months later. He was carried into court on a stretcher, his beard trimmed, wearing a clean jellaba. He refused counsel, and put up his own defense. He claimed he had joined the Riffs while they were fighting only the Spaniards. By the time the French entered the war, he had become a Moslem and a citizen of Morocco. "I am innocent of the charges," he said in a strong voice. "I am not a traitor. I am a naturalized Moroccan who fought for the freedom of his country and his people against the brutal yoke of a foreign power."

He was sentenced to death, but he had powerful backing. In the United States he was a romantic figure, and the correspondents who had met him wrote forcefully in his behalf. The German government made representations to France. In Paris itself French communists demonstrated to save Klems' life. On Broadway, *The Desert Song* had opened and would continue for more than a year. The London production of the musical opened at Drury Lane even as the trial of Klems was going on, and "The Song of the Riff" headed the hit parade in both countries.

Klems' sentence was commuted to seven years on Devil's Island, but he was never called on to serve it. The French, faced with the spectacle of a man who had deserted the Legion not because it was too tough but because it wasn't tough enough, showed their respect by quietly releasing him, on his promise to leave French North Africa forever. Shaved of his beard, emaciated, he returned to Germany and faded out of the public eye.

With no honorable calling other than that of war, he drifted back into his old habit of housebreaking. But he had lost the knack. In August, 1929, in Berlin, he was picked up by the police on suspicion of burglary, and was locked up for the night. After a gloomy contemplation of the emptiness of his future compared to the grandeur of his past, he took out a knife he had concealed, opened his wrists, and died.

His old adversary, Prince Aage, summed him up: "Otto Klems was no vulgar adventurer. He was a soldier, a traitor to his oath, but at the same time a brave man who played the game according to the rules." **—Geoffrey Bocca**

THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF THE KANSAS FLYING MACHINE

[*Continued from page 67*]

up and disappeared into the heavens. Now I'm going to let all of you in on a good thing. We're going to issue $30,000 worth of stock in the Goodland Aviation Company and you can all get rich. It'll be on sale at Lawyer Calvert's office."

The crowd rushed to get to Calvert's before the stock was all gone. Wilson and Purvis were temporarily rich and they quit their jobs to spend all their time on the flying machine.

Now they were able to buy their two lightweight motors and the flying machine would get up into the air—a little. If not weighted down by any human, that is. If atmospheric conditions were exactly right, it could get almost head high.

They found out that their strange tilting planes and sail rudder didn't work and they tried to figure out ways to tilt the rotor. After a lot of failures they finally decided that the only workable method was to tilt the whole machine, which they managed by shifting weights. Then the machine would go more or less where they wanted it to go. But it didn't do much good to go anywhere if they had to run alongside instead of riding on it. They were stymied.

During the day Purvis stared at his stubborn machine and drew countless diagrams, every one a little more ridiculous than the last. Soon they were again short of money, but they couldn't find any more buyers for the stock.

One day a woman hysterically reported to the local newspaper that she had seen an airplane floating in the air near the water tank. The editor, full of optimism, walked down to the flying machine tower to see if, by some wild chance, it had finally become airborne. But there it sat, as ground-bound as ever, with Purvis sitting next to it wrapped in gloomy thought.

"A lady reported an airship had flown by," the editor explained, "and I thought it might be this one."

The inventor's mouth dropped open in astonishment. He was grateful that the editor had considered such a thing possible. "It's got just a little more work to be done on it. A couple of problems," he said.

The editor nodded sympathetically. "I'm sure you'll be able to solve them."

"The machine is too heavy," Purvis mused. "If I could just leave the motor on the ground and run it with a long belt . . . ." He suddenly sat bolt upright. "That's it!" he shouted and rushed off without stopping to say good-bye.

Purvis went to see an implement dealer and got him to furnish a threshing machine for the experiment. The machine's 100-foot belt was fastened to the helicopter. Once again the Goodland people turned out, though not as many this time and not as exuberant.

Purvis was dancing around excitedly, checking pulleys and belts. "We'll beat the birds a'flying!" he boasted wildly.

"How are you going to bring it down?" a realist asked.

Purvis stopped and stared at the man in consternation. Then he had an inspiration. "We'll pull it down!" He got a rope, tied it to the machine and handed it to the skeptic. "When I give the signal, yank!" Then, full of a sense of destiny, he stepped onto the platform. "Crank her up!"

Everybody gasped. "You're not going to *ride* it?" they asked in horrified disbelief.

"I figure it's my right," he declared modestly. The crowd stared at him with admiration. The steam engine started with a roar. The belt shook. The rotors turned, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The blades pounded the air like eggbeaters. The platform shook so that Purvis fell to his knees. Just as he was getting ready to crawl off, the flying machine bounded 20 feet into the air. Purvis, holding on for dear life, peered over the side, his face ashen. "Pull it down! Pull it down!" he yelped.

While the flying machine careened through the air, a man jumped for the rope and gave it a yank. It wasn't enough to pull it down, but it did tilt the shifting weights. The platform tilted and the machine bucked a few feet forward. Purvis almost slid off but grabbed the edge at the last moment and hung there with his feet dangling above the crowd.

While people ran helter-skelter to get out from under him, Purvis scrambled back onto the platform. He was just in time to see the water tank coming toward him at an alarming speed. Desperately he stretched out his hand to fend it off, but it was too late. The blades shattered on the tank and the platform buckled. The huge iron rotor shaft then plunged into the water tank and busted it wide open.

Thousands of gallons of water cascaded out onto the crowd. Parts of the flying machine pelted the audience. People dropped to the ground under the aerial bombardment, just in time for the water to roll over them. It was like doomsday.

Purvis bounced to the ground in the stream of water and rolled over and over. Drenched and badly shaken, he got to his feet and looked around at what was left of his audience. The farmers were gingerly picking themselves up and looking for broken bones.

"How's that for a demonstration?" Purvis cried happily. "It'll fly! I proved it!"

"That's flying?" one cynical Kansan asked drily.

Purvis went on heedlessly. "It just so happens I have a few shares left for anyone that wants to get rich," he began. Then he was stopped by an angry rumble from the crowd.

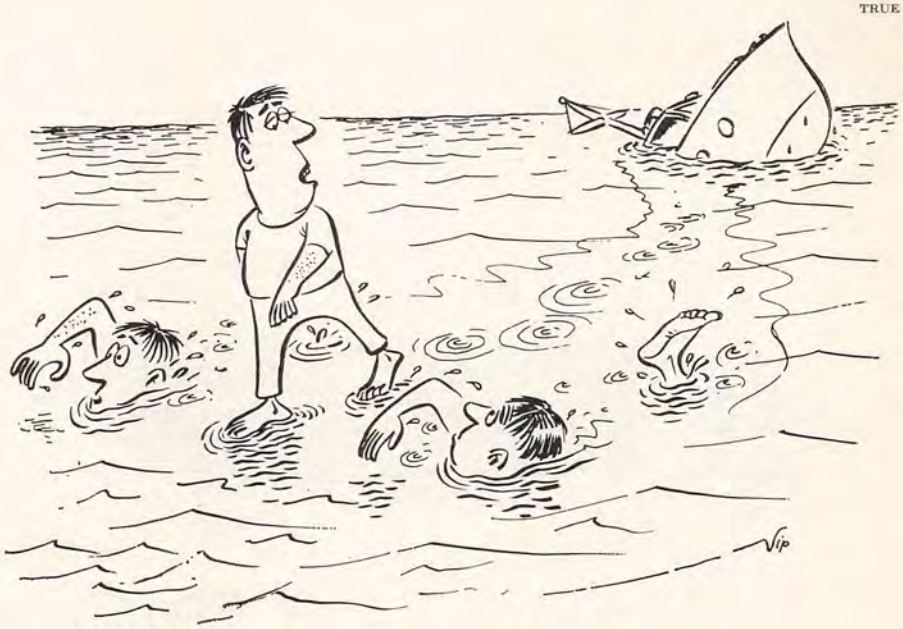
The men of Goodland had had more than enough. They didn't like it when the flying machine didn't fly and they liked it even less when it did. They shook their heads and turned away from the inventor.

"You can't let me down now," he begged. He looked around at his flying machine, now spread out in pieces over several flooded acres. "I gotta put it back together—it's my life's work!"

Purvis tried for some time to get more money, but the town turned a deaf ear. The bold venture was finished.

The development of the modern helicopter had to wait almost 30 years, until 1938, when Igor Sikorsky came up with the idea of using a small propellor in the rear of the craft to offset torque. Just one year before Sikorsky's flight, Louis Breguet, a Frenchman, had flown a helicopter based on the principles used by Purvis and Wilson: two counterrotating rotors. The Kansans were years before their time. Their successors probably never knew they were perfecting a dream that had been a golden vision in a small railroad machine shop three decades earlier. **—M. L. Collett**

TRUE



"I can't swim."

DAUGHTERS OF THE DRAGON LADY

[*Continued from page* 43]

and military hierarchy of the Viet Cong.

While most American experts doubt a recent statement in the Russian newspaper *Pravda* that the Viet Cong's second in command is a woman, it is known that a deadly little lady named Kim Loan has become commissar of a big part of Long An province, just south of Saigon. Holding a military rank roughly equal to colonel, Kim Loan is in her mid-'30s, stands about five feet tall, and is said to be a beauty. She also carries two pistols and has killed more than 20 men, many of them in cold blood. She travels at the head of a platoon of crack Viet Cong commandos who serve as her bodyguards, and her orders throughout the province are obeyed, despite the presence of at least a division of South Vietnamese troops in her area.

As if one woman commissar isn't enough, the VC recently added a second one: 31-year-old Nguyen thi Mui, who is supposed to be as vicious a gunslinger as Kim and has become a scourge in the Binh Chanh district.

Espionage, though, is the main stock-in-trade of the women working for the other side. And they have talent for dirty jobs as well as courage.

Recently a young woman rode a bicycle up to Saigon police headquarters on Truong Minh Giang Street, and heaved a grenade over the wall. Wounded policemen emerged, blazing away at the girl. She whipped a pistol out of a basket and returned the fire, keeping the police at bay long enough to ride away to safety. Blood spots on the pavement showed she must have been wounded badly, but she kept fighting.

Usually intelligence is not cloak-and-dagger work but a matter of keeping your eyes open and correctly interpreting what you see. Since practically all U.S. military operations are massive and therefore out in the open, the job is simplified for the Viet Cong.

Whenever a U.S. or government operation is planned, thousands know of it in advance. This means the VC almost always knows in advance, too. More than 90 percent of the attacks launched against the Viet Cong fail to make contact with the enemy, and enemy intelligence has to be the reason.

Girls make good eyes and ears for the VC. Vietnamese and American operatives know of the existence of a special espionage school for girls which the Viet Cong runs in Binh Duong province, about 35 miles from Saigon. "Students" learn English and are trained to be maids, secretaries and especially bar girls. And at this specialized finishing school girls also are taught how to observe and transmit information, and, at times, how to use pistols and detonate bombs. After graduation, they find jobs in or near American installations.

How simple it is then to collect and pass along important news, as the hostess did in the case of the operation near Phoc Vinh. Since Saigon has no "front line" to pass, only a few checkpoints, the women of the Viet Cong go in and out of the city almost at will. And American intelligence agents are powerless to do anything about it.

Even arms smuggling is easy. A pretty, 31-year-old Viet Cong girl named Tran thi Quet defected recently—there are girls on our side, too—and gave her story to American agents.

She had been an explosives-bearing courier between VC headquarters in Cu Chi, 20 miles from Saigon, and terror cells in the capital itself. She said she always dressed as a vegetable vendor and found the coming and going simple enough.

"I used to carry the stuff in my vegetable basket," she told her interrogators with a shy smile, "and none of the police checkpoints ever searched me. Too many farm people come into the capital every morning for police to search everybody."

Demure little Quet may have been one of the agents who brought in the explosives that blew up the Brink Hotel late in 1964, killing two Americans.

Vietnamese girls often have more pronounced curves than some of their Asian sisters. But sometimes the curves are not made of girl or even of foam rubber. Many a bra has been packed up to a 38-inch measurement with a quarter-pound of TNT.

Nguyen thi Nga, a lovely, 22-year-old bar girl who lived in the delta town of Soc Trang, finally was caught in an American installation because her measurements looked just a little too good. Until the revealing search, GI helicopter crews had loved talking and drinking with Nga, who spoke excellent English and was generally brighter and more fun than most hostesses. But Nga had been bringing plastic explosives into the base on each trip. If she had been able to make just a few more visits, there would have been enough boom-boom in the base to tear the place to bits.

South Vietnamese troops are no more immune to pretty Viet Cong agents than Americans. There was little Tran thi Lien, for instance, a 19-year-old slip of a maid who became an "intimate" (to use the official jargon) of the government's Lam Son army barracks, just outside Saigon. Lien eventually was nabbed in Saigon carrying lists of the strength of each unit at the barracks, along with other classified information.

No American serviceman wants to give aid, comfort or intelligence to the Viet Cong enemy. GI's lock up their desk drawers, avoid classified information on telephone lines, and nail up World War II-like posters warning that loose lips cost lives. Counterintelligence agents work around-the-clock trying to nail enemy spies and seal off information leaks. But thus far it has been a losing battle, partly because this is a war that often doesn't feel like a war, and partly because Americans by nature are not a closemouthed people.

In one of the most hush-hush operations since active U.S. involvement, elements of our 101st Airborne Division secured a mountain pass in preparation for the take-over of the area by the First Cavalry Division (Airmobile). The maneuver was so secret that newsmen were forbidden even to hint that there were any Americans up in the Mang Yang Pass.

But within an hour after the 101st took the position, a big sign went up reading, "Welcome First Cav. This pass secured courtesy of A Company, 2nd Battalion, 101st Abn." Any Viet Cong glancing at the sign immediately knew the American order of battle. So some soldier or officer gave the VC something valuable without realizing he was doing anything more than bragging.

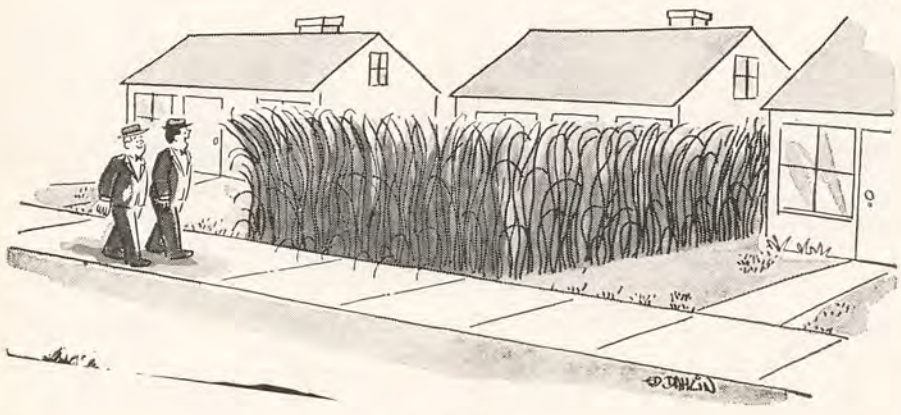
Wherever American forces move in, laundries, shops and bars immediately sprout up. Even desolate hamlets in the rain forests and mountains of central Viet Nam now sport taverns with names like "New York Bar," "The Miami," and "Latin Quarter."

The swarms of American intelligence agents assume that as many as half of the bar girls in these places are spies, at least on a part-time basis. So it's not a matter of fighting one Mata Hari, but thousands or even tens of thousands of them.

America's fighting forces here are learning an ugly lesson in the hardest of all ways. The enemy's women are beautiful, graceful and delicate looking. But all too often they mean sudden death.

—Malcolm W. Browne

TRUE



"Newlyweds!"

THE SMALLEST SHOW ON EARTH

[*Continued from page* 71]

are feats the average flea seldom performs. Under the circumstances, I was not surprised to learn that one professional flea trainer tried to have Lloyds of London insure his troupe for 500 dollars. Lloyds, however, demanded a premium of 100 dollars a day on the grounds no one could tell a flea's age and so the cast might klunk out at any moment.

Scientific authorities assured me that the definitive work on fleas is Dr. Clarence Andresen Hubbard's *Fleas of Western North America*. Doctor Hubbard confirmed my previous suspicion that the United States is jumping with fleas—or is, as the doctor puts it, "indeed a flea collector's paradise."

Every warm-blooded animal from chipmunks to grizzly bears has its own brand of flea. There's a flea that will live only on chickens—the "stick-tight" flea—and one that specializes on penguins.

I was disappointed though to find that Doctor Hubbard did not include any instructions on training fleas. But he did lead me to one discovery; I was dealing with what is unquestionably the world's most dangerous animal.

Fleas carry a number of diseases of which the most dreaded is the bubonic plague. Some historians believe the collapse of the Roman Empire was due to an epidemic of the plague which broke out in 262 A.D., killed 5,000 people a day in Rome itself and nearly wiped out the army. The most terrible visitations of the plague came later in the 14th century. Within a few years, over one third of the population of Europe was dead. The plague came by way of the Oriental rat flea (*Xenopsylla cheopis*) which, unfortunately, is equally at home on humans or rats. However, in the Middle Ages, people had no idea what was causing the epidemic. They killed dogs, but not rats, and burned huge fires to "purify the atmosphere." Fires weren't all they burned either. Guglielmo Piazza, commissioner of health in Milan, made the mistake of wiping his ink-stained hands on the wall of a building while making notes of the progress of the plague. The excited populace thought he was spreading the disease and burned him at the stake. Doctors wore false noses filled with perfumes guaranteed to disinfect the air—eau de cologne was first developed for this purpose—and refused to touch their patients except with long sticks. The sum total of medical knowledge was contained in the phrase "quick, far and late" that is: get the hell away from the area, go far and return late.

Up until the end of the last century, doctors knew little more about the plague than their medieval forebears. In 1894, there was another outbreak in Asia which killed an estimated six million people. This time a Japanese scientist named Kitasato was able to identify the plague bacillus carried by fleas and the age-old mystery was solved.

There still remained the problem of how to train a flea to do anything but bite. According to legend, the art of training fleas was originated by a Russian professor who was sent to Siberia for a term of years and amused himself in his cell by training a flea to perform. Later, the professor escaped to France, smuggling his student out with him. Entering a bistro, the professor placed his talented apprentice on the bar and asked the bartender "Do you see that?" to which the bartender replied, "Yes, this place is lousy with fleas," and promptly squashed the flea with his thumb.

But apparently Germans were the first people to take up training fleas seriously and soon there were more flea circuses in Deutschland than there were beer gardens. In 1821, a German named Ruhl brought the first flea circus to America where it generated so much interest that another insect impresario named Muller opened a permanent exhibition at the old Stone & Austin Dime Museum in Boston. Professor Auvershleg (every owner of a flea circus is automatically given professor status) took the first circus on the road and from then on fleas were a standard attraction in carnivals and fairs. Audiences were provided with magnifying lens so they could watch the show. In fact this type of entertainment became so popular that magnifying glasses were for a time called "flea glasses." But the main appeal of the circuses seemed to be the number of corny jokes that could be made about them: "A St. Bernard walked by the circus and the show went to the dogs";

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Shoemaker for America At Work

"What clever costumes, Helen! Was it yours or Mike's idea?"

"The professor is said to have started his studies from scratch," etc.

The Billy Rose of the flea circuit was Professor William Heckler. Until two years ago he ringmastered his famous troop of fleas at Hubert's Museum near the corner of 42nd Street and Broadway in New York City. Heckler arrived in this country from Germany during the 1920's. He was a skilled mechanic who made apparatus for carnival games, many of which require very delicate mechanism indeed if the ball is to stop at the right place. While in Florida, Heckler sold some apparatus on credit to a concessionaire who subsequently went broke, leaving his worldly goods in Heckler's hands. Among them was a flea circus. Heckler turned the concession over to a young man who claimed he was an expert at training fleas.

"Only too late, I discovered the dummy had never trained a flea in his life," the professor later explained. "Worse yet, he couldn't even feed them. Fleas are very particular whom they bite —in fact, to have a flea bite you is quite an honor. They prefer young, tender-skinned blondes or redheads and they disliked using this man as a source of food—in fact, he didn't much like the idea either although of course fleas have to be well fed if they are to withstand the strenuous life of the theater."

Disgusted, Professor Heckler fired the tyro and set about training the fleas himself, after a hasty correspondence with German experts. He spent several years on the road, and then moved into Hubert's Museum where he remained until his death.

Early in the game, Professor Heckler discovered that only human fleas are suitable for training. Other fleas don't possess the stamina or, according to the professor, the intelligence for training. Also, they're difficult to feed. Many fleas will bite humans in a pinch but performing fleas must eat daily and gorge themselves. The human flea is a native of Europe and the professor became convinced that various nationalities have fleas of various abilities. The Belgian fleas were the best, the French and Italian fleas fair, the English stupid and as for the American variety the professor could only say "America is the land of my adoption. I would not allow any expression to escape me that might offend this dear land."

The professor's main source of fleas was stewards on ocean liners who supplied the professor at the rate of 10 cents per flea. But during the 1930's the widespread use of insecticides threatened to cut off even this supply line. Where he had once had 70 fleas warming up in the bullpen, he suddenly had seven—and they were all old. Even a well fed flea doesn't live more than 18 months and the professor was reduced to scouring the Norfolk dockyards, offering three dollars each for genuine Belgian fleas.

The professor had cause to lament for his flea circus had become something of a New York tradition. It was the sort of thing a columnist could always use for laughs and was so crazy no critic dared to kid it without making himself look ridiculous. Walter Winchell, Mark Hellinger, O. O. McIntyre, George Jean Nathan, Fred Allen, "Bugs" Baer, Bob Considine, A. J. Liebling and Hedda Hopper wrote enthusiastically about it. When Paramount made "Zaza" with Claudette Colbert, Professor Heckler was paid 100 dollars for two of his fleas to appear in the picture. Society eagerly took up the circus. After-theater parties were arranged to see the flea circus and Professor Heckler was asked to bring his performers to debutante parties. His troupe was carried in a small wooden box inlaid with mother-of-pearl that fitted easily into an inside coat pocket. The professor averaged around $250 a day which isn't half bad now, but in the 30's was a fortune. Today, although an occasional flea circus tours the States, it isn't regarded as highly as before the war. Heckler's rusting, unlit sign still gloomily advertises the defunct show amid 42nd Street's cartwheeling lights—giving even it a vintage aura. So since it seemed as though the great art of training fleas is in danger of being lost, I set about learning the secrets of this all but forgotten science.

In spite of Professor Heckler's injunction to use only human fleas, I decided to experiment with the ordinary kind.

Collecting fleas is a delicate task. First, the flea-bearing mammals have to be trapped alive because once their host is cold, fleas promptly leave. Then the animal is carefully chloroformed (if you handle him roughly the fleas will jump off) and placed on a grating over a pan of water. After a few hours the fleas jump off—seeking more action—and are soon swimming for their lives. They can then be picked out of the water.

In my case, I was the flea-bearing mammal and even in the interests of science I was dammed if I was going to chloroform myself and then lie down on a grating until the fleas jumped off. Of course, I only needed a few fleas and most flea lovers collect them wholesale. Doctor Hubbard, for example, speaks of finding a mouse nest with over 100 fleas in the manner of a prospector telling how he hit the Comstock Lode. Unfortunately by the time my curiosity about fleas was in full bloom, my wife had coated our establishment thoroughly with the newest insecticide and covered our dogs with flea powder. Panic-stricken, I called a scientist friend who gave me the following paradoxical advice: "Get rid of your dogs for a few weeks and the place will be alive with fleas." Then he explained.

"Fleas have a very rigid life cycle. The female drops her eggs on her host but the eggs aren't adhesive and fall off easily. The eggs usually fall into cracks and hatch in about a week. The larvae look like little maggots except they're covered with fine bristles and wriggle around eating any sort or organic material. Their principal food is the excrement of the adults which, being mainly composed of blood, makes excellent nourishment.

"The larva then spins out a cocoon and gradually turns itself into a pupa. The pupa, on emerging from the cocoon, has become an adult flea ready to charge into action at any time. However, it requires a slight shock to make it come out. Ever had the experience of walking into a deserted house and not seeing a flea, but then a few minutes later they come boiling out of the floor and you're covered with them? Well, they were happily lying around in cocoons until your footsteps jarred them out."

I still wondered why getting rid of the dogs would bring on fleas.

"Very simple. Most of the fleas we have around here are dog fleas and they'll always go to a dog in preference to a human. Your wife by her rash act has killed the fleas on your dogs as well as the ones crawling around the house. But in a couple of weeks or so there'll be a new batch along because cocoons ward off virtually any insecticide. These new

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fleas would ordinarily get on your dogs where they'd probably escape notice—except by the dogs, of course. You see, fleas are magnificently formed by nature to survive normal pursuit by tooth or paw. They're flattened sideways—unlike the wide, lumbering bodies of lice and ticks—and can easily wind their way through the thickest mass of hair. Their legs end in claws so they can't be shaken off and their skeletons are on the outside of their bodies to form a protective armor so even if a dog does bite one, the flea will probably slip through his teeth. Anyway if you get rid of the dogs now, the fleas will eventually get on you where they can be readily located."

"What's the best way to collect them?"

"Since you want them uninjured, I'd say take a bath. You should find a few floating on the surface. Don't try to catch them by hand; you'll be hopelessly outclassed. A flea can jump 13 inches straight ahead or eight inches straight up. If a man could make the same jump in proportion to his height he could leap half a mile or over the Washington Monument. They're also probably the strongest living creature in relation to their size. A flea can move an object 700 times its own weight—equivalent to a man moving a weight of 70 tons."

Getting fleas didn't prove as difficult as I'd feared and in a few days I had quite a nice collection. To keep them under control, I had to collar and leash each one. According to the late Professor Heckler, fleas should be fitted with gold collars which are "malleable, durable and flexible" and the leashes be made of very fine silver chain. I don't know if you have ever tried putting a gold collar on a flea but if not, I can assure you the process isn't as easy as it sounds. Even approaching a jeweler about fashioning some gold flea collars presents difficulties: the man is apt to think you're nuts. I settled on lassoing them with fine copper wire, which is cheap but effective.

I then set about training the fleas according to what I could learn from the professor's records plus interviews with a few old-time carnies who'd had flea circuses.

Most trained fleas are never turned loose during the show; they're always kept on a leash so they can't jump. But a few fleas, at least, should be worked "at liberty" to show that you have some control over them. This supposed control is one of the best gags in the business. Your stage is a flat piece of whitewashed iron sheeting about a foot square and you place Rudolph, your jumping flea, on the metal and then hold a small hoop in front of him. You then shout "Jump, Rudolph!" at the same time surreptitiously pressing a button under the table that sends a slight electrical charge through the plate. Rudolph will jump and since fleas can't jump backward or sideways, he'll go through the hoop.

After doing this once or twice to prove that Rudolph will jump only on command, you pretend to lose him. During the ensuing panic, you claim to see Rudolph on some lady's blouse and retrieve him. Rudolph is replaced on the plate and you again give the command "Jump!" but without pressing the button. Rudolph refuses to budge and after a few attempts you snatch up a magnifying glass and study the flea closely. Then turning to the lady you say, "Madam, this is *not* my Rudolph." The way the rest of the audience will avoid that woman in the future makes for lots of good, clean fun.

Of course, there's always the problem that Rudolph won't wait for the electric shock and will take off immediately in a series of bounds you can't control. Audiences seldom possess a sense of humor capable of appreciating the comic aspects of being lured into a tent and then having a herd of fleas turned loose on them. To avoid this contretemps, Rudolph and other fleas who are to be worked loose need a brief course of training. They are put in a long, narrow glass tube about an inch high for a few days. Every time a flea jumps, he cracks his head. The average flea soon learns not to jump. It helps if just before the audience enters, you give the tube a few quick spins to make the fleas dizzy so they'll be a bit groggy when put on the plate.

COMING . . . .

A former pro reveals the bloody tricks of the trade

MURDER UNDER THE BACKBOARDS

by Clyde Lovellette

Learn why insiders say that basketball can be the roughest sport of all

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

A flea circus generally opens with the "spec" (short for spectacular) consisting of a grand parade of the troupe around the stage, led by one flea carrying an American flag—the flag being about one half inch square, made of tissue paper and fastened by a fine wire to the flea's collar. The other fleas haul tiny carts, miniature covered wagons, small cannons and other wheeled objects. Little models designed for charm bracelets come in handy here. On a smooth, flat surface a flea can pull an amazing weight, especially if goosed along occasionally by the long-handled forceps with which the exhibitor handles his cast. Music is supplied by a music box, playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Next, Prince Florenzel walks the tightrope. A wire held between two supports is set up on the stage and a flea from the glass tube (which, of course, the audience is never allowed to see) put on the wire. The flea has a tiny parasol glued to his collar and he'll generally walk along the wire without trouble. This is followed by One Hung Low, the Chinese juggling flea. Controlled by his leash, a flea is turned over on his back and given a tiny ball of pith about the size of a small pea. The flea will instinctively grab and rotate the ball rapidly with his six feet. Following this turn is "flea football." Another flea is held a few inches away and at the right moment, the operator quietly gives the wire leash of the flea holding the ball a slight flick with his little finger, just enough to knock the ball across the stage to where the other flea can grab it. He then repeats this trick, shooting the ball back again.

Hercules then turns a miniature merry-go-round—Herk being tied to it by his wire collar. As even the most carefully designed merry-go-rounds intended for charm bracelets are comparatively heavy, this requires a pretty powerful flea. A lady flea is then introduced and two gentlemen fleas fight a duel with swords over her. The girl flea has a tiny tissue-paper fan glued to her foreleg and each of the duelists has a minute, shiny bit of fine wire glued to his foreleg to represent a sword. These fleas have to be held upright by fastening them to wires set perpendicularly in the top of a flat board. When the gentlemen fleas are brought together, the board is given a slight tap and they'll wave their legs, thus giving the effect of dueling.

Now comes the Ben Hur chariot race. Several miniature chariots, each with a flea hitched to it, are put on the table and started off. This event is fully as exciting as a turtle race and can be bet on by the audience.

The grand finale is the Court Ball at Maxim's. A flea orchestra is placed on top of the music box, one flea mounted upright by a fine wire before a set of small drums, another with two round bits of silver paper glued to his forelegs to serve as cymbals, and others with twisted pieces of wire to represent horns and trumpets. When the music box is started, the vibrations make the fleas wave their legs and give the impression they are creating the music. Meanwhile other fleas in dresses made of minute cones of colored tissue paper wrapped around them with only their heads protruding are turned loose on the metal plate. Each pair of dancers is held together by an invisible thread so they can't separate and as the pairs are pointed in different directions when placed on the plate, in trying to escape they go round and round, giving the effect of waltzing.

Personally, I don't like gluing things to the fleas or tying them to wires. After awhile, darned if you don't develop a sort of affection for the little bloodsuckers. They don't seem to mind wearing collars; at least, when you put them on your arm to feed they have no hesitation in biting you and swelling up like miniature balloons which they wouldn't do if emotionally disturbed.

Although I consider my troupe the most valuable fleas in North America, I must admit I didn't have the patience to create my own equipment. The handmade aluminum equipment and the four talented critters in the photograph on pages 70-71 are four acts in Ronald Hoffman's Coyote Gulch Flea Circus at Atlantic City's Steel Pier. Hoffman doesn't see eye to eye with the Mannix methods and he's written a soon-to-be-published book explaining how he does it.

In the meantime, anyone interested in booking *my* act had better work fast. My wife's around again with the insecticide.

—Daniel P. Mannix

IS YOURS THE Winning Number ON THIS LARSON?

50 opportunities to win a Larson Medallion. It's easy . . . just take your Lucky Number Coupon (below) to a participating Larson dealer. (See list next page).

Even a stereo tape player is standard in Larson's 16′ Medallion 166. This limited edition, deluxe model marks Larson's Golden Jubilee.

Are you looking for a special boat? This 16′ Medallion 166 includes a stainless steel enclosed, corrosion resistant stereo tape player.

Just a gimmick? No Sir! It's a great pleasure to have static free, uninterrupted music on board. Quiet tunes for fishing. Jazzy for the beach. Or rock for dock dancing. Of course we recommend romantic mood for moonlight runs. You can detach it for home use too.

Wrapped around this stereo is a first class fibreglass runabout at a reasonable price. It includes a modified vee, lapline hull with Larson's "Million Bubble Ride", golden convertible top, stern cover and side curtains, golden bucket type sunbather seats, instrument cluster, horn, and a handsome panelled interior with storage.

You may have already won one with this number . . . Look the Medallion 166 over at your local Boat Show at the Larson dealer's booth (see next page) and check the winning number list. You may come home with a Larson.

We urge you to compare the value/quality built into a Larson against any other brand.

Write for free catalog and Price Comparison Chart of 67 models of 14 brands.

LITTLE FALLS, MINN., WESTFIELD, MASS., NASHVILLE, GA.

THIS IS YOUR
GOLDEN JUBILEE SWEEPSTAKES NUMBER

C 302823

Take it to Larson dealer's booth at the Boat Show (see next page for easy rules and dealer listing). Expires May 31, 1966.

A

Plus Golden Jubilee Sweepstakes has reserved 20,000 Early Entry Gifts plus local drawings for over 100 Boat Show Bonus Fishing Boats

There's nothing to buy or write in this Golden Jubilee Sweepstakes celebrating Larson's 50th year of boat building. Just take your Golden Jubilee Lucky Number to the local Boat Show, check the list of winning numbers, or at the Larson dealer's store. You may come home with 1 of 50 Medallion boats.

Prizes include 25 Comboard models with 110 hp. Mercruiser engines and 25 outboard models. Plus 20,000 gifts for the early entries and a local Boat Show drawing for fishing boats to be held by your local dealer at the conclusion of your Boat Show.*

There are plenty of winners and you will enjoy looking over the beautiful, Medallion styled 1966 Larson line.

**Offer void where prohibited by law. Employees and their families of Larson Boat Works, Inc., Larson Boat Dealers, their advertising agency are not eligible. All Federal, State and local regulations apply.*

CONTEST RULES

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED—HERE IS ALL YOU DO

1. Take your Golden Jubilee Larson Number to your Larson Boat Dealer or to the Larson Boat Display at your local boat show and compare your number with the list of winning numbers on the Golden Jubilee Sweepstakes Display.
2. If you have a winning number, mail your winning coupon by registered mail along with your name and address to the judging organization:

D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION
25 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y. 10010

The judging organization whose decisions are final will verify your winning number. Winning numbers must be postmarked by May 31, 1966, and received by June 10, 1966.

3. Winning numbers have been selected by electronic computer under the supervision of the judging organization.
4. Sweepstakes open to residents in the U.S.A. where made available by participating Larson Boat Dealers except in Nebraska and wherever prohibited by law. Employees and their families of Larson Boat Works, Inc., Larson Boat Dealers, their advertising agency and the D. L. Blair Corporation are not eligible. All Federal, State and local regulations apply.

FILL OUT AND LEAVE WITH DEALER FOR LOCAL BONUS PRIZE DRAWING

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Phone_____

☐ I already own a _____ Boat

☐ Send me information on 1966 Larsons

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**Check Newspaper Classified Section for Larson Dealer in your area.*

Great boats come from careful hands, a critical eye and a genius for subtle design

Larson

DEATH OF A GIANT

[*Continued from page* 48]

formation occurred. Belmonte's body, which had been relaxed and slumped, suddenly stiffened and straightened gracefully and he seemed to grow with the animal as it charged. His back arched, he went up on the point of his left foot in the classic, beautiful, old-fashioned way. He swung the muleta lure inches in front of the heifer's horns, and his arm seemed to extend beyond physical possibility so that the animal was led beyond the man's body as though its nose were sewed to the cloth.

"Olé!" breathed the foreman, forgetting the passage of years, forgetting the matador's age, lost in familiar admiration for the man's skill.

When the heifer realized it had hit nothing solid, it wheeled and charged again. Belmonte was waiting for it, the muleta in front of him spread wide like a sail. As the animal charged from the right, Belmonte drew the cloth across his body, his whole torso going through with the charge, *cargando la suerte,* the horn grazing his waist. No longer was he an infirm old man—now he was a graceful, regal, hypnotist.

"Olé!" cried the foreman aloud, as though he'd never before seen the man in action, as though he were in the audience at a bullring.

Fifteen more passes Belmonte gave the animal, controlling it perfectly, the wooden sword spreading the folds of the cloth. Then he took the sword out, tempting the baffled heifer with only half the earlier target. Finally he lurched away from the animal, leaving it completely dominated, its gray tongue out. Sweaty and panting, but flushed with the pleasure of it, the man came over to his horse and put his forehead down on the sheepskin-covered saddle.

Now Mateos could no longer forget; it had really been a mirage he'd witnessed, an illusion of the youth and grandeur that had been—and was no longer.

"Enough, Don Juan," Mateos whispered prayerfully under his breath. "Enough."

"No," Belmonte coughed. "No, not enough."

He got on his horse and cantered off to cut another heifer from the herd.

"Stop, Don Juan!" cried Mateos. But he knew it would do no good, so he spurred his horse and galloped after him to help.

Six more animals Belmonte fought like this. But the encounters had taken their toll and now he was once again an old man; he was pale and trembling and wet with sweat when he at last hauled himself into the saddle after the final heifer.

"Get—get some of the men and round up the seed bull," Belmonte gasped.

"What, Don Juan?"

"Bring it into the little ring."

"The seed bull!" Mateos was white at the thought.

"The one Senor Graña wants to take to Peru!"

"But Don Juan—"

"We'll test it in the ring."

"Don Juan, it's enormous—"

"Get it."

The man shook his head slowly, tragically; the top of Belmonte's head would not be as high as the seed bull's shoulders and Belmonte's arms would not be nearly as long as its rapier horns. He started to protest again. But he looked at the steely eyes of the old matador. Mateos turned his horse and cantered off as ordered.

Belmonte took the longer way home, riding slowly through fields he had not seen in months as though wanting to check every last foot of his beloved ranch; this very ranch was one he had fought bulls on, illegally and at night by the light of a stolen lantern, the very ranch he had coveted so when he was a ragged, hungry boy.

When he got back to the courtyard the foreman was already there.

"Well?" said Belmonte. He eased down from his horse, slowly, wearily, but ready for the next encounter, the last encounter.

"Don Juan," the man hesitated, "I—we could not find the seed bull."

"You what?" Belmonte said.

"We looked—all over. He wasn't in his usual field."

Belmonte glowered at the man.

"He must have—wandered away," said the foreman evasively.

"*Mierda!*" Belmonte snorted angrily. "One doesn't just lose a seed bull!"

The man lowered his eyes. Belmonte stared hard at him. Then he gave a sad laugh and put his hand on Mateos' shoulder.

"*Gracias,* Mateos," he said affectionately.

"Don Juan—is—is there anything else I can do for you?"

Belmonte shook his head and there were suddenly tears in his eyes. "No—Mateos—no—nothing—thank you for everything."

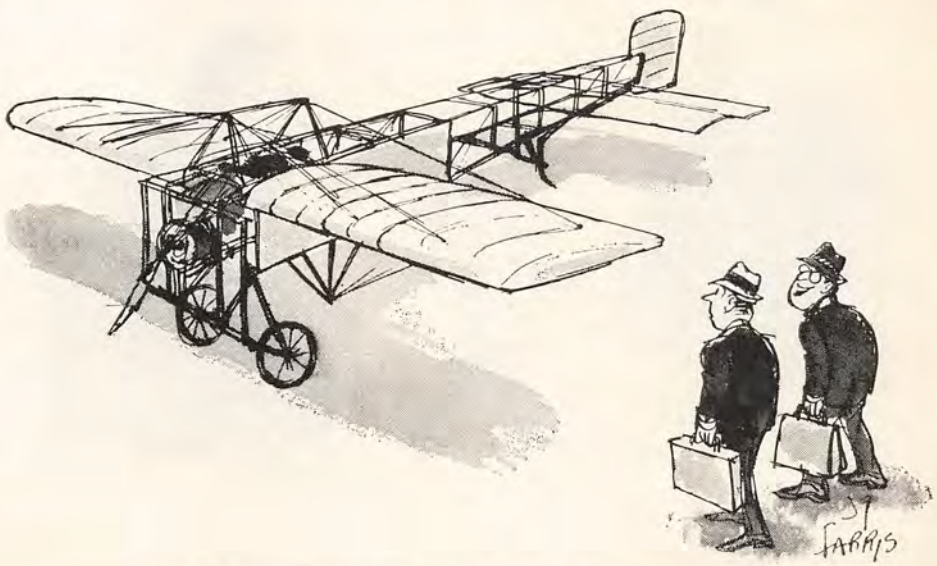
Belmonte turned and went into the house. Wearily, he took off his chaps and his jacket and shirt. He put on the yellow top of a pair of pajamas and his faded brown bathrobe with the hard object in the right hand pocket—a small pistol that he kept there against intruders.

He went from his bedroom into the big living room. It was white and handsomely decorated in the simple style of an aristocratic Andaluz ranch. There were no bull's heads, no faded posters, no crossed swords as in most retired matadors' houses. There were books—a great many books, books on every subject and all of them read and reread by this extraordinary man who had only had two years of schooling. At least a dozen of the books were about Belmonte himself. One of them, by Chavez Nogales and Leslie Charteris, says in the introduction:

"If, without ever having heard of Belmonte, you were told that a man who was practically a cripple, who was certainly a physical wreck, could become the greatest bullfighter in the world, would you not say that if he did it would be performing a miracle?"

Around the room were some photos of his grandchildren, his son, his daughters. And a photo of Julia—his estranged wife Julia—looking cool and aristocratic and reproachful in her house in Madrid. And on a bookcase was a photo of Belmonte with the king of Spain in 1917 and the king, with his hand on Belmonte's shoulder, looking flushed and proud, since he'd just seen Belmonte put up one of the greatest fights in Madrid's history and the bull had been dedicated to him and Belmonte was still in his sweaty, blood-streaked suit of lights looking at the camera cynically, not particularly impressed by the king's attention, thinking, perhaps, how good a hot bath would feel. And next to it was a gay snapshot of Belmonte and Douglas Fairbanks, taken when Fairbanks had come out to the ranch for the weekend and Fairbanks was showing Belmonte how to use the cape and was doing surprisingly well though laughing at himself the while.

And there was the photo of Joselito, the week before he was killed in the arena at Talavera, aged 25. And there was a photo of Joselito's brother, Rafael "El Gallo"—the bald, pathetic, appealing, indispensable friend of his youth who'd only been dead a few short lonely months now. And how the old man had



"We were one of the first to have a company plane."

lingered and whimpered and dribbled his food on himself as he lay there in bed and tried to feed himself. Joselito had been luckier, much luckier.

And the photo of Belmonte's 16-year-old grandson, his best friend, the only one who would ride with him whenever he wanted and liked to tilt the cattle with him and hear how it was in the old days. But they'd taken him far away to school, and now there was no laughter, no youth, at Gomez Cardeña.

And then, nearby, the photo of a pretty young woman, a South American girl, Amina Assis, who had come to him a year ago to study the science of fighting bulls from horseback. She had brightened the ranch considerably, and how he looked forward to her visits. He had been fond of her—not in love with her—but fond of her and flattered by her interest and company. Here was someone he could teach and help. But now she had left him too. Everything—everyone—seemed to have left him, and he was of no use to anyone. If there was only something more he could give to the world—but he'd given all he had to give.

On the coffee table was a copy of *Ferdinand the Bull,* a present from an American diplomat. But nothing else about bullfighting except the painting by Spain's great artist of this century, Zuloaga. On the left of the fireplace was his big oil showing the young Belmonte striding across the ring with blood running down his wounded leg.

Now Belmonte walked past the fireplace with its mounted elk's head to the French doors and then out onto the porch. Down below was the little bull arena where he tested the calves for bravery.

How many hundreds, how many thousands had he tested since his third and final retirement from the ring? He stared out across the fields past the olive trees on the little hills. He stayed there a long time. It was as though he were looking for something, as though he were looking for the seed bull, a big black seed bull, the biggest black seed bull of all. He came back into the room and sat down in front of a little table by the book shelves. Asunción came in from the pantry.

"Don Juan, it's late, you must be starving for some lunch."

"No," he said.

"A little gazpacho?" she said. "You should eat."

He shook his head.

You can help too!

JOIN UP JOIN IN!

Then as she started to leave, he said, "Turn the p-p-pump on."

"But there's enough water now," she protested.

"Turn it on," he commanded harshly. Then he added gently, "And—thank you Asunción, I'm sorry—I'm sorry I don't feel like one of your good lunches. And thank you for any t-t-trouble I've caused you in the past—or in the f-f-future."

She turned the switch that started the noise of the motor. It was not really loud, but it would be enough. He got up and went to the sideboard. He poured out a small glass of gin—gin that he kept only for his friends—and went back to the table. From a drawer he took a pen, a bottle of green ink and a piece of his stationery. He sipped the gin as he wrote a brief line: "No one is to be blamed for my death—Juan."

How long had this moment been in preparation? How many days, weeks or years had it been in the making? In one of the books on the bookshelf near him, Camus spoke of suicide's preparing itself, "like a work of art, secretly in the heart," without the artist's being aware of the process.

Before he shoved his right hand into the pocket of his bathrobe, before his fingers closed around the butt of the little 6.35 millimeter pistol, did he look up at the portrait? Did he think back to that day which the painter had immortalized when his leg was bleeding and 24,000 people were screaming their love for him?

Or did it go back, way, way back when love had ceased for him, when he was a dirty little street urchin around the streets of Sevilla? Maybe he thought back to the day—that terrible, wrenching, never-to-be-forgotten day—when he was eight years old—when they told him his mother had died.

What a long time ago that was. God, the terrors and the hunger and the failures and triumphs and the glories he had known since then.

At a very early age little Juan learned that if anyone was going to pull his brother and himself out of the quagmire of poverty, it would have to be he. His father was a drunkard who promptly married Juan's dead mother's sister and sired 11 more children, none of whom was he prepared to feed. Little Juan worked at odd jobs and indulged in petty stealing to help the family.

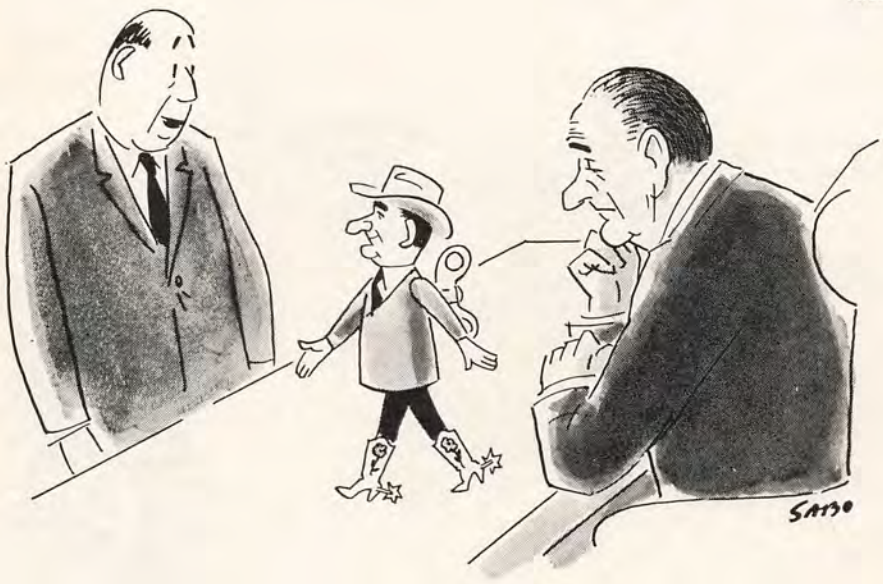
But then one day when he was 16 he saw a famous matador, the fine clothes he was wearing, the exotic style he traveled in, the beautiful woman on his arm, and the respect he was accorded everywhere. Juan resolved to be the greatest bullfighter ever and he went around telling people of his intention. He was hooted at, for he was a sickly, bandy-legged stammerer.

But inside the spindly frame this little mushroom of a boy had a passion of *having* to be great, of *having* to get somewhere. It was not in spite of his physical shortcomings that he was to become the world's greatest bullfighter—it was because of them.

He joined a group of hoodlums who also yearned to be toreros. For the next two years, he and the gang would cross the Guadalquivir river at night and "poach" on the ranches. It was a dangerous game, not only because of the big dangerous animals they fought out in the fields in semidarkness but because of the armed guards who roamed the ranches for the explicit reason of keeping aspirant toreros from caping the bulls and hence teaching them about the ways of man and spoiling them for the ring. Many nights they were shot at.

Belmonte showed such promise in these

TRUE



"There's nothing we can do, chief—the fellow who makes 'em started his factory with an antipoverty loan."

clandestine nocturnal affairs that word spread. He was given a chance to perform in minor corridas and did well, but was badly gored in one of them, the first of some four dozen wounds he would receive in his life.

Then it happened—the break he had been waiting for: a fight in the Madison Square Garden of bullfighting, the big Plaza de Toros of Sevilla was offered to him. After renting a costume, paying his helpers and other expenses, he would have only four pesetas left but no matter, it was the opportunity of a lifetime. He went into the ring ill and weak from both hunger and the wound. He could do nothing with the first huge and cowardly animal and with the second he was even worse. The exhausted boy was unable to kill it. Each time that he would line up the bull, sight down the blade, and run at the target, the bull would toss him.

Juan would drag himself off the ground reluctantly ("How beautiful it was to lie there") and go back for another try and another tossing. But he could not kill it, and the final trumpet sounded which meant the bull was to be taken alive from the ring, the most shameful thing that can befall a torero. It was quite clear now that he was a disgrace, that he would never fight again in Sevilla or perhaps anywhere else, that his career was ended. So nothing mattered.

Tears flooded his eyes as he threw down his sword and muleta and ran to the bull, dropping to his knees before it.

"Kill me," he sobbed, "kill me, bull, kill me!"

But the bull was taken from the ring and the boy was left to the howling mob.

That one fight exiled him from all the rings around Sevilla. He went back to day laboring, dredging the river. For the rest of the year he avoided his friends and tried to put bullfighting out of his mind. However when spring came with the new bullfighting season, back came Belmonte's old dreams. But where could he get a fight now? He left Sevilla and went across Spain to Valencia where daily he pestered the impresario. Finally, when one young matador refused to fight because of the size of the bulls, Belmonte was put on the program at the last minute. He did well and was offered more *corridas*. But he wanted to go back to the Sevilla arena, to redeem himself. Sevilla, however, wanted no more of this clown who had so thoroughly botched his first appearance. The only way Belmonte could wangle another was to agree to fight free and as the third matador with two young stars.

The crowd booed and jeered at Juan when he came into the ring, his head down. They were still laughing as Belmonte snatched up his cape and went at the bull with tears of rage in his eyes. Ten feet from the animal he stopped. He stood like a post. He planted his feet. He put them down on the sand as though they were screwed there. He was incapable of stepping back out of the horn's way. The bull charged and he executed the greatest veronica of his life—the bare, Spartan pass where no trick can hide a lack of grace or courage. Five times the bull charged and five times Belmonte should have been killed. He ended up the series with a half-veronica that was so close the horn ripped off one side of his jacket.

The crowd was too amazed to cheer on the first passes, but soon it began to stamp and scream and then it didn't stop. He was even greater with his second bull.

He kept working closer and closer to the animal until to get closer meant to be on the horns, and suddenly that's where he was—up in the air with five inches of horn spiked into his thigh, and then he was flung to the ground. He hauled himself to his feet, grabbed the sword, and lurched forward to sink it into the bull. It fell dead at his feet, and the crowd spilled down into the ring to hoist the groggy and bleeding matador to their shoulders and parade him out of the plaza and down the street, screaming in unison, "Viva Belmonte, viva the Earthquake from Triana!"

Then and there, on July 21, 1912, began a revolution in bullfighting. Belmonte had created a statuesque style that afternoon which even he had never dreamed was possible.

After his first fight in Madrid, the biggest arena in Spain, the usually conservative critic Don Modesto wrote: "I swear by my honor as a Castilian *hidalgo* that there never has been a performance with the muleta as enormous, as formidable as yesterday. It was simply the greatest 'faena' since the beginning of bullfighting."

With each new fight, with each new season, Belmonte seemed to curl the bulls around him in tighter and tighter circles. The public was paying delightedly; for the last eight fights before becoming a full matador he received $9,700, the largest sum that ever had been paid a novillero. He had suddenly become the hero of all Spain. His craggy face began to be reproduced everywhere, even on the radiator caps of Rolls Royces. It had all come true—the money, the women, the friends, the fame.

But while Belmonte's skill increased and his fame won him more money than he could possibly spend, the unrelenting demands of the bullring wore him down and he became physically weaker, paler, and more humped. During the bull season he would force himself to fight five or six times a week, and, in 1919, in one period of 180 days he racked up the incredible record of 109 corridas. It still stands unbeaten, even though modern matadors have the benefits of planes and fast cars to take them from arena to arena.

Then his best friend and great rival, Joselito, was killed in the arena and Belmonte retired, heartbroken. He managed to stay away from the arenas for the next two years. Then he came back and the critics said he'd never been greater.

Belmonte re-retired six years later but the same thing happened. He couldn't stay away. In 1944 he was "retired" again, theoretically content to raise bulls on his ranch. After having killed some 1,463 bulls in his 15 seasons as a full matador (not to mention hundreds of others as a novillero and in exhibition fights), he was in the best health of his life, not a gray hair on his head, and active; but his body

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was so scarred he looked as though someone had played tic-tac-toe on it with a soldering iron.

He had his daughters, his wife, his grandchildren, and Juanito, an illegitimate son whom he had recognized legally in 1935 (and who became, incidentally, a good matador on his own).

For fun and charity Belmonte would perform in about 15 exhibition fights a year. One day in 1945 he was doing a benefit show in Barcelona. He had put up a fine performance of Portuguese-style fighting—that is, a man mounted on a specially trained horse outmaneuvering the bull while placing banderillas. He was going to finish off the bull from horseback, but the crowd protested, demanding a display of the old magic.

Actually the bull was too big and treacherous to be fought on foot, but Belmonte always felt a debt to the crowd that had made him. He climbed off the horse and threw his riding jacket up to a friend in the first row of the stands. With the red muleta cape draped over the sword, he went out toward the animal chanting softly, "Ahaaaa, toro bonito"—charge, pretty bull, charge.

In a few minutes the crowd was on its feet screaming "Olé!" What he did that afternoon with that unmanageable animal was unbelievable. But what he did with himself, with his body, the way he became young again, was more so.

When the crowd was hoarse from cheering, and Belmonte knew that the exact moment had come to kill, that the bull was learning too much, he "squared" it up for the "moment of truth." But the crowd set up a clamor, wanting more.

He knew very well that the bull did not have another pass in it, that now, and right now, and only now, was the time to kill. But for one of the few times in his life, he listened to the crowd. He let them sway his judgment. He hesitated. He glanced up at a friend in the seats, shrugged with a grim smile as though to say, "You can never give them enough."

Then he turned back to do another pass. On the first charge the bull hooked into his chest, hard. As the crowd screamed, the bull carried him, dangling helplessly from a horn, out into the very center of the ring and slammed him down to the sand, bloody and unconscious. He lay there on his back, straight and stiff, his arms rigid in the air in a grotesque embrace, the fingers hooked as though ready to claw at something—maybe at death.

No longer a god, he was just an injured old man; and the crowd was shocked and stunned and guilty as his inert form was rushed out of the ring.

He came to in the infirmary, murmuring, "This is it, now this is it, I know this is it, to think that this is it now!"

But that wasn't "it." A month later he was up and around, vowing he would never fight again. And four months later he was in his private ring working over the two-year-olds. And six months later he was again listening to the roar of the crowd from down in the arena of the big Sevilla ring, the plaza where he has fought so many "farewell" fights.

"The truth of the matter is," Belmonte confessed, "that I shall probably never retire. When I can't handle bulls, I shall take on calves, and after that I shall probably swing my cape on goats, and then, perhaps, once again bicycles—but I am a torero, and fight I must!"

And in that statement is the heart of the reason why on April 8, 1962, at the age of almost 70, Juan Belmonte took the little pistol from his bathrobe pocket, held it to his right temple, and pulled the trigger.

No one had ever suspected he would take his own life, and the nation was shocked and grieved. With the explosion of that pistol the last vestige of the Golden Era of bullfighting was gone. The newspapers could write of nothing else on the front pages for days. They gave their greatest hero a huge funeral in Sevilla and thousands followed him through the streets as he was carried on their shoulders to and from the bullring for the last time on the way to the cemetery.

All Spaniards cried inwardly at their loss and during the next weeks they speculated for hours in the cafes over one burning question:

Why had he done it?

The night before he had remarked with some humor to a friend: "There are only three things in life that I still like to do—make love, ride horses, and fight bulls, and my doctor has forbidden me all of them. I should like to die doing one of those things."

The same friend recalled coming into a restaurant the year before and seeing Belmonte sitting with the newspaper reporting Hemingway's suicide across his lap.

"Isn't that terrible?" remarked the friend.

"Not at all," said Belmonte calmly. "The glories were past for him. It was time."

In Catholic Spain there was criticism for his suicide. But most people understood how it was for a man as great and complicated as Juan Belmonte and admired his courage.

"He knew when to leave the party," said one man, admiringly. "He did not want to be a burden on anyone."

"He was the most courageous man who ever lived," another summed it up. "Death was the last bull of his life and he was no more afraid of it than he was of any of the others." **—Barnaby Conrad**

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SADDLE UP THE SNOWBURNERS

[*Continued from page 73*]

where lunkers dwell. In addition, snowmobile competition is developing rapidly. Rallies and cross-country contests are all growing in popularity. And, it seems, there are a lot of snow lovers who like to take off across midwinter drifts just for the sheer freezing hell of it.

What it all adds up to is a sudden volcano of business for the manufacturers, who now number at least two dozen. Things were not always so happy for snowmobile experimenters. A lot of nutty machines were built and a lot of money lost by pioneers in the field before the device reached its present stage. Ambitious dreamers have been working on snowmobiles for at least 40 years and today no one is really sure who invented the thing.

Up in Sayner, Wisconsin, Carl Eliason remembers clearly his early "motor toboggans." As a matter of fact, some are still in active use. "They were eight to 10 feet long," he recalls, "and we mounted them on what would look like wide water skis today. We used a motorcycle engine to chain-drive an endless belt under the driver-passenger seat."

The same principles are used on modern machines but, of course, today's snowmobiles are smaller and lighter. They have fiber glass bodies and weigh in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. The engines are usually rated at around 10 to 14 hp.

Eliason says the old-time devices were faster and better built than the modern ones. (Also a lot more expensive. Today's models sell for about $900.) "They were fast, all right," he says. "A couple of years ago they had a race over at Eagle River. An old trapper came down with one of my first models. The thing looked like a wreck and no one gave him a chance. But darned if he didn't win the race. Some of our machines would do 75 miles an hour back when we built them. Nobody's claiming that kind of speed today." Eliason is now a dealer for Evinrude and selling a snowmobile called Skeeter which can zip along at about 30 mph.

The outstanding snowmobile pioneer and one of the few who stayed with the dream was a French-Canadian with the unlikely name of Armand Bombardier. Bombardier took his first crack at mechanical snow-motion as a teen-ager back in 1926. He anchored an aircraft engine and a propeller on the back of a sled. The clumsy contraption worked surprisingly well on the main street of Valcourt, Bombardier's tiny Quebec hometown, but it foundered completely in deep drifts whenever it left the road.

Later, Bombardier tried harnessing an automobile engine to a drive track. It didn't work much better and the engine would overheat even in the bitter Quebec cold. He realized that for the kind of performance he was looking for, he'd need a small, efficient aircooled engine. But there weren't any around at the time. The snowmobile would have to wait.

In the meantime, Bombardier had set up a factory to make large snow tractors for commercial use. In 1936, the big double-track vehicles started lumbering out of his little plant. During World War II, he designed and built the Penguin, a Bren gun carrier that would go anywhere. Bombardier used his own patented flexible rubber track. By now he was inventing both vehicles and the equipment that made them. He created new machines to drag logs through the snow, charge across swamps to explore for oil, plow roads and track through the muskeg country of the polar regions. Sir Vivian Fuchs used a Bombardier Muskeg as part of his equipment in 1957-58 when he crossed the Antarctic to the South Pole in temperatures of 60 below.

Business boomed but Armand Bombardier still wanted to build a successful snowmobile. He had created successful big machines, but they wouldn't work for the early morning milkman making his rounds before the roads were plowed or for a trapper traveling cross-country.

Then in 1959, with light two-cycle engines now available, Armand came up with the small vehicle he had started out to invent 33 years before. It would be a motorized replacement for a team of huskies, so he called it a Ski-Dog. Buyers misread the name as a pun on the old catch phrase: "23 skiddoo." Armand didn't care what they called it so long as they bought it. They bought plenty. By the time of his death in 1964, it had become enormously successful.

Bombardier's first Ski-Doos were built for strictly utilitarian purposes. He created it for use by rural postmen and priests and, at the time, speed didn't seem vastly important. Today, with races and rallies, gymkhanas and marathons, becoming more and more popular, a predictable process has begun. The new goal is to hot up the performance.

It isn't simply a matter of speed, however. With differing top-speed ratings, Moto-Skis, Ski-Doos, Fox Tracs, Polaris', Evinrude Skeeters and Johnson Skee-Horses have all won major contests. Driving can be like taking a motorcycle over an obstacle course where the bumps don't show till you hit them, or skiing all afternoon at full schuss. Many drivers prefer a kneeling crouch for driving, rather than sitting astride. Leaning into turns is important, particularly on a slope, and traversing and cornering on a

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steep hill requires considerable skill. A quick stop in the middle of a turn, using the handlebar brake which most models mount, can make the machine spin out in place or possibly roll. The two-seater sports vehicles, as a rule, use fail-safe throttles that stop the track if the driver is thrown off. Basic driving, however, is easy to learn. Kids—or anyone else—can normally check out in a few minutes. Riding cross-country to school winter mornings is part of the new look down on the farm.

Riding cross-country is also developing as a sport. One owner decided to set a distance record last year and covered the 252 miles from Ely, Minnesota, to the St. Paul Winter Carnival in 26 hours, part of the way in 35-below-zero weather.

Last March, Monte Wight of Idaho Falls, Idaho, got permission from Yellowstone Park officials to make a two-day tour with a few friends on two-man machines. He contacted 30 owners to see who would like to try it. Incredibly, all 30 accepted and some drove from halfway across the country, towing their snowmobiles on trailers. They completed the 120-mile run in two days with no problems. The roads were unplowed, drifts topped 15 feet and the weather was a steady 15 to 24 below zero.

All kinds of new sports ideas have been developed using the speedy little scooters. There is even a form of snowmobile roulette in which a blindfolded driver steers through an obstacle course while his passenger behind tries to shout directions. Most snowmobiles have headlights and racing along unmarked trails at night has become popular with owners who can't make the sport dangerous enough by daylight.

But, while most snowmobile purchasers buy them for fun, new commercial applications are also being developed. The manufacturer of Arctic Cat flew mechanics to northern Finland to teach Lapps how to use the machines on reindeer roundups. The Lapps needed them badly because reindeer rustlers were sneaking over the Russian border and cutting animals out of the herds with Soviet snowmobiles.

Nurses at the famous Grenfell hospital in Labrador report that they make a six-hour dogsled call in less than two hours using a snowmobile. But, oddly enough, the Eskimos, who were originally considered a natural market, have proved difficult customers. They complain that the vehicles can't sniff their way home in a blizzard the way a dog team can. The next step, obviously, is a snowmobile with an automatic homing device.

—William Taylor McKeown

A BIRD THAT LIVES WEST OF NOWHERE

[*Continued from page* 59]

sage. You couldn't leave the road now if you wanted to; both sides are bordered by insurmountable rocks. And the road itself,washed by the violent rains typical of this arid land, is a bed of rocks. Only the largest have been rolled out by some earlier traveler. Little rocks and big ones, some so big you wonder whether your high-sprung, four-wheel drive car will clear them, comprise the road. You crawl over them in the lowest gear, sometimes barely moving, sometimes reaching the breathtaking speed of 10 miles an hour on a rare smooth stretch.

By this time you are devoting your every attention to the road, wondering whether it will continue to get progressively worse and, if so, how much farther you can go. Your companion suddenly says, "Stop!"

On his side, 50 yards away, is a covey of birds, big birds, gray like their surroundings, with pointed tails and the full plump bodies characteristic of all grouse. The car comes to a rest against another rock. You switch it off and open the door. The sage hens, the biggest American grouse, flush.

They leave the ground heavily, but once airborne they move quite swiftly, alternately flapping and sailing, tilting occasionally. There are 20, maybe 25, in a loose-knit flock. You don't move nor permit your eye to leave them. They cross the first low ridge, soar over a shallow valley and finally light.

Can you mark them down in this country almost totally devoid of landmarks? Maybe. They're about 200 yards to the left of the highest point on the ridge where they lit. There is a patch of big sagebrush a little to the left of them. You notice a big black rock on the ridge they crossed, almost in line. You memorize these points carefully before you turn away. They won't walk far. You decide you can find the spot.

Your companion already has the guns out of their cases. The dog is autographing every nearby bush; it has been a long ride. You put on your hunting vest, make sure there are shells in the pockets and start. You make the dog walk at heel. It would be pointless to let it hunt now, and there is no water.

When you reach the first ridge, beside the black rock, you look back. The car has grown surprisingly small. You look ahead. You've come halfway. This country is so big! Everything is farther than it seems.

You trudge on, sweating in the hot September sun, teetering on the rocks, stepping down off one, then up onto the next. Only rarely do you feel the sheer pleasure of taking a few steps on a little patch of soil among the rocks.

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You're getting close. You check your gun to make sure you really did load it. That seems so long ago. You look back again. The rock and far-distant car are properly in line. The two of you are 50 yards apart. If the sage grouse have wandered to right or left, one of you, at least, should get shooting.

You watch ahead intently. Only rocks and the sparse, shoe-top-high sage and the still sparser, shorter grass are visible. You find yourself tightening up in anticipation, clutching your gun as though somebody might try to take it from you. You stumble on, now watching ahead so intently for the first sign of movement that your feet must find their own way among the rocks. You whisper fiercely to your dog to make it stay at heel. Sage hens in this kind of cover, if indeed it deserves to be called cover, will seldom hold.

On and on. First doubt, then disappointment. The birds must have flown farther; you marked them down wrong. You check the clump of big sagebrush, the high point of the ridge, the big rock back toward the car. No, this was the spot. Maybe they flew again while you weren't looking.

Then, with shocking suddenness, you hear the thrilling roar of strong wings biting air. A bird has flushed. It's close. Then you see and hear another, six, a dozen. They're everywhere! You've walked right into them. How could birds so big have hidden on this barren, rocky ridge?

Your companion shoots. Your own gun comes up. You pick a bird and swing with it. A puff of feathers; it pitches down. You weren't conscious of pulling the trigger; you didn't feel the recoil. You find another sage hen, swing with it. Another hit. The dog is racing to where the first one fell. You look for another target. They're gone.

Shaking a little, vastly gratified, you look for your companion. He's hurrying ahead, obviously toward a down bird. You take the first one from the dog and send it for the other. The dog finds it. You take your dog to help your companion, now carrying one bird and looking for a second.

The dog swings wide on the way and points, but as you hurry toward it, a lone straggler flushes out of range. No matter. Two doubles are enough. Your dog finds the fourth bird, 10 yards farther than your companion thought.

Now you can sit down and light a pipe and gloat a little and enjoy your surroundings and draw your birds. Sage hens, living at this season on a diet made up almost exclusively of sagebrush leaves, take on an acrid, bitter flavor if they aren't dressed immediately after they are killed. The strong odor of the sage permeates their flesh until they are inedible.

As far as you can see in all directions,

there is no sign of life, no sign of civilization whatever save for your own car, still sitting in the road a mile away. An hour ago the country had seemed so big and barren and desolate that it was almost overpowering. How would you ever find birds in such a place, with food everywhere and no reason whatever why they should favor one spot above any other? But now, successful and relaxed, you have a different feeling. This is the West of Owen Wister. What would have been different here a hundred years ago? Pivoting on your rock, you follow the horizon clear around. There is no house, no fence anywhere, only the gray, unbroken sage rolling on and on to the blue mountains far away. Strangely, the long walk to the car is easier with the heavy sage hens resting comfortably against your back.

Hunting sage hens is made sweeter for me somehow by the feeling that each trip may be the last. This big bird of the arid West, named "Cock of the Plains" by Lewis and Clark when they first described it in 1804, can't cope with civilization. A lone ranch surrounded by miles of unbroken sage is fine. The young birds feed in its green alfalfa meadows in the summer. There was a covey of sage hens on my father's south Idaho homestead when he settled on it in 1912. But he and his neighbors were clearing the land and building irrigation ditches, and the birds were gone long before I could remember them.

Blizzards and searing summer heat, cloudbursts and drought, howling subzero winds of January and the parched earth of September, all these the sage hen takes in stride. It has survived the worst a harsh land could offer for untold centuries. When people begin to crowd him, however, he is done. The plow is his worst enemy, but the mere proximity of people seems somehow to be more than he can endure. There are thousands of acres of unbroken sagebrush in which there are no sage hens, apparently only because they lie too close to the heavily populated, irrigated valleys of the West.

The birds and animals of the treeless West depend primarily on space, on miles of open space where they can go on and on, even to disappearing over the horizon, when they're pursued. To some degree the coyote has learned to live in more cramped quarters. He gets by close to farms and houses. But an antelope wouldn't know what to do with the cover so beloved by a white-tailed deer, even if he had it. And if you put a sage hen down in an old apple orchard, tangled with grape vines, veritable heaven to a ruffed grouse, he would no doubt perish.

A sage hen knows only empty space. Cover, in the conventional sense, is foreign to him. Even where there are places to hide, as in the willows and wild roses along the occasional streams in his domain, he doesn't take advantage of them. He knows only the protection of distance—but he knows that well.

One autumn when we had a 10-day season that included two weekends, I made two separate trips. On the first weekend, in the area I chose, there were hunters everywhere. I suppose we saw 50 cars during the two days, and in each car there were two or three or four hunters. Many of them drove the sagebrush roads, watching for birds. Others got out and walked.

We found one covey of sage hens and they flushed wild! We didn't kill a single bird. I told my friends in the game department that they had badly misjudged the supply. "It's not just that we didn't get any," I insisted, "but with so many other hunters out, if the sage hens were anywhere at all somebody would have found them. Except for one party, nobody we talked to had any birds."

The biologists insisted that sage hens actually were abundant, so I went back to the same area the following weekend. We saw one covey with more than 100 birds! We killed some of them. We also got into two other large coveys and found occasional scattered pairs and singles. And this was all in the very area where we had hunted unsuccessfully the weekend before. Where had they been? I wish I knew. All I know for sure is that there was plenty of room and the birds knew how to use it to the best advantage. After all, if they simply moved out two or three miles from a road, very few hunters would see them. This must have been what they did.

My earliest sage-hen hunts were absurdly easy. We had a season on them in August then and in the evening you could walk along the edge of an alfalfa meadow and you would get shots at birds flying into it to feed and at others flying out when flushed. It wasn't very sporting. Even an adult sage hen falls short of matching the speed of most other upland birds in getting off the ground and out of range, and the young ones are easier. Perhaps the best thing that could be said for hunting at that season is this: Young sage hens that have been feeding on alfalfa are absolutely delicious.

Now, with a September season, a higher percent of old birds are shot, mostly by accident, and the young are more mature. It's far more sporting, but with the birds on a sage diet by then, more care is necessary, both in preparation and cooking.

Like ptarmigan and Hungarian partridge, all a sage hen's flesh is dark. If you don't like turkey drumstick or thigh, you probably wouldn't like sage hen, no matter how it was prepared.

The best way to cook any sage hen, but particularly an old cock, is to broil it over the intense heat of a bed of hardwood coals. Give your friends a bottle to pass around while the fire burns down, then spit your birds and support them over the coals. Turn them occasionally so all sides will cook evenly, baste with salad oil or oil with a little A-1 Sauce mixed in, sprinkle on salt and pepper. When the skin is crusty brown, take them off. Your reputation as a cook will be made

If you can't broil them—and often there's no suitable wood for broiling in sage-hen country—they can be fried like chicken. But not too long. All good meat is made tougher by excessive cooking—you might cook the finest steak

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until nobody could eat it. The worst thing you could possibly do (and one that borders on standard practice among the wives of hunters I know), is to put a sage hen in a pressure cooker and let it go. The longer they cook it, the tougher it gets until it finally falls apart in a sort of mush. Even dogs are not particularly fond of this.

In the days of Lewis and Clark, the sage hen ranged from the Dakotas to California and from southern Utah and Nevada to British Columbia. He was always, however, found only in the presence of sagebrush, his staff of life. Through the period of fur trade and gold rush and the big westward migrations of the 1860's, its territory was much the same. During the time of the cattle barons, and afterward when their holdings were broken up and the public lands of the West were savagely overgrazed by both cattle and domestic sheep, the range of the sage hen expanded. The native grass, home of the sharp-tailed grouse as far west as Oregon, was ruthlessly eaten and torn and trampled out. It was replaced by the hardier and less palatable sagebrush. With it came sage hens.

The abuse of the land, which the Taylor Grazing Act of the 1930's made only a belated start to correct, and which the stockmen continue somewhat less arrogantly to this day, failed to daunt the sage hen. He survived wherever there was sagebrush, even though the hungry cattle found every last spear of grass and erosion swept the topsoil down the hillsides and away in the roily, seasonal streams. But one thing, apparently, aside from sagebrush was necessary—room. He had to have room. When he was crowded, he was done.

So, you ask quite logically, in these times of more and more people, aren't his days numbered? Isn't the population of all the western states expanding? Won't it be just a matter of time until the sage hen is crowded from his last strongholds?

I have that feeling when I hunt him—hunt with a clear conscience, I might add, because the sage hen's deadly enemy is the plow and not the gun. Yet actually, the picture isn't nearly so bleak as it may seem. Not counting the national forests, there are about 170 million acres of public land in the West. It belongs to all the people.

This was land that nobody wanted during the homestead days, that the government didn't give away to the railroads or states. Nearly all of it is arid—unsuited to growing crops without irrigation and with no water available. It is barren, rocky, bleak. It is sage hen country. And so long as the people retain their ownership there should always be sage hens and a place to hunt them.

Of course, the population will continue to grow and more sportsmen will hunt each year, but barring the disaster of good roads into the back country, few of them will reach the heart of the home of the sage hen.

We reached it last September, Phil Fairbanks and his wife and my wife and I, down in the southwest corner of Idaho where it borders on Oregon and Nevada. There are a few ranches here on the widely separated streams, but there are endless miles of open country where a man can hunt all day in any direction and never see a house nor climb a fence nor cross a road. And not once did we have to stop and ask permission. Barring the few small tracts of private land the road crossed, where we carefully closed the wire gates after passing through, we were on *our own* land—public land that belonged to us as much as anyone.

Strangely, finding a place to camp was somewhat of a problem. There were no posted signs, of course. Nobody threatened to throw us off. But we drove for miles as the sun dropped lower and lower toward the West, crawling on over the rocky road, watching the rocky land on both sides, and we didn't find anyplace where we could drive a tent stake. Everything was rock. At last, under a basaltic rim, along the edge of a meadow, we found a spot with grass and soil.

We parked the cars and sent the women out to gather sagebrush for our fire and got out the camp table and put a bottle on it. We sat there a little while and the two of us, who should have lived in the days of Jim Bridger and Kit Carson, looked out across the narrow strip of meadow land at the rolling, sagebrush-covered hills beyond. A dozen horses were grazing on a distant slope, so far away that you could never tell whether they were horses or cattle unless you'd wondered many times before and checked by going closer. Half a dozen cows and calves were trailing single file along the opposite side of the meadow.

There was no other life in sight. The western sky, above the rimrock, glowed pale salmon. It was quiet, oh, blessed quiet—no trucks, no trains, no telephone. Talk would have been superfluous. We heard the quavering voice of a coyote, far away. This was the real reason for hunting sage hens.

We made camp, set the food boxes out and put up a lantern—it would soon be dark—and stood the water cans conveniently nearby because this, like most camps in sage-hen country, was far from any spring or stream. We fixed the tent and beds and built a fire, and when the women had gathered enough wood we gave them a little whisky and let them cook.

We ate well that night as the stars snapped and sparkled overhead, the fire burned down to a glowing bed of coals, and the first coyote, joined by all his kinfolk, serenaded us from the rim.

Dawn in a cloudless sky repeated the colors of the sunset when Phil rolled out and built a fire. It was chilly. White frost clothed the meadow like an early snow. I joined him, shivering a little beside the growing blaze, enjoying the wonderful aroma of the sagebrush smoke and gratefully soaking up the heat.

Our enjoyment of the moment was interrupted by a roar overhead. A dozen, a hundred, *countless* sage hens had pitched off the rimrock and were sailing over us. Some were almost in range. I started for my gun, but realized they'd be gone long before I could get it out and load it.

We watched them closely. Flapping, sailing, sometimes towering up and then pitching down crazily again, they flew for a mile into the glowing sunrise and finally settled at the point of a rocky ridge near some willows. Water! Where there are willows, there is water. They were going to water. We turned the women out, hurried breakfast. We walked as rapidly as possible to the spot where we had marked them down.

There was a little stream. We hunted up and down it. We saw where the sage hens had taken their morning drink, but they were gone. We hunted farther and farther out along the ridges on both sides. We made larger circles. Finally, Phil and his wife took one route, Ellen and I another and we hunted back to camp. We got there at noon. We were tired. Our feet hurt. We were desperately thirsty. The temperature had risen from somewhere in the 20's before dawn to the 70's now. We were wet with sweat. And nobody had fired a shot.

We ate and rested. Rip, the weary dog, drank water until we thought it'd split, ate half a can of horse meat, licked its sore feet and passed into oblivion. It had been hot walking in the sun, but here in the shade of our canvas fly the temperature was delightful.

It should have been easy to relax, but Phil and I were restless. To be fooled so completely by those sage hens when we thought we had them dead to rights rankled us. Somewhere between the pool where they'd drunk at dawn and the rim where they'd pitched into flight shortly before, they were now working their way back. No doubt they were feeding slowly along toward their roosting area on a rocky ridge. Maybe they were loafing or enjoying a dust bath. Surely, we could find them.

The time came when we had walked a long way. Our guns were heavy. Holding Rip at heel was no longer a problem because the dog, too, was discouraged. We were plodding up a long, gentle slope, exactly like a hundred others we had climbed that day. It had the same rocks, the same sparse sage, the same scattered clumps of low grass. A bug couldn't hide on it.

I was looking at my feet. This had two advantages: Sometimes I found arrowheads; in fact, I'd already found two. In addition, it kept me from falling down. I was getting so I fell down with no effort. I'd reached the stage where going through the motions of hunting was enough; I'd long since given up finding birds.

Then I heard Phil's gun. It shocked me awake. He was 100 yards away and I hadn't heard the bird, but I looked up in time to see it fall. I started toward him with Rip; it might be hard to find. The way these perfectly camouflaged birds—with their black underparts, white mottled breasts, gray wings, and mottled gray-brown backs and tails—can disappear on even such barren ground is amazing.

I didn't get there. The tired dog simply turned into the breeze and pointed. I stepped ahead of Rip. A great gray bird came up, pounding wings sending deep reverberations through the air. It leveled off with the strange *"Quawk—quawk—quawk"* they sometimes utter. An old cock! I shouldn't shoot an old cock. It'd be tough. It'd weigh four or five pounds. I should wait for a young bird. But we'd hunted so long I'd lost hope. I'd better kill this one. I held dead on and sent a load of 7½'s after it—and missed! It'd looked too easy. Actually, it was moving fairly fast by now and swinging to the right and I'd failed to lead. I shot again and it came down like a tent with broken poles.

Rip went to get it. Another flushed. It was out of range. I brought the gun part way up, then lowered it. I heard wings behind, turned, swinging my 12 gauge as I did, and fired. It was a crossing shot, too close. Feathers flew as though the bird was exploding. I heard Phil shoot again.

Several sage hens flushed out of range, flying over the crest of the ridge ahead. One or two that we had passed got up behind and flew the other way. We had walked smack into the middle of a scattered covey.

We got together. We each had two. We were young again. Rip was a pup. I let the dog hunt the slope and it found one straggler and pointed, but the bird flushed before we could get into range.

We drew our kill, marveling at their plumage. Like all upland birds, the outer feathers were softer than those of waterfowl, but beneath this covering they were coated with down like geese in December. It was thick gray down that insulated them perfectly. Their legs were feathered to the toes. No wonder they could winter on the windswept ridges, feeding unconcernedly along when the temperature was far below zero, the wind howling.

Their crops and gizzards were stuffed with sagebrush leaves, but the gizzards were far different from those of any other upland birds. Lacking completely the big muscles that power the grinding gizzard of a grouse or pheasant, they were much larger and covered only with a thin sheath of muscle. They were, in fact, more like the stomach of a mammal than the gizzard of a chicken. And they contained not one single grain of sand or grit, only a solidly packed mass of leaves. Obviously, on a diet of leaves—tender shoots of grass and weeds during late spring and early summer; sagebrush the rest of the year—sage hens don't need to grind their food as do birds that feed on seeds and berries.

Phil and I had a good line on the birds that had flown on over the ridge, and there was but one thought between us: Let's go! The sun was setting. We had put in a full day, but our moment of success had flushed us with new strength. We could walk on forever.

Fortunately we didn't have to. A bird flushed on my side. It was pretty far, but sage hens get going so slowly. The gun came up and seemed to shoot itself. I was through. The limit was three and I was through. I felt a little sad. We walked another block or so and a bird flushed, almost at Phil's feet, and he waited it out and shot, and that was all.

We sat down on the ridge and drew these last two sage hens. The western sky was on fire with the sunset. The evening breeze, cooling but not yet cold, carried no other odor but the clean aroma of the sage. The wide land stretched away in all directions, unfenced, unscarred. Phil said softly, "This is the greatest hunting there is."

I didn't have to ask him why. The sage hen is the symbol of the West that was. For the moment, we were in it.

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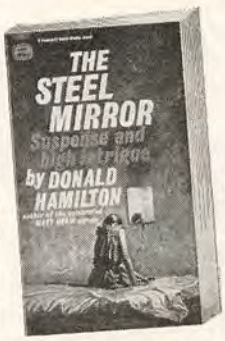

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Asteroid prospecting. Fortunes may yet be reaped from minor planets, say scientists.

Science fiction writers like to depict asteroid miners reaping fortunes from giant diamonds and king-sized chunks of platinum they've found on some lonely rock floating in space. Is this space opera concept just wild imagining or are asteroids—those minor planets which revolve around the sun, mainly between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter—really valuable? Would it be possible to mine them?

Well, Joe Asplund of Detroit, who asks us these questions, shouldn't rush to buy a space suit and prospector's pick, but hard-boiled scientists and engineers say the idea of cashing in on space minerals is perfectly sound.

NASA experts estimate that a recently rediscovered asteroid called Ivar could yield several billion dollars worth of platinum and related metals alone. And this is only one of millions of asteroids. Nobody knows yet how many there are. George M. Kohler, a General Electric Company engineer, was grinning when he estimated between "10 *million* and 10 *billion*" 30 feet or more in diameter, within 20,000,000 miles of earth. Astronomers agree that the number of relatively big ones with diameters of one mile or more runs about 50,000. Some 2,000 have been spotted by telescope and given names.

They come in many sizes. The biggest we know of, Ceres, has a "diameter" of 480 miles. Actually, the asteroids aren't round. Judging from the way they reflect light, many must be jagged chunks of rock. One, Eros, is brick-shaped, about 15 miles long and five miles wide, and is estimated to be five miles thick.

The mineral content of asteroids is deduced partly from the theory that they are the remains of a planet that blew up, partly from examination of meteorites. Many meteorites that have hit the earth have proven to be rich enough in minerals and diamonds to indicate riches in their larger counterparts in space. For example, the big baby that made the Meteor Crater in Arizona is estimated to have held eight tons of platinum. And this meteorite probably had a diameter of only 50 feet.

But how could man extract this wealth, even if the minerals are right on the surface in a pure form—as some are thought to be? Would it pay to mine the stuff way up there? Maybe, maybe not, but the NASA boys are dreaming of closer digging. You land on an asteroid, attach retro-rockets to it and shove the little planet into a course that will get it into orbit around earth. There, close to earth, the freight bill shouldn't run too high—around $10 a pound is one estimate.

But, say the space engineers, there may be an improvement on that: Just land the whole shebang on earth. Using rockets for control, the scientists could, they figure, get entry speed down to 4.7 miles per second and smack the asteroid into the earth at an isolated spot with just enough shock to break it up, without rocking the vicinity too much. Trucks could then haul away the wieldy chunks of treasure from space.

Q: How did the star come to be used as the sheriff's badge? ***H.A.R. Carleton, Laguna Beach, Calif.***

A: The star, a symbol of authority and rank all through history, was selected as a badge nearly a hundred years ago when the Sheriff's Association of Texas was first founded. At that time the governor of Texas wore a star-shaped ring, his only seal, with which he imprinted original documents. When the Sheriff's Association was looking for a symbol, it was logically inspired by the governor's ring. Since then the star has also become the symbol for the Texas Department of Corrections, the Texas Rangers and the Department of Public Safety.

Q: How many times was the ancient Roman city of Pompeii destroyed? ***Victor Landor, Ponce, Puerto Rico.***

A: Twice—in 63 A.D. and 79 A.D. It was first destroyed by a violent earthquake. Livestock and buildings were swallowed up in great chasms that opened in the earth. Most of the people, however, were able to flee into the countryside. Sixteen years later, when Pompeii had already been rebuilt, the volcano Vesuvius erupted, showering the town with tons of ash and lava. At least 16,000 people died, and the city, including ten miles of surrounding area, was buried under 15 to 20 feet of volcanic debris. The city lay undiscovered until 1748 when an Italian farmer fell down a well shaft and came upon some of the costly blocks of marble from which the ancient city was constructed.

Q: Carry Nation, the prohibitionist leader, is always pictured carrying a hatchet in her hand? Is this merely symbolic or did she actually smash saloons? ***Raymond Ellis, Tacoma, Wash.***

A: Indeed, Carry Nation's hatchet saw many a barroom battle. Convinced that she was carrying out divine will by destroying saloons and helping to stamp out demon rum, Carry and her stalwart band of women descended on many saloons in Kansas at the turn of the century, smashing glassware and bottles and hacking away at the wooden fixtures. All this was too much for her second husband and he divorced her in 1901.

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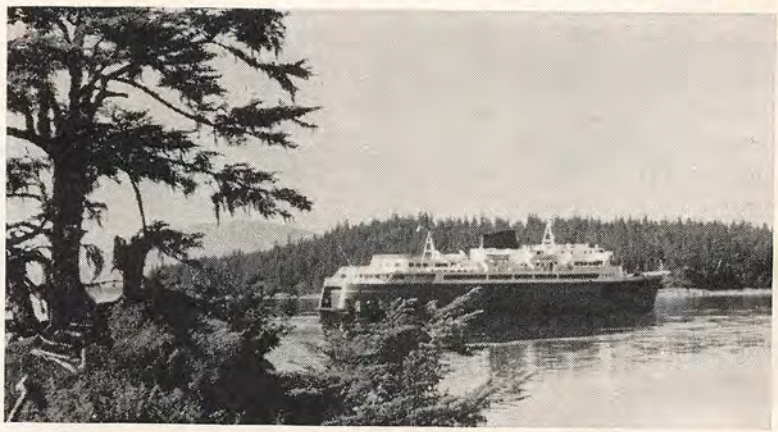

Drive six hours and you're deep in the heart of a fabulous frontier.

by Murray Morgan

Back in the Gold Rush Days of '98, prospectors, gamblers and dance hall girls sailed north from Seattle to Alaska looking for the glitter that lay just over the Chilkoot Pass.

My wife, Rosa, daughter Lane and I made it to Alaska the easy way — aboard the *MV Taku*, one of the big ferryliners carrying cars and passengers up the Inside Passage from Prince Rupert, B.C. We drove to Prince Rupert from Seattle via a highway lined with choruses of white birch and joyous pine and found a town of wide lawns, high teas and squat totems; a town that smacked of the frontier and Queen Victoria.

The *Taku* headed north through a complex of fjord-like passages. Here the continent shoulders up mountains high to our right; to the left, a jigsaw barricade of evergreen islands brunts the charge of the Pacific.

Aboard are prospectors, Indians, professors, hunters and fishermen, Arctic scientists and oil drillers, a clutch of entertainers complete with guitars, and a large number of people like us for whom Alaska means excitement.

Each Alaska port brought new delights: shopping and visiting totem parks in Ketchikan and Wrangell, staking out a lovely inlet at Petersburg where we'll go salmon fishing on our return; riding to the face of a massive glacier at Juneau; exploring an ikon-rich Czarist church at Sitka, and jumping to Chilkat Indian dances at Haines.

At the end of our Inside Passage route at Skagway we had a toast to Alaska's golden past in a bar once frequented by Tex Rickard while an oldtimer pointed out where two of the town's outlaws died in a famed shootout.

Then we loaded the station wagon on a flatcar and rode for a scenic six hours in a White Pass and Yukon railroad parlor car to Whitehorse, astraddle the Alaska Highway that is beckoning us north to Mount McKinley National Park, Fairbanks, Anchorage — and via another new ferryliner — to such enchanted way stops as Kodiak Island, Seward, Cordova and Valdez. Coming home, we'll board the *Taku's* sister ship at Haines, just around the bend from Skagway, with a fine road link to the Alaska Highway.

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Q: Does the castration of a deer affect the subsequent growth of its antlers? ***Curtis B. Brown, Kennedy, N.Y.***

A: Yes. If an adult deer, a buck, is castrated its antlers will not shed and regrow annually in the normal manner. Instead, the antlers will remain and tend to freeze in the winter, breaking off bit by bit, often to stubs, and never grow again. If castration is done early in life, antlers never develop at all.

Q: In a recent movie, the Mogul chieftain Genghis Khan was shown eating something that looked like sauerkraut. Could this have been possible back in those days? ***Charles McCallie, Chattanooga, Tenn.***

A: By all means. Sauerkraut, a Chinese invention and not a German one as is popularly believed, made a big hit with Genghis Khan when he and his tribesmen plundered China in the early 13th century. They took huge amounts of it with them in later sorties through southeast Europe.

Q: How big is the average adult American male? ***Ted Ducas, Lincoln, Nebr.***

A: He's no Rock Hudson. American men average 168 pounds in weight, and 5 feet 8.2 inches in height. They are getting larger, though. Army inductees measured during 1957-58, when the last general survey was taken, showed an average increase in height of 1.2 inches and about 18 pounds in weight over soldiers measured during World War I.

Q: Is it true that a jockey by the name of Rosengarten rode all eight winners on a card in one day? ***A. P. Wood, Jr., Rockland, Mass.***

A: Charles Rosengarten's feat was not quite as spectacular as that. On September 4, 1934, at Rockingham Park, New Hampshire, he had five mounts and won with all five of them.

Q: My boyfriend always calls me "honeydew." Just what does that word mean? ***Betty Piece, Paducah, Ky.***

A: He probably has his own definition. The word honeydew actually means the sticky, sugary liquid that appears on the leaves of certain trees and plants during hot weather. Honeydew also refers to a pale green muskmelon.

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Q: Who was the first person to be deported from this country? ***George Koenig, Buffalo, N. Y.***

A: Thomas Morton. Accused of living licentiously at Mare Mount (later Merry Mount), Massachusetts, and also of supplying guns to the Indians, he was deported back to England from Plymouth Colony in 1628.

Q: What causes bananas to turn brown faster when placed in the refrigerator than when left at room temperature? ***W. William Spencer, Dayton, Ohio.***

A: Chilling upsets the normal biochemical reactions that take place in the peel cells, causing dark pigments to form that would not appear in fruit ripened at normal temperatures.

Q: Hitler called his regime the "Third Reich." What were the First and Second Reichs? ***Robert E. Clayton, St. Louis, Mo.***

A: The First Reich was the Holy Roman Empire which formally lasted up to 1806. The Second Reich was formed by Bismarck in 1871, after Prussia's defeat of France, and ended with the defeat of Germany in 1918. Thus, Hitler's Germany was presented as the Third Reich, a logical development of all that had gone before, or at least all that he had considered glorious.

Q: What does O.N.T. stand for on spools of thread? ***G. Reuter, Alhambra, Calif.***

A: Literally, it means "Our New Thread." When the sewing machine was first mass distributed in the 1860's it required a special kind of thread which was developed by the Clark brothers, English weavers who had been making thread for hand sewing since 1812. To distinguish the new thread from the old, weaker variety, they adopted O.N.T. as its symbol.

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THEY OUGHT TO CALL HIM MR. PIKE

[*Continued from page* 55]

was quick thinking, quick talking, a young 50 and quick to smile. And his smile lit up his square face and crinkled the corners of his eyes.

He was wise and wily at first, was Dennis Pye, properly and intelligently pessimistic and what he promised us was nothing. "Ye know," he said, "it's not like stepping up to the counter of my shop with, 'Two fillets of haddock and a nice bit of plaice, please, Mr. Pye.' "

And then he went into the anticipated routine covering the aforementioned conditions, including the fact that here it was only August 8 and no one to his memory had ever touched a big fish before late September and the best times were the months of October, November and December.

However, after I had identified myself as a fisherman familiar with the problems that beset one who tries to take out a guest and guarantee him sport, we shortcut the apologies and took for granted that there would be nothing doing.

This last, of course, was a ritualistic ploy, that forlorn attempt to placate the fishing gods by humbly expecting nil.

Pye picked me up at the Bull at 9 the next morning and drove five miles to his riverside bungalow on the Thurne, one of the many waterways giving access to the broads. Over the doorway was a board painted with the name The Contented Angler, and never was a homely little fishing shack better characterized. It was no larger than a camp trailer but comfortable and fully equipped from larder to television set.

While the dinghies were being loaded with the usual cargo, I had the opportunity to inspect Pye's tackle. He fishes with a 10-foot split-bamboo rod specially made for him, a model that now bears his name. With it he uses a 4½-inch reel of a type rarely seen in the United States. It has no drag of any kind but only a clip which can be put on to prevent the line running out too freely. Thus the fish must be controlled by hand pressure which is far more sensitive than any set drag. The reel carries 200 yards of 10-pound nylon monofilament.

His leader is of light wire (the teeth of a pike would instantly cut anything less) and he uses two treble hooks—one fixed and one movable. Attached to the line, about 18 inches from the hooks, is his float or bobber and here Pye uses his own invention which is dumbbell-shaped. It consists of two one-inch cork balls painted in bright colors with holes bored to take a slender five-inch peg. His line passes through the holes and the peg wedges it tight, but without protruding from the corks. Thus there is nothing to snag or catch.

The standard pike fisher's float in these parts is a big, pear-shaped bobber calling for a half-ounce lead to keep it upright in the water. This, Pye maintains, is an awkward and clumsy affair which interferes not only with the movement of the bait but acts as a tip-off to the pike as well.

Pike are able to strike with considerable speed from a standing start, lashing like lightning at the swimming bait and dragging it and the float down to the bottom. Yet with all this impetus and savage appetite, the sensitive fish reacts immediately to any resistance to its lunge—such as is supplied by the tug of heavy line—and at once the bait is dropped.

But Pye has still other tricks to reduce this. Before setting out to fish, he carefully greases the first 50 feet of his line which causes it to float upon the surface instead of "drowning" and becoming likely to catch on weeds. Floating thus on top of the water, the line does not interfere with the free movement of the bait which is then able to swim in a lively and natural manner.

Pye has two more pieces of equipment. One he calls his pike gag and the other his special disgorger. The gag is a horseshoe-shaped, spring-centered implement with a small square leather pad at each end. Inserted into the jaws of a captive fish, it enables Pye to ply the disgorger without risk of injury to the fish, the leather pads protecting its mouth. The disgorger to withdraw the hooks with little damage to the pike is also humane, but to Pye—it is fixed to a long handle so he can keep his fingers outside the wicked jaws.

At 10 o'clock the expedition began most inauspiciously, for the rain had stopped and a bright sun blazed from blue skies. In so many instances where big fighting fish lurk in wild and almost inaccessible places, half the fun is getting there and this country proved no exception.

Our outboard put-putted between the narrow banks of the placid Thurne River which winds its way through flat, green marshland. Sometimes the view was cut off by head-high reeds topped with purple flowers. We passed gay bungalows, old barges and even more ancient, half-sunk Norfolk wherries, the sole transport of an earlier day. We slid by the sinister black thatched-roof cottage of an old eel catcher. But the river, no wider than 25 yards from bank to bank, was simply choked with pleasure craft of every kind—sailing dinghies, yawls, sloops, ketches, outboards, motorboats, cabin cruisers and even small steam yachts. And where the reeds gave way to solid banks, the "coarse" fishermen and their families snoozed, picnicked, read or loafed.

"Coarse" fishing (so named because most of the fish are inedible) is practically small-boy, bent-pin stuff and yet essentially British. The quarry consists of rudd, bream, roach, tench and perch and the pursuit of these is primarily calming and as different from what we were after as the river waters are from those vast, empty patches known as the broads.

What the coarse fishermen catch, the pike hunters use for bait and it is not unknown when roach of eight ounces or even a pound—the *bonne bouche* of the pike—are in short supply, to stop along the way and try to cadge some. These more placid sportsmen are usually as generous with their bag as they are with their time, since only perch are edible and it is the process of fishing that is im-

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portant. Their pleasure lies in putting a bit of bread paste onto a little hook with a small pencil float attached to the line, chucking it into the river and then watching or, for that matter *not* watching, for the bobber to go under. For this is the classic Izaak Walton type of angling, dreaming and dozing, relaxed, letting time drift by like the white cloud-boats sailing overhead.

Suddenly this hectic hubbub of river traffic was left behind as we reached a cut and passed through it to enter an entirely different world, a vast and lonely expanse of water known as a broad. These weird and still unexplained shallows form a kind of inland Sargasso Sea, or rather a series of them. Greenish-yellow weeds lie just below the surface, bedded in black mud. There is no more than one and a half to three feet of water, barely covering a subsurface plain of ooze and vegetation which, when stirred with an oar, releases the primordial stink of marsh gas. One shudders to think what would happen if one tipped overboard while alone, feet sinking into the black mud, thighs bound by underwater vines. Here, surely, the ugly pike is at home.

There is definitely something prehistoric and saurian about this species with its dark head, row upon row of needle-sharp teeth, long, powerful body and dead-white belly. It belongs truly to a swamp, a hangover from the days when more awful things swirled and splashed in the darkness.

That patch of Norfolk given over to the broads is a strange country where everything is topsy-turvy. There land conceals water and water barely covers land. Yachts, with white or orange-colored sails, seem to proceed through green fields, heeling over in the midst of spinach patches. Cabin cruisers appear to be browsing in the same tree-shaded glade as herds of black and white cows and your own boat frequently glides over moisture apparently insufficient to harbor so much as a minnow. The sky is Edward Seago's sky which, with its dappled clouds squared off at the bottom and pastel blues, tries successfully to match the canvases of Norfolk's greatest living painter.

This country is like no other that I have ever seen, a kind of rural Venice. Juicy, dark-green farming land, its flat monotony relieved by isolated clusters of trees, is cut up by some three meandering rivers, countless canals and narrow waterways and then, of course, these weird broads, the largest of which, Hickling Broad, measures 464 acres. No one knows the exact origin of these great marshy stretches teeming with fresh-water fish. One set of scientists maintains that they were always there. Another, that the shallows were created many hundreds of years ago when they were peat bogs and the inhabitants emptied them for fuel. But since there seems to be no trace of peat anywhere in the neighborhood, the natives incline to believe these weed-choked, inland lochs to be a natural phenomenon.

We entered Duck Broad, one of the smaller lakes and even shallower than most, no more than three feet at its deepest point and in many places with the bottom showing a foot and a half below the surface. Duck Broad was so named for its wildfowl and the two duck blinds—small gray wooden huts on stilts—standing up from the circular lake which is entirely surrounded by reeds. Here the stalk began. And here Dennis Pye changed from a mild-mannered, British fish-fryer into an intent angler. No Iroquois ever approached his quarry more silently or stealthily.

The wise big pike that Pye so loves to duel with were once silly little pike that were able to learn from season to season. Perhaps even the master himself helped to teach them over the years by catching and releasing them, sometimes tagging them first so that something might be known of their habits and movements.

While these educated fellows might not be exactly ripe for a college entrance examination, nevertheless they can figure. The thumping of an outboard motor, heavy splashes of weights being dropped over the side in lieu of anchors, rubber boots stomping about a boat bottom, funny things in the water that ought not to be there, the crash of oars . . . all add up to *people*.

People mean trouble. The pike wants no part of man and departs when man comes. That is why a fish that reaches considerable size and age is almost impossible to catch and why Dennis Pye has devoted half his lifetime to proving the impossible possible.

Over the years he has learned to think like one of them and easily might have metamorphosed his name from Pye to Pike. Every piece of his equipment and tackle, every move he makes is the result of intelligent planning based upon experience in presenting the bait to the fish in the most natural and unobtrusive manner and, above all, without advertising his presence.

A neophyte or uninstructed Sunday fisherman attempting to cast a live bait weighing half a pound or more some 30 or 40 feet into a wall of reeds and patches of stumps rising from a shallow lake—and to keep that bait alive and swimming—would find himself involved in a nightmare. He would lose most of his gear in the vegetation and create such a hullabaloo that sonar soundings would show the area clear of fish for miles around.

None of these things happen to Pye, or so rarely that it is an occasion for him to get hung up or even to have to clear his bait of weed. In this last, the pike is as touchy and selective as are most other fish and simply will not look at any lure which appears to be garlanded with salad or towing any extraneous matter.

The day was lovely but not for us. The cloud cover had broken and the sun was shining hotly. A flight of mallards flapped above the reeds and flew off. A swan and her six cygnets cruised by. In the distance the square tower of an ancient Norfolk flint church rose from the flat land. Nearer by was the ruin of an old windmill, its canvas sails shredded, its arms raised to the sky. There was a stiff breeze rippling the water. White and orange sails bisected the green meadows behind the broad.

Pye grew more and more pessimistic. "The weather's all wrong," he said, "but we'll have a go."

I gathered what was wanted was a dull gray day and a glassy surface, the latter showing up every bubble and swirl and telling tales of the movement of fish. Like all experienced hunters, Pye reads his surroundings like the pages of a book.

The outboard was tilted inward and oars prepared. "Are you all right where you are?" he asked. "From now on I don't want you moving about in the boat."

I asked, "May I talk?"

"That's all right," he said. "They can't hear but they can feel. Any knock that sets up a vibration in the water puts

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"It was some sort of congressional party and I yielded to this gentleman from Pennsylvania."

them off. It's bad enough I have to cast my bait."

He didn't row, he poled—sinking his oar gently into the muck just below the surface. The smell of marsh gas arose. We went not across the water but into the reeds at the side, thrusting our way through them.

I said, "I thought this is where the pike hide?"

"Not today with this wind," and Pye forthwith produced another item of the kind of fishing lore that contributes to his success. For when there is a wind blowing the reeds move and bow, rise and fall, rustle and rub. This scraping irritates the skin of the pike lurking there and they move out into the open water. Hence our tortuous approach via the bank was intelligent and orthodox and, of course, slow. But time was of no importance.

We emerged at a point halfway around the lake. The last 50 yards to the spot selected, not far from one of the duck blinds, Pye did not even pole but allowed the skiff to drift with the wind. Here he prepared to anchor. The average fisherman doesn't prepare, he just chucks his weight over the side. But Pye let his weight down into the water as gently as though the surface were an egg that might be cracked.

This silent, successful approach alone was sufficient to begin the buildup of suppressed excitement and nervous tension. This was fishing at its healing best. Everything was concentration, no other thoughts or cares could obtrude.

Like all experts, Pye now examined his equipment carefully: rod tip, line guides, reel and wire trace, the sharpness of his hooks and all knots for signs of fraying. Then, selecting a roach of about half a pound and some eight inches long, he baited up. This he did by attaching the stationary hook to the lip of the roach and fixing the mobile one to its back in such a way as not to harm the creature or to interfere with its free swimming. The dumbbell-shaped bobber was attached some two feet above the bait. Now he stripped 50 feet of the well-greased line from the reel into the water, holding the bait stationary below the tip of his rod with his forefinger. Then with an easy, flowing motion that was practically effortless, he cast the bait some 40 feet. It landed with no more of a splash than a small fish makes when broaching.

It disappeared immediately, but dancing in the wavelets we could see the red and yellow of the cork bobber. Pye took up some of the slack of the line that was floating on the surface but left the line still curved. He doesn't fish with a tight line. The bobber began to move from right to left, which meant that the bait was swimming and lively. There is no hope of catching a pike with dead or sluggish fish. The roach must be free to dart about actively to attract the pike if it is hungry and to tease and annoy it if it isn't. One of Pye's amazing skills is his ability to control the direction of the bait by movement of his rod tip and manipulation of the line. If he shifts his bobber to the left, his lure will swim in the opposite direction and vice versa. Thus, if he wishes, he can guide the roach

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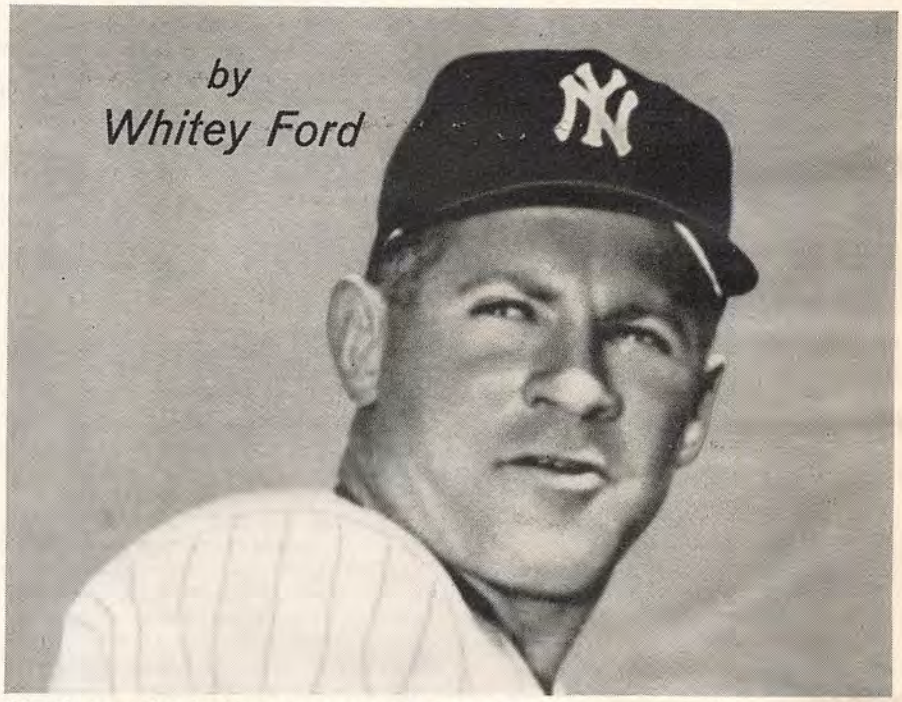

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right into the edges of the reeds if that is where he thinks a pike is lurking.

Nothing happened. We watched the colored float shifting about until our eyes watered. After 15 minutes Pye reeled in and discarded the bait. He also discarded the spot; another secret.

The average angler remains in one place on the theory that sooner or later a fish will come by. The expert, on the other hand, if there is no action within a certain time limit, goes elsewhere and looks for the fish where the signs have told him they ought to be. A Pye type of fisherman works with his head and his memory as well as his eyes and ears.

We changed our position cautiously. A fresh bait was selected. Pye cast again. The focus of the world became pinpointed on the distant red-and-yellow float.

"Hello!" Pye exclaimed presently. The bobber was still there, jiggling innocently on the surface. But we are all familiar with that angler's sixth sense that had telegraphed a warning. Suddenly the bobber slipped out of sight.

At this point Pye counted off 15 seconds in order to give the quarry time to swim with the bait, turn it in its mouth and work it head first down its throat. Now Pye became a helpless ditherer like all the rest of us. There was absolutely nothing he could do. Something below had the bait. How big was it? How clever? How experienced?

Pye's lips moved silently in his count: "Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen!" He gave it an extra two seconds and then lifted his rod tip.

"He's on!"

Ah, but how big?

There was a swirl some 40 feet out from the boat and the reel spun again. Pye was standing, legs apart, mouth open, eyes shining, prepared for battle. He began to reel in. Then the disappointment that came over his features told the tale. "Sorry," he said, "little one."

A few minutes later his diagnosis was confirmed. The "little one" was a 10-pounder. The 10-pound pike on light tackle would have sent most of us into ecstasies. Pye didn't even bother to use his gaff, but grasping the fish at the back of its head, lifted it from the water.

"You'd better take a good look at Charlie here," he said, "because we may never see another. I can't imagine what he was thinking of, hanging about this time of the year. And don't you go telling any lies about his size. I've got a reputation to maintain around here."

It was a treat, though, to see Pye's tender handling of the pike. No mother could be more solicitous of her child. The gag was inserted carefully so that the pieces of leather protected the delicate sides of the mouth of the fish. Then, gently probing with the disgorger, the hooks were removed and the gag released. The fish was completely uninjured. Holding it carefully in both hands, Pye slid it back into the water. "Grow up, Charlie," he said, "and come back another day."

He fished that spot for another half hour, for sometimes the presence of one pike will attract another, but there was no more business. We pulled up our weight and poled away to resume the hunt elsewhere.

It was not for want of trying that Pye failed that day to produce his specialty and we toured the waterways testing every spot where he had ever hooked an outsize fish. We ran out of bait, but either by luck or design, came across Pye's brother, coarse fishing from a dinghy, and cadged another dozen roach before put-putting up Heigham Sound into White Slea.

No dice. We followed Meadow Dyke into Horsey Mere and found one secluded corner not invaded or roiled by the incredible summer water traffic. The scenery was enthralling; the lunch was delicious but the fish, as predicted, were absent. Pye took one more miserable orphan of nine pounds. But that was not what we had come for. The day ended in silence as we headed past gay and happy holidaymakers sailing their shining craft up and down the narrow river, to where we had parked our cars.

And that night we wept into our Watneys at the Bull Inn, commiserated with one another, were sympathized with and listened for the advent of Garge, the blind man.

"Well," said Pye, "we can have another go on Tuesday, but I wouldn't think we'd do any better."

The following day, Monday, the Pyes were frying at tea and suppertime, that is to say at 4:30 and 8:30 p.m. and I drove over to Norwich to see the operation.

You may think it odd to write about a man's trade or his shop in a fishing story, even though his professional business happens to concern itself with fish. But anglers are people too, who count themselves as rather special ones, who feel that there is a difference that makes them so, often perhaps to the point of mania, but at any rate unusual enough to recognize one another as belonging. And champions of the game are even more special. They have something that others lack, an extraordinary quality that raises them to the top of their class not only from the point of skill, but also as human beings. I never knew a champion of any kind who was not a distinguished and remarkable person as well.

The point I am trying to make is that if you are no more than a hook-and-worm food fisherman who gets angry and frustrated and feels persecuted when failing to get a bite, you won't get very far. To belong to the class of the Pyes you must love everything connected with the sport, including the inevitable disappointments. You must have humor, patience, tolerance. And this was why I nipped over to see what Dennis Pye was like away from his avocation.

I found him in a little shack out back behind his shop, cleaning and filleting fish in preparation for the afternoon's frying. There was haddock, sole, plaice, cod and something called "whitefish," very popular with the customers, but which he explained is also known as dogfish. This in my memory rang a bell as a small type of shark.

Of course, no pike was being served. The latter is a mushy fish which, according to Pye the ex-army cook, can be digested only after being marinated in vinegar. And then, of course, there is always the Frenchman's favorite, *quenelle de brochette*, which is a kind of pike fish cake, very light and airy when it is done right. I don't think I shall be having any more *quenelles*. I never liked them very much in the first place and now when I see them on the menu I shall be thinking of Dennis Pye and the kindness and gentleness with which he handled Charlie Pike and returned him to his element. One doesn't eat one's friends.

Pye kept hosing down his fish, his working board and his hands. It was a scrupulously clean, modern operation. He had an automatic potato scraper and a similar reducer-of-potatoes-to-chips ma-

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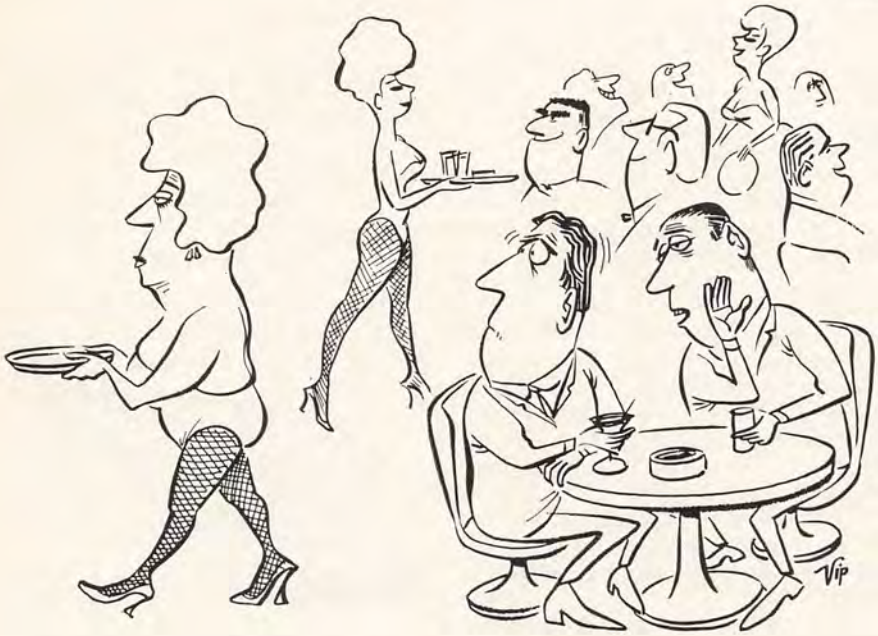
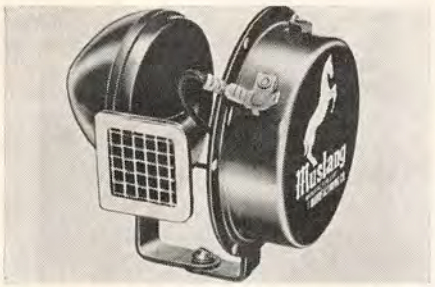


"Her husband owns the joint."

TRUE goes shopping



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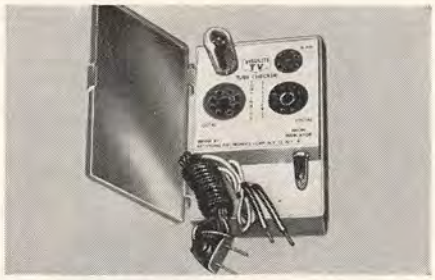

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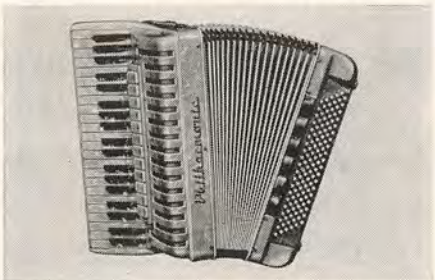

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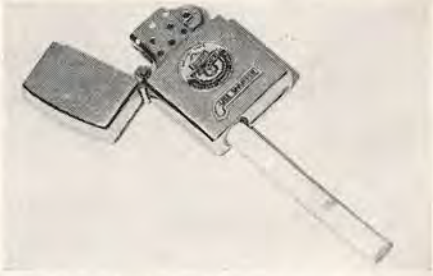

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Here is your opportunity to BE YOUR OWN BOSS . . . to become financially independent . . . have a fast growing income . . . and own a Nationally Advertised business.

Dealers (using National Price Guide) can earn $9 hourly gross profit on service they render plus $6 on EACH of their servicemen.

You have good profits on both materials and labor after paying servicemen.

You can stay at present job while customer list grows . . . then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.

One small job a day brings a good starting income. With full or part time servicemen your income is unlimited.

Dealers operate from a shop, office or home. Equipment is portable . . . the electric Foamovator converts to a carrying case.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself. This business is easy to learn . . . easy to start . . . so easy to service that women dealers often do it. We prefer you have no experience . . . not have to "unlearn" old scrub methods.

You may write a Duraclean dealer if you like.

A Waiting Market

New "miracle" fabrics and light colors (which soil faster) have created a growing demand for the Duraclean quality of cleaning.

All services are rendered "on location" in homes, office buildings, hotels, theaters, clubs, churches and institutions. Car dealers buy your services to revive used car upholstery . . . also take orders for you. Almost every building houses a potential customer. The big demand (even small towns) assures dealership growth.

These superior, safer and convenient methods resulted in Duraclean dealerships throughout North and South America, Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, Norway and other countries. Only Duraclean dealers have this prestige.

Advertising, paid by International Headquarters, explains the superior merits of your services and develops customer confidence and job leads.

We Train and Assist You

A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods and sales plans. He will WORK WITH YOU.

We show you 15 quick ways to get customers. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Your services are backed by Parents' Magazine Seal, McCall's "Use-tested" approval and American Research & Testing Laboratories.

Duraclean dealers find **voluntary** and **repeat** orders a major source of income. Customers are so enthused they tell friends and neighbors. Furnishings stores, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to Duraclean dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

TODAY is the time to own a Duraclean dealership . . . before someone takes your location.

You Become an Expert in the Over-all Care of Upholstery and Carpeting

You have 6 vital year 'round services.

DURACLEAN not only cleans; it enlivens the fibers . . . revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life.** Furnishings are used again in a few hours . . . a great customer convenience.

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DURAPROOF makes upholstery, carpeting, blankets, piano-felts and clothing repellant to moths and carpet beetles. It kills both. You give 6-year-warranty. The U. S. Government says, "Moths are in practically every household."

DURAGUARD flameproofs furnishings. Prevents fires starting from cigarettes, candles, etc.

SPOTCRAFT safely removes spots and stains.

TUFTCRAFT repairs cigarette burns, moth damage . . . often saves the carpet or rug.

We'll Help Finance You

A moderate payment establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit pays monthly payments. Your business can be operating in very few days.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and enough materials to **return your TOTAL investment.** If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in **your life.**

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation, mail the coupon TODAY.

What Dealers Say

L. Broersma: "Have now completed 5 years with Duraclean. We have never had one complaint."

George Byers: "For University, bill was $2,416. Total expenses $814."

Ed Kramsky: "In 2 years, I now have two assistants, a nice home and real security for my family."

L. Babbit: "I average $400 monthly part time. I'm starting full time."

Russ Day closed 19 jobs from 21 contacts.

W. C. Smith: "Earned $650 one week. Volume keeps getting bigger."

L. Falls: "I cleaned 1,900 sq. ft. of carpet in one day. Made $135.

Earl Davis: "Our sales increased $17,660.00 this year."

A. Nebendahl: "Closed every sale where I used new slide projector."

N. Josserand: "Have made as high as $200 in one day. Largest earnings for a single week, $750."

Fabric Mills Endorse YOUR Service

Aldon Carpet Mills: "We approve this process. We are pleased with the texture restoration."

Patcraft Mills: "Fibers are not soaked by Duraclean. Best method of cleaning we have seen on tufted carpeting." **Croft Carpet Mills:** "The Duraclean method is superior."

Trendline Upholstered Furniture: "We recommend Duraclean as the safest and most effective method of cleaning fine furniture." **Kingston Mills:** "It is our intention to recommend Duraclean Service."

Modern Tufting Co.: "Duraclean is superior to any on-location cleaning process with which I'm familiar."

Painter Carpet Mills: "Duraclean is logical approach to carpet cleaning because the tufts are not subjected to the harsh treatment so prevalent in other methods."

Resale Service

If, because of illness, moving or for any other reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Dealerships resell at up to 10 times the dealer's cost.

Find out Now! No Obligation

With **no obligation,** we'll mail you a letter with 24 page booklet explaining these services . . . how and why your income grows . . . how we help finance you.

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Duraclean Co., 6-572 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

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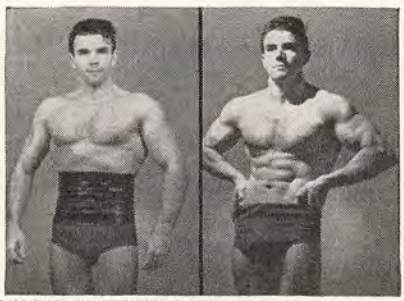

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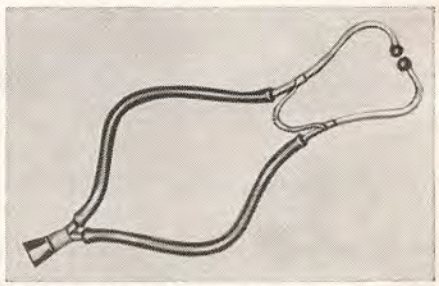

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[*Continued from page* 116]
chine. Pye fried the fish; his attractive wife the spuds.

The shop itself was a quite small one with no name or designation to identify it as belonging to Dennis Pye. It just was not needed. Everybody knew. The entire front, no more than 15 feet in length, was taken up by a huge picture window with the glass removed. This let out the smell of frying and at the same time provided a seat for the customers who, in the afternoon, seemed mostly to be children who perched on the sill like gay little finches on a fence. Inside was a long clean counter and behind it the Pyes—he in a spotless white surgeon's coat, she aproned—dispensing their crispy, fragrant and succulent wares.

Next to the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace, I cannot think of anything more wholly and characteristically British than a fish-and-chips shop. You will not find anything exactly like it anywhere else in the world. It sells fried fish and fried potatoes and nothing else—none of those side accessories such as specialty shops so often affect, not a biscuit nor a pickle, bun or stick of candy.

Nothing else, that is, except that from the Pyes' shop gaiety and affectionate merriment was retailed with the plaice and the haddock and those hot, crunchy fried potatoes. One saw immediately why the children clustered there, why even tiny tots arrived with the message, "2 whitefish, 1 cod and eightpence-worth of chips" scribbled on a piece of paper and the money wrapped therein.

The combination of the Pyes and the moppets wove an extraordinary enchantment about this little place located in the poorer section of Norwich, where for 3/6 (50¢) a laborer can take away two whole fried sole on the bone, some fillets of plaice and enough French-fried potatoes to feed a regiment.

On Tuesday, of course, there was the same wrong weather; the same unwanted sunshine and the breeze undesired by all except the happy sailor and small-boat folk mucking up the broads. We expected nothing and that's what we got, except the two ubiquitous, minor Charlies that Pye took almost as a matter of routine: an eight and a 12-pounder.

The circumstances, the day, the catch and likewise the noncatch were exactly what Pye, who had caught 262 monsters over 20 pounds, had predicted.

Hence it was a disappointment but no surprise that he had not been able to produce in the presence of an avid witness. Therefore, when it finally did happen in the very last moment of the day, it was just that much more violent, and incredible.

Pye was back on Duck Broad again, after having once more flung roach into every bit of water where he had ever hooked a likely fish, including some spots we had not seen the previous Sunday. Then, with that fisherman's stubbornness, or hunch, he had returned to the smallest of the shallows as the day was dying. It came time to go home. Dennis Pye hated to give up and I could see that every muscle in his chunky body rebelled. Yet there seemed no point in remaining any longer after a tedious, fruitless day. I said, "Okay, Dennis. We might as well pack up."

Dennis said, "Right!" He looked into the live-bait trap and said, "Oi've got one more big 'un, we might as well fish him."

It was a big one, too; a roach that must have been close to a pound.

I said, "No fish would ever get that one down."

"You'd be surprised," said Dennis.

He affixed the hooks to the flapping roach, but in spite of his words of optimism, it was plain that Pye expected no results. Added to the axiom that fish eat twice a day—just before you arrive and right after you have left—is the one that you never take a fish the last few moments before shutting down and going home. With that easy, fluid motion of his, he fired the bait out from the boat and straight to the spot where he had said there ought to be a hole in the weeds.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The dumbbell-shaped float surfaced; the greased line floated slack and gracefully curved.

"I think I'll have a cup of tea," said Pye innocently, laying down the rod.

He might actually have wanted that tea, or it could have been a last desperate attempt at challenging the quarry. Every fisherman knows the ploy when things have gone dead and you haven't had a bite for hours. You light a cigarette, or let your attention wander, or do something stupid that you oughtn't to be doing, daring the gods in the hope that a fish will strike when circumstances are on its side and you are unprepared.

Pye uncorked his thermos flask. The brew was still steaming as he decanted it into the cup.

"I think the bobber's gone," I suggested timidly.

"Probably got itself caught up in a bit of weed," Pye commented and applied himself to blowing on his tea.

"It went sort of sudden and kind of like a dive," I dared to say. Who was I to argue with the master?

Dennis deigned to look up. There was certainly no float visible any longer. He put the teacup down and gingerly took the rod. "We'll give it a little time," he said, "but I expect it's weed."

He gave it time . . . say a month. Then he lifted the rod tip. The split bamboo bent almost double, solidly anchored. "Hell! I told you it was bottom."

Nobody has ever been contradicted more violently or joyously as, with a tremendous splash and swirl at the other end of the line, the so-called weed exploded into something enormous, hideous and highly cantankerous.

"My God!" gasped Pye. "He's spit out the bait! There'll be only one hook in 'im."

All of Pye's insouciance had disappeared. He was standing in the boat nursing the straining rod and whizzing reel, his blue eyes flashing sparks, his nostrils dilated, lips parted and hands trembling. He was a man transformed.

"It's a big 'un," he breathed and tried to brake it, but the pike wasn't having any and kept going.

Pye swore and then wailed, "He's got into the weeds—I'll lose the bastard—" Only a fisherman knows that note of anguish and despair. But he worked his rod and reel like the champion he was, eased the great fish out and into another run in deeper water.

"That was marvelous," I yelled. "Now you can play him more. Maybe he'll jump."

"Hell, no!" Pye shouted. "He's not that well hooked. We're going to get him in as fast as we can."

The subsurface violence hurried this way and that, tugged, shook and turned. The message coming via the line and rod seemed less a fight than an infuriated expression of ultimate indignation at the humiliation of it all.

Pye was on fire and the shortness of his breathing bore witness to the pounding of his heart. For an instant his lips moved silently, forming what might have been a prayer, but what actually, he confessed later, was a number, namely 263.

The tumultuous, submarine gefuffle drew closer to the boat and at last a huge, vicious-looking head broached, inch-long teeth snapping furiously. The sight was stupendous. I couldn't get enough of it. Like a fool I cried, "My God, that's terrific! Can you hold him there?"

"Hold him, hell!" Pye gasped. "The sooner I get the gaff into him, the better."

He quickly slid the bright steel hook of the gaff through the lower jaw and with a heave of his powerful shoulders, hauled a pike into the boat that must have been close to four feet long.

Dennis unhooked the fish and battled it onto his spring scales which had a capacity of 25 pounds. It just was not big enough. When let hang free, the pike pulled the bottom right out of it, the spring uncoiling like a strand of spaghetti.

Pye was close to being hysterical with joy. For not only had he produced, but never before had he taken a fish that size—28 to 30 pounds, he guessed—in the summertime. It was another first for him.

The monster pike, out of its element, had calmed down somewhat by now and Dennis Pye was able to hold it with his two hands like a huge section of fire hose.

"Satisfied?" he asked.

"Oh, brother!" I breathed.

"Okay, Charlie," (all pike once caught and boated, you will have gathered, become "Charlie") "you've done your stuff. Go home." Gently he slid it into the water. **—Paul Gallico**

SARKHAN

[*Continued from page* 51]

cisely how, he concluded he was just inside the Sarkhanese border. He had traveled through jungle so much that his mind unconsciously always calculated his position by the sun, by familiar trees, by the speed at which he moved. He had seen too often the disaster that struck a person or a platoon of men who lost, for even a few seconds, the sense of position. He knew where he was and he knew where he was going. The junction of three trails was only a mile ahead. He had told his four comrades to meet him there at 1300. It now was 1222.

He moved off the trail and into the brush. His eyes darted from the ground up the tree trunks. Quickly he collected two tubers, three birds' eggs each the size of a golf ball, and a handful of ants gorged on honey and stupefied.

He squatted on the edge of the trail, where he could see in both directions. He ate slowly, not tasting the food, finished, got to his feet, and immediately started off down the trail.

He came to the junction of the three trails at precisely 1300. Four men stepped out of the jungle.

Years before Tuc had picked his provincial lieutenants carefully. Nam Tho, an intense young man from the northeast region, was only 25, but already he had 10 years' experience in the movement. He came from a wealthy Haidho family and had a burning hatred for white men. When the boy was 15, Tuc had unobtrusively and subtly begun his indoctrination. His weakness was his unfamiliarity with the stubborn, clannish ways of the small villages. Nam Tho could only learn this by experience. It amused Tuc that Nam Tho was so embarrassed by his gold tooth, a sign of the bourgeois background, that he compressed his lips when he smiled. But Tuc would not allow him to replace it.

The other three were older and without the intellectual potential of Nam Tho, but trustworthy, and they did their jobs well. Cham was 40, tall for a Sarkhanese, handsome, his Mongoloid eye fold so slight he might have passed for Eurasian. The eldest was Luki at 43, barely five feet tall, but with the proportions of a Japanese sumo wrestler and a reputation for mindless cruelty when aroused.

The fourth man was in Sarkhanese army uniform. He was Major Phong, an intelligence officer attached to the Sarkhanese General Staff in Haidho. He was of peasant stock, shrewd and durable, his face impassive. Tuc had met him in Korea where they were both volunteers fighting against the Americans. Phong was so skillful at languages that he could shout insults at the Americans in almost perfect slang. Tuc had arranged for Phong to be sent back to Sarkhan where he got a position as interpreter with the Department of Defense. He soon was commissioned in the Army and rose to the rank of major.

"Welcome, comrade," Luki said. "Welcome to the Central Committee of the Sarkhanese Communist Party."

Tuc permitted himself a grin. This was a joke they shared. The five of them were not only the Central Committee, but the only members of the Party in Sarkhan, a tight cadre that controlled dozens of "fronts" and trade unions and youth groups. Except for these five not one person in the apparatus considered himself a Communist. Most of them had never heard the word. They thought of themselves as patriotic nationalists. The Communist Party was outlawed in Sarkhan.

Now they squatted at the junction of the three trails in a circle of tamped-down grass.

"Hanoi agrees with our evaluation," Tuc said abruptly. "Not completely, but in general." He briefly told them what had occurred in Hanoi at the executive council.

"We have discussed these things often," Tuc said. "The only big change is that the signal for the first riot against the American Embassy will be the bombing of the Monastery of Buddha and Mohammed by a plane with American markings. It should be in about six weeks. Are there questions?"

They all shook their heads.

Tuc opened his pack and handed them samples of the new propaganda that had been prepared in Hanoi. Later the literature would be reproduced in Haidho. Tuc stood up, slapped his hands on his thighs and said, "We will meet in 10 days, at the usual place."

a small riot

2 At 7:15 a.m. Edward Coldstream was meeting a plane at Haidho International Airport. He was reading the extra of the *Far Eastern Star*. The entire front page told about the destruction of the Monastery of Buddha and Mohammed, Sarkhan's most holy building, in the isolated mountains near the North Viet Nam border. It had been bombed by an American Air Force plane. Coldstream knew the building well. It was clearly marked and the only large structure in miles. No military aviator, no matter how untrained, could mistake the famous place.

The Pan American jet had just landed. Squinting into the sun, Coldstream watched the big plane taxi toward the wooden terminal building with its red pagodalike roof. The plane bumped hard on the hand-lain granite blocks of the long runway. Long years at sea had taught Coldstream how to look into the sun—as the wrinkles alongside his gray eyes showed. He moved toward the gate, with the walk of a man in good physical condition. His posture had been acquired at the Naval Academy long ago. A life at sea had kept him lean until he retired from the Navy. Since then his South East Asia Trading Corporation, with headquarters in Haidho, required his traveling about the Orient by boat, foot and horse.

He was waiting for Thaddeus McCauley, professor of Sarkhanese Studies at Cornell. This was McCauley's eighth trip to Sarkhan, and he always stayed at Coldstream's house when

in Haidho. This time he came to study the royal succession and coronation customs of Sarkhan. Prince Lin, the heir apparent, would be crowned on the 15th of November, just two months away. On that day old King Diad would abdicate in accordance with the Royal Astrologer's instructions. Few Westerners understood the astrological influence, but two former kings who had not abdicated on the predicted date mysteriously sickened and died. This would be the first abdication and coronation in over half a century. McCauley planned to study the ritual; and his friend Prince Lin had promised him access to everything.

When McCauley came down the ramp, Coldstream noticed with amusement that he wore the same old black wash-and-wear suit. It was crumpled and bulging with papers and pencils, and McCauley's short dumpy body moved in it as though he had to grunt with each step. He needed a shave. McCauley was only 42, yet he looked much older than Coldstream, who was 49.

The two men met casually, even though they had not seen each other for over a year. A Sarkhanese officer wearing the shoulder marks of the Palace Guards approached and saluted "Professor McCauley?"

"Yes."

"His Highness, Prince Lin," said the officer, "requested me to welcome you, his old friend, back to Haidho. Prince Lin is looking forward to meeting you next month when he returns from meditation."

He handed McCauley a thin envelope, saluted, smiled, and departed.

"Tad, I really resent the slick way you get around," Coldstream said. "You're a born conniver. Do you realize you're the heir apparent's only foreign friend and intimate? You arrive and are greeted by a colonel in the Palace Guards. The majority of the professional diplomats here have never even met the prince. If you really tried you could probably be invited by King Diad himself to the palace."

"Eddie," McCauley said, glancing at the note, "this is exactly that. Diad has invited me to the palace." He paused, grinning. "Should I go, Buan Suang?"

Buan Suang was Coldstream's Sarkhanese name. It literally meant "Cold River."

"Dammed right you'll go. But first Taja will have to press that burlap bag you're wearing," Coldstream's expression sobered. "What of our little business? Did you get something in the mail from me?"

McCauley patted a thick manila envelope. "The documents? They're right here. You mentioned picking them up in villages all over Sarkhan? Well, they all come from the same printing press. But let's discuss it at the house. I want to hear what else has been happening."

In Coldstream's jeep, they bumped along the gravel road north to Haidho. McCauley said, "The *Washington Post* ran an editorial on Cogswell last week. Said he has more influence on the President than any other nongovernment person. I spoke to him on the phone yesterday, also. He said you were to keep the reports coming."

They stopped at the U.S. Embassy in Haidho to check McCauley's mail. Coldstream wandered into the press room where a young attaché was discussing the Monastery bombing. "It's impossible! An American plane didn't do it. But I'll be honest with you. We have nothing but Radio Hanoi's account.

"Radio Hanoi? What in hell do you mean?" asked a deformed gnome of a man in a wheelchair. He could not sit up straight because of his hunchback. His voice was high-pitched and he seemed upset. "You're an American, aren't you? Goddammit, you know bloody well no American plane bombed that Monastery. It's a Communist trick. Why don't you say so?"

Abruptly he wheeled himself out of the room. Marcus Coit ran the *Haidho Gazette,* an English-language paper that had vast influence on the Embassy. The attaché smiled at Coldstream and said, "There's an old Chassidic saying: 'If the devil wants an assistant, he gives a man both pain and power.' "

Coldstream joined McCauley in the rotunda. Shielding his eyes, he pointed out through the large open doors and across the square which the embassy faced. "Look."

From Sarkhan University a crowd of students walked in the direction of the Embassy, laughing and talking, a few of them carrying signs still too distant to read.

When the leaders reached the Embassy's main gate, Coldstream and McCauley could read their signs. The message seemed innocuous enough: "PLEASE, WE TALK WITH AMBASSADOR BROWN?"

"About 500 students," said Coldstream. He paused, then added, "Strange."

"Someone has herded them over," said McCauley. "Most of them seem to think it is a lark, and dammed few can even read the English signs they're carrying."

Ambassador Brown, tall and angular, and now slightly flushed, came quickly into the rotunda, accompanied by the Sarkhanese guard. When the Ambassador reached the glass doors, Coldstream said, "Good morning, sir."

"Morning, Coldstream," he said in a nasal New Hampshire twang. "Oh, hello, Professor." He came over to shake hands. Then he turned to the guard.

"Open the gates and let them in."

Coldstream said gently, "I'd suggest you keep them out, sir. In Asian eyes the United States Ambassador deals with no one but the foreign minister."

Ambassador Brown, his rectangular face expressionless, said "Thank you, Coldstream." Then, turning again to the guard, he said, "Unlock the gates and let the students in."

The guard went to the gate, unlocked it, and pointed toward the Embassy steps.

The students, surprised, moved in slowly.

Ambassador Brown went out. He stopped at the top stair, smiled at the students, then slowly bowed in a deep Sarkhanese ceremonial greeting.

"They are supposed to bow first," McCauley said, "all of them as a group, before the ambassador even recognizes them. He's embarrassing them."

The students did seem startled. Brown said, "What can I do for you young gentlemen?"

Two newsboys had come in with the students. One of them walked toward the Embassy shouting, "American Air Force bombs Sarkhanese holy temple!"

The leader of the students said, "Mister Ambassador, we came to ask why your Air Force bombed our most sacred monastery."

"I can assure you that no United States plane bombed the Monastery. Our radar had all of our planes clearly located."

The spokesman said, "Do you believe, sir, that Prince Ngong, the editor of our paper, the *Far Eastern Star,* is a liar?"

McCauley whispered to Coldstream, "That question is a classic Marxist dialectic double bind. No matter what Brown says now, he will offend."

Ambassador Brown hesitated, then said carefully, "The account of the bombing comes from a Hanoi news broadcast, which is Communist propaganda. Of course, Prince Ngong, the editor, is not a liar. He merely reported a story, indicating its source."

The students lost their embarrassed look and listened intently. Those who understood English interpreted for the others.

"Your Excellency," said the spokesman, "you believe that our leading newspaper, the *Far Eastern Star,* is an outlet for Communist propaganda."

"No! No!" said Ambassador Brown.

"Your Excellency, our most revered and holy temple has been destroyed by your warplane. We ask you about it and you tell us it is only Communist propaganda which our leading newspaper has spread. Sir, we came here with respect, hoping to get honest information, not to be insulted. . . ."

Another newsboy ran up, shouting, "American bombs kill 53 Sarkhanese priests at holy Monastery."

A new tenseness seemed to weld the student group together.

The ambassador smiled. His hands tugged nervously at the bottom of his jacket.

"Gentlemen, I have just spoken to General Hajn, your Minister of Defense. He is sending an investigation committee to the Monastery to get the facts. I have already received assurance from my government that no United States plane was even in the air when the Monastery was bombed."

"Your government also denied the U-2 flights! Your government also denied the presence of Chiang Kai-shek troops in Burma. Give us proof!"

Ambassador Brown said, "Gentlemen, your own government will make a statement later in the day and give you the proof you need. Thank you for coming to see me. You are always welcome here." He waved at them, bowed, and turned into the Embassy.

The student leaders, the ones carrying the signs, took up the slogan, "Americans killed Sarkhanese!" They yelled it, moving their signs up and down in unison and stamping their feet. Within minutes all the students were chanting.

The leaders dropped their signs, put their hands on the hips of men in front of them and began to snake dance. The rest followed, stamping and chanting in a long frenzied line.

The spectators in the Embassy watched, their mood something between amusement and rising anxiety.

The students snake danced around the flagpole. The leaders suddenly broke off, grabbed the halyards and lowered the American flag. A gasp went up from the Embassy personnel. There was a moment of silence as the students tried to unfasten the flag.

Then a squad of helmeted U.S. Marines carrying submachine guns double-timed around the corner of the building. Their officer, a captain, shouted an order and the Marines started toward the pole.

Angrily, the ambassador ordered them to stop.

Coldstream stepped up. "Mister Ambassador, I suggest you let the Marines retrieve the flag. . . ."

Ambassador Brown said with rage, "Captain, get your Marines to the rear of the Embassy. And you," he added, turning to Coldstream and McCauley, "kindly remember that I am the ambassador here."

By now the students were snake dancing out of the Embassy compound, dragging the United States flag in the dirt behind them.

On the steps of the Embassy, Ambassador Brown, tall and lanky, suddenly hunched protectively, like a large animal cornered and looking around for help. He turned to the Embassy Counsellor.

"Sometimes you have to pay a high price to save lives and keep control of events.

His voice begged for assurance.

the house above the river

3 The monsoon rain had started again. Coldstream and McCauley rode from the Embassy in silence. Both had experienced riots before. McCauley had watched the Indonesians tear down the American flag at the U.S. Embassy in Djakarta.

"Tad," Coldstream finally asked, "what do you think about Brown?"

McCauley did not respond. He sat erect in the jeep, unmoving. The rain splattered in, wetting him. Outside it came in long lashes of gray which bent the palms, made green, soft waves along the grass of the Royal Square and snapped buds from aging flowers.

"It doesn't add up," Coldstream went on.

"It adds up," McCauley said sharply. "It adds up perfectly. Brown is another nice amateur diplomat spending a pleasant couple of years in a country he doesn't understand. He's a decent guy who's doing the best he can, and he thinks he's doing well. He'll go home with decorations, a scrapbook of pictures, a silver tea service from the king. And he'll leave disaster behind."

"I'm not sure it's disaster yet," Coldstream said.

"You ought to be sure," McCauley said bitterly. "Ed, you know dammed well that was a rigged riot."

A huge vine ripped loose and in a beautiful troubling splash of green moved across the road.

"You think it's the same old thing again?"

The only Sarkhanese on the streets were ricksha pullers and noodle hawkers. They wore enormous hats and capes made of thatched reeds. There was nothing, however, to protect them from the chill gusts of the southwest monsoon.

"I know it's the same old thing," McCauley said, patting the thick manila folder under his arm. "Ed, you sent this stuff to me to analyze. Pamphlets, petitions, throwaways, posters. They came from all over the country?"

"Right."

"Whoever wrote these pamphlets has done first-class research on the ethnic, religious and political background of Sarkhan. It's all printed on the same kind of cheap paper, on the same press. The character for 'people' on every piece of paper here has the same small defect at the bottom. But the job is effective. It is superb—if you're a Communist. The subject matter skillfully plays on things the Sarkhanese have almost forgotten."

"Almost forgotten?"

"This propaganda was done by someone who knows and understands the old feuds of Sarkhan, and who wants them brought up-to-date and started again, but in Marxist-Leninist terms—without once using the term Marxism." McCauley stretched and yawned. "This propaganda is beautiful in a dirty way."

"Can you find out who wrote them? Who printed them?"

"Yes. All I need is a good magnifying glass and a page of print from every printing press in Sarkhan."

They followed the winding road along the Tirriwongi River. The river was wide here because a mile to the north it was joined by the mightly Sekong.

When they reached Coldstream's fish-packing plant, he parked his jeep. Dozens of Sarkhanese were scaling and gutting fish to be dried out and boxed for shipment to inland areas.

A thin man, almost emaciated, with two fingers missing from one hand, supervised the unloading. Behind him was an efficient complex of moving belts, sprays, glittering knives, and small brown men wearing blood-splattered gowns.

Coldstream waved, and the supervisor loped the length of the yard, stopped in front of Coldstream, and gave a good-natured salute.

"How goes it, Tuc?" Coldstream asked.

"Okay, boss," said the man. He looked at McCauley and nodded.

"You enjoy your vacation last month?" Coldstream asked.

Tuc had fish scales up to his elbows and he picked at them while he looked at the two men and then back at the workers.

"Good time," Tuc said. "I saw my family in the North."

The jeep chugged up the steep road to Coldstream's house.

"I saw Tuc by the Embassy gate as we drove out," McCauley said.

"Tuc, the manager of my fish plant?"

"Yes. Who could mistake that hand?"

"He's a Communist," said Coldstream. "Only he doesn't know I know he is."

"A Communist?"

"Or at least a Communist front man," Coldstream said. "You know how it is here. There are the signs of a Communist organization in Sarkhan, but they are misty. I get information from my people, but it's hard to add up. The front groups have the usual names—the Sarkhanese Liberation Union, the Sarkhan Student Union, the Sarkhan Political Union."

"Have you nothing concrete?"

"A couple of tons of reports. I have a list of people whose actions show Communist behavior. But I can't link them. And then, some are nicknames or aliases."

"That's the way it will be until the Communists have taken the place over," McCauley said harshly. "Hell, they never call themselves Communists until they are solidly in the saddle. It's only then the people hear about socialism and Marx. Up until that time it's 'throw the white man out' or 'end colonialism' or 'forward with Sarkhanese nationalism.' But I still don't understand why you took Tuc into the plant if you know he's a Communist or a follower or whatever he is."

"The Communists try to put one informer in every big organization. Tuc's mine. He's easy to identify; now I know whom to watch. Also, he is one hell of a fish-gutter"

The house on top of the hill was exquisitely Sarkhanese. The cooking stoves were stone, the kitchen pots were the famous blue clay vessels of the Nordomii district near the Vietnamese border. The plumbing pipes were terra cotta and the faucets fashioned from ceramic, glazed a deep blue. The windows were made from light amber Haidho glass—a glass so rare that at least two ancient invaders had laid siege to the city just to obtain it. In the whole house there were only two non-Sarkhanese things. One was Taja's wardrobe, partly Parisian, and the other was a four-inch-thick steel door which secured Coldstream's basement office. They went immediately down the circular stairs to the "vault." The room gleamed with radio equipment and filing cabinets. Large maps of Sarkhan, Southeast Asia, and China covered the walls.

Coldstream switched on a radio and set the tuning dial for the daily Peking broadcast.

"Do you get useful information from the broadcasts?" asked McCauley. "Isn't the hot stuff all in code?"

"It's mostly in plain language—Chinese usually—and for me it's all hot stuff. Hell, it keeps me in business! If I get hints of a border raid, I order my river craft away from that area. Or I'll move the merchandise from my trading post. How do you think

I got my people out of New Guinea in 1962 and out of the East Coast of Malaya in 1964? That's why all my ships and trading posts have radios and keep regular schedules with me. Also, when Peking is going to dump soy beans, pigs' bristles, tung oil, or cheap cotton prints, I know whether to sell short or change destination."

As they waited, Coldstream dropped 11 bullets into McCauley's hand.

"Tad, during the last few weeks my people took these bullets out of 11 headless bodies floating down the rivers from the north. They were Buddhist priests and Moslem religious leaders —all from the northern provinces."

McCauley shook his head in surprise. "There haven't been killings or beheadings of leaders since the religious wars of 600 years ago! Do you associate this with the riot?"

Coldstream shrugged. "Yes, but I don't know how. It's just that too many troubles are beginning at the same time. Young men coming back from 'up north'; bodies in the river; tax collectors being killed; an upswing in nationalism; rumors about 'white man's exploitation'; provincial newspapers turning against the government for vague reasons; the formation of all these new groups with patriotic names but ambiguous objectives."

"Does Cogswell know about these things?"

"Only in general. I thought we could send Cogswell a joint report in the next few days."

The metal door of the vault clicked open. Coldstream and McCauley watched the woman enter. She was not beautiful, but handsome, and very graceful as she moved. She might have been 40, but she might have been 10 years younger. A short line of smallpox scars disfigured her right cheek.

McCauley walked to her, reached for her hand, and said, "Taja." He bowed, and kissed her hand, suddenly quite serious. Unconsciously he pulled his shoulders back and his stomach in. "You are more beautiful than ever."

"And you, as ever, are flattering me," Taja said, speaking English with a slight French accent. "It is good for both of us to see you. When you are not around, Edward becomes bored because he has no one to talk to. And I have no one to flatter me."

A crackling noise came from the loudspeaker. A voice spoke in Chinese. The propaganda broadcasts helped Coldstream keep up his fluency in the language. He had learned it almost 20 years ago when, as a Navy commander, he had been assigned liaison officer to the Chinese Red Army. That was when Coldstream first started having difficulties with the State Department. He had written a long report predicting that unless checked politically the Communists would throw Chiang Kai-shek out and would try to take all of Southeast Asia. He had recommended somewhat unusual methods to stop the Communists: the U.S. had to go into the villages and reach the people politically and economically while they kept the enemy at bay with guns and tanks. But he couldn't get anybody outside of the Navy to consider the report. The U.S. Embassy in Chungking had forwarded it to Washington, disapproving its every recommendation.

Since coming to Sarkhan, Coldstream had practiced cautiously what he had learned in China. On his plantations he had established schools and taught basic sanitation and health. But the instructors and nurses were from the local villages. Once the people were educated and well fed, he found that they soon devised ways of protecting themselves from marauders and from corrupt officials.

Taja said, "Xinh is anxious to talk to you. I've applied compresses and his bleeding has almost stopped. The doctor says he shouldn't talk long."

They went upstairs. A gaunt Sarkhanese, blood seeping through the bandage on his shoulder, lay on a native sofa. "I have a few new names for your list, Buan Suang."

Slowly, breathing deeply between sentences, he began to talk. Xinh Guyen was the manager of Coldstream's trading station in the small village of Boa Binh. The night before, four strangers armed with Sten guns had come to the village. The leader of the group said his name was Nam Tho. When he smiled, a gold tooth showed. He demanded that a public meeting be called. Tien, the village chief and Xinh's father, refused. It was for him, not for strangers, to determine when meetings should be held. After repeating his demand, Nam Tho raised his Sten gun and fired. The slugs ripped Tien apart. Now Jan Ti, the young Buddhist *bonze*, left his temple. "To prevent further killing, I will call the meeting," he said. Xinh remembered now that Jan Ti had "gone north" to learn a trade. He had returned after a year's absence and he could read and write. He brought a sack of comic books which gave the history of "New China." He had distributed pamphlets. Xinh had sent one of them to Coldstream. When the villagers assembled, Nam Tho lectured them on their oppressed state. They listened in silence. They were not oppressed. With education and trade set up through Coldstream's company, most of them owned or were buying their own land and had a few rupees in savings. Then Nam Tho called for four "volunteers" to join the anti-imperialist guerrillas. Jan Ti urged the villagers to comply. Xinh reprimanded him angrily and Nam Tho turned almost casually and fired once. The bullet smashed Xinh's shoulder and he fell and lay still. Four young men were selected as "volunteers" and taken into the jungle. Late that night Xinh crawled into his *huatze* and started down the river to Coldstream's house.

the fish-gutter and the general

4 The thin man with the two fingers missing from his right hand came slowly past the houses that lined the Botanical Gardens. It was early evening, but the lights from the houses cast a dim glow which reached to the street. The man took advantage of the light to pick a fish scale from his arm. He was aware that he had an odor, but only from the reactions of others. Long ago he had lost the ability to detect it. After eight hours in the fish-processing plant, digging into the small mountains of cold fish, rasping them with a scaler, and then filleting them and pushing pink fish entrails into huge barrels for Coldstream's fish-meal factory on the outskirts of town—after that—one did not have much sense of smell left.

Fifty yards ahead stood Hajn's house. When the sentry in front of it looked away, Tuc went flat on his stomach and slid under the hedge that surrounded the house. Inside the hedge there was a thick wire fence with a very narrow mesh. Tuc followed the hedge to the rear of the house, feeling the base of the fence with his hand. In the back he found a narrow hole that looked big enough to pass a small dog. Expertly, with no sign of strain, Tuc pulled himself through the hole.

He went across the lawn quickly. He had learned years before that, in the night, a single unbroken movement was less conspicuous than a series of stops and starts. Tuc squatted under an open window. Inside the room General Hajn and his guest, United States Ambassador Spratt Brown, were talking. Tuc could hear them clearly in comfortable but still somewhat formal conversation. For some reason, from their relaxed tones, perhaps, Tuc knew they were sitting down.

"Mister Ambassador, I have had my security people check the whole matter out," Hajn said. "It was intended as a prank by some of the university students. They were appalled when it misfired and some other people, nonstudents, I might add, got carried away and thought it was genuine."

"General, I am reassured by what you say, but I confess that it was a bit harrowing to see the American flag desecrated," Ambassador Brown said.

"As you know, we have recovered the flag. I myself will return it with appropriate public ceremony. Also, at the same time, you will be given the Order of the Royal Heart, second class. It was your coolness and quick thinking that averted bloodshed."

"Thank you, General."

How little they knew, Tuc thought. He marveled at the inability of Westerners to look hard at unpleasant things. He, Tuc, had known for years that the conversion of individuals into crowds and crowds into mobs would be a part of his life's work. Long ago he had read not only Lebon and Canetti and the works of the Western sociologists, but he had also read of the older cultures and how crowds and mobs were formed centuries earlier: Cumoni on the mysteries of the Mithra, Cusinier on Indochina, Callaway on the Amazulu, Erman on Egypt. He had read of Indians throwing themselves beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut, of Moslems working themselves into a frenzy where every male in a mob castrated himself. He had studied the long rising pitch of primitive tribes as they worked themselves into a killing mood.

But always he checked his readings against what he observed. And he tested. He had organized small protest meetings in Chinese villages, flag-waving demonstrations at Cambodian

schools, bloody riots in Hanoi and Saigon. He had whipped intellectuals into irrationality. . . .

Tuc gave an inaudible grunt of satisfaction, like a man who belches happily after a perfect meal. In Coldstream's loft, Tuc was carrying out the great sweep of theory. He was distilling thousands of years of accumulated trial and error into a neat, precise functional instrument. Tuc was forging the group into "crystals" who could control a crowd through all moods and actions, like animals in a circus. Tuc grunted again. The beautiful part of it was that not one of the group knew what was happening. They all thought they were part of a patriotic and social organization.

There was a pause and Tuc heard ice tinkling in their glasses. Tuc found it an attractive sound. An odd thought formed in his mind: he would like to try whisky.

"General, it's always a pleasure working with you. I've got to be off. I am giving a lecture this evening at the Royal Historical Society on the influence of Thomas Jefferson on Southeast Asia."

Their voices faded as General Hajn saw the ambassador to the front door.

Tuc swung himself easily over the window ledge, trotted softly to a corner and crouched in the half shadow.

Hajn came back from the door and walked to the bar. He poured himself a drink, added soda water from a sterling silver siphon. The inscription on it, Tuc knew, indicated that it was a gift from his American colleagues at the U.S. Army Command School at Leavenworth.

From the dark corner, Tuc said quietly, "I would like some whisky, comrade."

Hajn's hand jerked only slightly. His eyes found the corner in which Tuc crouched. A shadow of anger swept over Hajn's face. Then he erased it. He turned quickly and locked the door and drew the bamboo shades across the windows.

"Tuc," Hajn said, "help yourself."

"No. I have never drunk whisky. I do not know how to make the proportions. You have had much experience. I would prefer that you did it for me," said Tuc.

The humbleness was feigned. He was giving an order.

For a moment neither man moved or spoke. Hajn, in his elegant, MacArthur-style uniform, his back to a loaded bar, standing in his own splendid living room, gave no indication of moving. Tuc, still squatting, dirty, in shorts, dangling the stained piece of cloth that Sarkhanese laborers carry as a shield from sun and rain, and as a handkerchief and a sweat rag, was immobile.

Hajn sipped his drink, but made no motion toward the bar.

"It would be a comradely thing," Tuc said softly.

It was a risk and Tuc knew it. But it was also an exploration, a small feint, to see how Hajn would react, to see if Hajn would understand the import of the request. Hajn's sense of discipline to the Party was important.

The General moved, slowly, and filled a glass for Tuc.

"Comrade, I did not expect you," Hajn said. Unconsciously he started to bring up his hand and say "cheers," but stopped in mid-gesture.

"Things happen more quickly than one expects," Tuc said. "It is necessary for us to talk now. Comrade, it was interesting, what you said to the American Ambassador."

Hajn stared at Tuc. Tuc took the stare without turning, knowing Hajn was offended.

"You must realize," Tuc said, "that there are no such things as secrets or private talk."

"Why did you not tell me about the riot?" Hajn said demandingly. "I was uncertain what the demonstration meant. Had the Americans actually bombed the Monastery?"

"I felt it best not to tell you," Tuc said simply. "The bombing was arranged by our friends up North."

He looked down at the glass in his hands, the brown liquid with the strange bits of ice making patterns. "There are many things one must do without understanding."

Tuc finished his whisky. It was quite tasteless, but an aroma backed up his nose. He resisted the impulse to blink. He was disappointed. He had read the American novels where the whisky hit the pit of a man's stomach and left it soft and hot in a few seconds. The whisky was in his stomach and he felt nothing. But he warned himself to be cautious.

"Tell me about next Wednesday's meeting of the Royal Council," Tuc said. "What is the agenda?"

"Would you like to sit in a chair?"

"It's a custom I haven't acquired."

"The Council meets in four days."

"I know. You have arranged for Prince Lin to be absent?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"His helicopter at the Three Mountains will stay inoperative until we wish Prince Lin to return. His radio does not work. He is completely isolated at his meditation sanctuary." Hajn paused, not wanting to ask the next question. "What is it we want done at the Council?"

Tuc found another fish scale. He picked it off before answering. "Comrade, the Council must request military aid—big military aid from the United States."

Hajn said angrily, "Do not come here to make jokes. You will recall that we had agreed that anything that strengthened the Sarkhanese armed forces would make the eventual take-over more difficult. Most of the troops will remain loyal to the Crown. The better equipped they are, the more difficult our task. And now you talk about a request for American aid."

Hajn was a proud and complex man and would be a more efficient instrument if not humiliated. Tuc's voice softened.

"I thought you would grasp the implications," he said. "First, if American troops come to Sarkhan, we at once label them as white imperialists. Secondly, foreign troops always provoke incidents. Remember the American in Toyko who shot a Japanese woman? And the American soldier who killed a Chinese in Taiwan? If no incidents happen, we will make one—a child run over by a drunken soldier, a scavenger shot by a nervous sentry. Mao Tse-tung made it clear it is a necessity to provide a martyr early. American troops here will help us get a martyr quick. Understand?"

Hajn hated to nod, but he did.

"Third advantage," said Tuc, "perhaps the biggest one: Every nation which has foreign troops on its soil feels humiliated. Americans are in Germany, Taiwan, Japan, Korea, Turkey—and everywhere they are automatically disliked, just as the Fascist occupation troops were hated during World War II. Agreed?" He waited for Hajn's nod. "We can build a wave of anti-Americanism whenever we please."

"But the Americans in Sarkhan are well liked."

"The few who are here now, Hajn, but not the great bulk of them later. Look at Viet Nam. The Americans there are disliked by both sides. And by the French, also."

Hajn nodded again.

"Now the fourth reason is simple," Tuc said. "The Americans will bring in a huge amount of military equipment. Much of it is useless in the jungle. But the small guns are a treasure for us."

The general nodded. He hated these lectures.

"Do you think you can manage things at the Council meeting?"

"It will be difficult," Hajn answered. "American aid was mentioned at a previous Council meeting. It was turned down. It was unanimous that American arms are unthinkable unless Sarkhan is invaded. Prince Lin and the chamberlain emphasized this. The king concurred."

"Unless Sarkhan is invaded?" said Tuc coldly. "Then we will have an invasion."

"An invasion?"

"If we need an invasion, then make one. Do whatever is needed to get the Americans and their equipment here." Tuc held his glass to the light, looking at his fingerprints on it.

But, he reminded Hajn, Prince Lin was the key. If there was an invasion, Lin would drop neutralism, become a nationalist and be ripe for a coup. If he rejected American aid, however, it would be Hajn's job to "eliminate him."

"And the Americans will sit still and just watch?" Hajn asked harshly. "Their F.I.A. agents are here just to prevent the kind of thing you're talking about. Doctor Theobald, the Embassy doctor, is one of them."

Tuc had held up his hand to stop the general's flow of words. He felt a jab of irritation with Hajn. Maybe it was the whisky. "Hajn, don't worry about the F.I.A.," Tuc said. "They are a joke. Doctor Theobald is about as 'secret' as Richardson was in Saigon during the Diem *coup*." Tuc laughed. Now he knew it was the whisky, but it made no difference. "Doctor Theobald has 107 agents working for him. We try to know where those 107 agents are day and night." He hesitated, then could not resist adding, "The majority of the F.I.A. agents are Sarkhanese. Sometimes, Hajn, I even originate their assignments."

Then Hajn knew, with a sudden depressing certitude, that Tuc knew everything he, Hajn, did and a lot more.

Tuc said, "Comrade, nothing is impossible. But I warn you, Prince Lin must be kept out of Haidho until after this is over. He is a neutralist—a dreamer, they say—but strong in this one idea. He will be king in two months and could spoil everything."

The fish-gutter walked to the window and looked out. He turned.

"The whisky is no good," he said. "It upsets my stomach."

The general started to speak, but Tuc had vaulted out of the window. There was a sound no louder than a mongoose creeping, then there was silence.

Hajn stood quietly, staring at the open window. His relationship with Tuc was so delicate, so severe, so precariously balanced. He wondered how long it would endure. Generals were not trained to take orders, no matter how subtly issued, from fish-gutters.

a trip upriver

5 Coldstream and McCauley had spent many hours discussing Xinh's experience.

The next morning Coldstream telephoned the Sarkhanese Minister of Defense. Although they did not see much of each other, the two men had been casual friends for 30 years. Hajn had been at West Point at the same time Coldstream attended Annapolis, and the general sometimes came to Coldstreams's house to listen to the Army-Navy game via shortwave broadcast. After one such occasion, Taja had remarked to Coldstream, "Edward, he is more American than you are."

Coldstream repeated Xinh's account of the events at Boa Binh. Hajn promised an investigation. It would take four days.

Coldstream told McCauley, "I can't wait that long. I'm going today. Do you want to come along?"

McCauley shook his head. "I have an appointment with King Diad. He's going to spin me some dirty yarns about the royal succession."

"You don't want to miss that, Professor," said Coldstream.

"Eddie, Xinh mentioned a list. I'm curious. . . ."

"You're always curious. It's sort of my black book. Whenever I have definite indication that someone is either a Communist or working for the Communists, I put his name and the evidence in my file. For example, Nam Tho, the man with the gold tooth, the one who killed Xinh's father."

"And Jan Ti, the *bonze?*"

"Yes, but with a question mark. One of the reasons I am going to Boa Binh is to check on Jan Ti. Who is he, really? The ones who go to North Viet Nam for training sometimes take other names when they come back."

Coldstream's boat looked like any other *huatze* on the river, but it had a small, powerful inboard motor to supplement the outboard. He was accompanied by two men who had worked the territory for the South East Asia Trading Corporation for years.

The monsoon rains had swollen the river and turned it a deep chocolate color. The crew was kept busy avoiding the trees and logs which swept down with the higher waters. Coldstream sat quietly amidship.

In a way he felt responsible for what had happened in Boa Binh. He had always trained his trading post managers to help the villages. They received regular shipments of schoolbooks, magazines, newspapers, and where there was no village teacher, the managers made loans to buy lanterns and held evening classes to teach the peasants to read. Coldstream had anticipated that one day Sarkhan might have to go through the agonies of Korea or Laos or Viet Nam. Self-sustaining and educated peasants resisted Communist propaganda and arguments. He had seen it again and again in the vast sweep of Southeast Asia where his company operated. It frustrated him that the United States aid program had not brought practical educators to the villages.

The terrorists probably chose Boa Binh because of its comparative prosperity, because of his trading post, and because of the dedication of Xinh—in short, because it was self-sufficient and, hence, considered reactionary.

Coldstream arrived at Boa Binh early in the afternoon. Most of the people were in their huts. The men stood just inside their doors, their faces expressionless, although most of them had known Coldstream for years.

Coldstream walked directly to the first hut. The man in the doorway was occasionally employed as a stevedore for Coldstream's company.

They exchanged polite greetings, but the man's face was unresponsive. He told Coldstream that the village would not elect a new chief lest he too be killed.

"None of us wish to doom a man by making him chief. That is what we fear."

"Where is Jan Ti?" Coldstream asked.

"He is at the temple."

When Coldstream arrived, Jan Ti was trimming flowers and shrubs with a short, sharp knife.

Coldstream spoke Jan Ti's name softly. Jan Ti turned as if surprised. Coldstream knew the surprise was feigned. Everyone in the village would know about Coldstream's presence immediately after his arrival.

"Jan Ti, I hear that your friends paid a visit to Boa Binh."

"My friends, Buan Suang?" Jan Ti replied. "I knew none of them."

"I did not say you knew any of them. I said they were your friends. One can have friends whom one never sees. As a *bonze* you should remember Buddha's First Moral Rule: 'Let no one kill any living thing.' "

"I have killed no one."

"You talked to the Communists before they came," Coldstream said flatly. "You told them that no one could volunteer from Boa Binh unless the chief was killed." Coldstream was both guessing and probing. "And you got your instructions from the Buddhist Solidarity Front. You know it and I know it. I also know who ordered it organized." Coldstream paused, waited to see if Jan Ti would take the bait and reveal something more of the Buddhist group.

"I did not talk to . . . ."

"Jan Ti, do not lie to me. I have traveled much in all the countries of Asia. I have seen the face of Communism many times, and the tactics. They would not employ violence against popular men in their first visit unless they had been told it was the only way possible to get recruits. They would not approach a village unless they had an agent in the village."

"All I said was . . . ." Jan Ti stopped. His face showed a flicker of fear.

Coldstream's probe had been successful. He held the *bonze's* eye and ordered him to urge the selection of a new chief and to guarantee that chief's safety. Jan Ti shook his head in contempt.

"How can I guarantee the safety of the chief?"

"Because I am going to give instructions to one man in this village to kill you if the new chief is harmed in any way or is even taken by force from the village." Coldstream said, "You can tell your friends that if the new chief is harmed, you will die. I guarantee it."

Soon Coldstream saw Jan Ti going from hut to hut.

In the middle of the afternoon a village meeting was held. A new chief was selected. When the meeting was over, villagers drifted toward the trading post. Their mood was friendly toward Coldstream. Some of the men muttered bits of information as they purchased tobacco or fish twine or candy.

Two of them repeated a rumor that the "volunteers" had been taken to a camp uphill from the village of Dao, 20 miles up the river from Boa Binh.

At Dao the next morning, the chief, gossiping eagerly, reported that a month before, two small trucks had been offloaded from a river boat and had been driven by Sarkhanese Army troops into the hills. They had not returned.

Coldstream drove for 15 miles. Gradually the road rose into the foothills.

As he completed a difficult turn, he saw a truck blocking his way. Four men leaned against it. They wore peasant's clothes and carried rifles.

Coldstream got out of the jeep and walked toward them, smiling. "How is the hunting? It used to be good pig country."

"What are you doing here?" one of the men asked. He had a high-pitched voice with an odd accent.

"I am Buan Suang, the merchant," Coldstream said. "I have come to see if the hardwood trees are worth cutting again. A few years ago we cut here—taking out rosewood and teak."

The leader smiled, showing a gold tooth. At the same time he nodded to his men.

Coldstream heard a noise behind him and felt a numbing pain along his right temple. The truck and the men dissolved, grew small and distant, then the pain became too great and he

fell into blackness and the void of total unconsciousness.

king diad the merry

6 That same morning McCauley made his visit to King Diad. He was pleased. It was the first time a white man had ever been allowed in the palace. He was present for the reading of the king's palm—he saw the start of amazement in the ancient palmist's face. There was a change he did not understand. "Will I still abdicate on the appointed day?"

"I cannot tell, Your Majesty. That is still not shown. But before that, very shortly before that day, there is an ambiguity. It indicates that a part of you will die. I do not know what it means. I see an accident, but not death to you."

The abdication of the king and the succession of Prince Lin was preordained by custom and tradition. But Lin, whom McCauley knew well, was gentle and quiet, essentially a scholar. McCauley boldly asked the king if he felt Lin was trained for kingship. Diad smiled and lifted a jade container of fragrant jasmine wine.

"This is one of the most intoxicating liquors known to man. It reminds me of my son, Prince Lin. Indeed, he is world famous as a scholar, as an authority on our religions. And he is a gentle, quiet individual. Not a single person in the palace can remember him ever losing his temper since he became a man. But this does not mean that he is weak and unequipped. He is disciplined. The prince is one of the best mountain climbers in Asia. Did you know he had climbed Annapurna?"

McCauley had not known.

McCauley was mulling that when a page told him that a woman—Taja—was awaiting him outside. The page saw his annoyance and said, "She says it is very important. A friend of yours is very ill."

McCauley got to his feet and bowed before the king.

Taja was waiting for him in the car.

"Tad!" she said. "We must hurry. Edward is arriving at the docks. He may be dead."

"What happened?"

"I don't know. The Embassy got a message from the Sarkhanese Army that he was hurt upriver and would be arriving soon."

"What about a doctor?"

"Doctor Theobald from the Embassy is already at the dock."

Coldstream's *huatze* was approaching the pier. The *huatze* cut in sharply, made a quick turn, and came alongside the dock. Coldstream lay on a stretcher in the middle of the boat, covered with a poncho. His face was drawn tight and had aged. His eyes were open, but the eyes did not recognize the people on the dock. He stared at some distant and terrifying thing. His lips moved and then stopped in a rigid line.

Theobald and McCauley stepped down into the boat. They pulled the poncho back. Coldstream's trousers were filthy and stiff. He had no shirt. His hands, limp and distorted, were crossed on his chest.

"*Mentado*," McCauley said. "I can't believe it."

"Good God, what's this all about?" Theobald muttered.

Taja climbed down. She touched McCauley's arm to steady herself and slowly said, "Yes, it is *mentado*."

"He's in shock and has lost blood," said Theobald. He nodded at the crewmen. They picked up the stretcher, lifted it from the boat. Theobald added, "He needs a transfusion."

For 18 hours Coldstream muttered deliriously. Taja never left his side. McCauley forgot to make notes of his meeting with King Diad, and smoked cigarette after cigarette, growing more disheveled and rumpled by the hour. In his delirium, Coldstream was obviously trying to wrench away from some terrible experience. And over again he mouthed, "Roshuro, Konku, Roshuro, Konku. The names. Remember the names. Roshuro, Konku. . . ."

the royal council

7 After Tuc left his house, General Hajn settled himself to think. The four days before the Royal Council meeting would be crucial. The Council would not act at all unless it could act unanimously, and it was clear that no single argument would bring the various members at once to agree on American aid. They would have to be approached individually. Hajn's position long had been that of the neutralist, resisting foreign aid. Now, ostensibly without changing his attitude, he must cause a reversal of his government's position. He was a master politician with a firm grasp of the realities of self-interest which make politics work.

He went first to Bandor, minister of finance, who was worried by the failure of Sarkhan to develop light industry with which to improve its economy. Deftly, while stressing his opposition to foreign aid, he managed to suggest that American Counter-Insurgency funds, to counter an internal Communist threat which might, after all, be in the making, would also solve Sarkhan's economic problems. It occurred to Bandor, too, that material aid would come in ships which would have to be unloaded; his wharfage firm would build new docks and handle the new business with prosperous ease.

Visiting Noc Thick Nuy, senior Buddhist representative on the Council, Hajn related his distress that only Moslems were being promoted in the armed forces. Why? Because Buddhist temples lacked schools, so Moslems (who had a school by every temple) were better educated. In conversation, it arose that with American aid, schools at all temples would follow naturally. Noc looked very pleased.

Sarif, the senior Moslem *allama* of Sarkhan, was for it. Moslems dominated small trade and an influx of money would improve their state in general. It happened that Sarif owned the main hotels in Haidho, and the thought crossed his mind that with American troops coming, he probably would have to expand.

The chamberlain, however, who spoke for the royal family, was impervious to such maneuver. Tuc supplied the answer for him. Radio Hanoi and Radio Peking announced a new territorial dispute between China and Sarkhan. China was claiming 250 square miles of Sarkhan territory in the mountainous area to the north. Chinese and North Vietnamese troops were massing on Sarkhan's border preparing to sieze the disputed land. The Chinese ambassador called on the chamberlain with packets of proof.

The day before the Council meeting, the chamberlain summoned Hajn. He was in a rage. In the face of this insane claim, the chamberlain, acting on centuries of distrust for the Chinese, began to think of aid. And for that, of course, he looked to America. "General," said the angry chamberlain, "at the Council meeting tomorrow I will persuade everyone of the necessity for action. Have no fear of that."

Thus began, simply and with plain purpose, the great clash between Sarkhan and China that soon would be a subject of such debate in council chambers clear around the world.

"Tuc," said Hajn late that night, "tomorrow the Council will draw up a request for American military aid. I have spoken to. . . ."

"The details do not interest me. Just that the aid will come."

"It will."

"There is another matter," said Tuc. "Have you heard what happened to the American meddler, Coldstream?"

"No." Hajn knew every detail. But he lied. He wanted to see how much Tuc knew.

"He came close to our transient camp."

"Where the volunteers assemble before going to North Viet Nam for training?"

"Yes. Near Dao village. Coldstream stumbled into it. The stupid sentries panicked. Coldstream got the *mentado*."

"*Mentado*—to Coldstream? The fools. Is he dead?"

"He is alive," said Tuc. "But the four fools—the only witnesses—are dead. Now, comrade, you must take action before Coldstream talks." Tuc stared directly at Hajn. "Mistakes can be turned into advantages. You will arrange that the National Police charge Coldstream with abusing the villagers—usury, harsh working conditions, cheating. The indignant people lost their patience and handled him roughly."

"No one would believe it. Coldstream has too good a reputation."

"It need not be proved. I just want the story in the papers. The Crab will run it in the *Haidho Gazette*. I want Ambassador Brown to know about it and report Coldstream's bad behavior to Washington. A well-placed rumor is more effective than the facts."

"But *mentado* is different from just being beaten up. It hasn't been practiced since the religious wars. It will cause talk."

"If needed, we'll start another rumor—that Coldstream, in the effort to hide the truth, inflicted *mentado* on himself."

the bureaucrats

8 At 7:30 on the morning of October third the President of the United States read the top-secret letter from the government of Sarkhan. It requested immediate and massive military assistance.

He looked at the Secretary of State and said, "What do you make of it?"

"The Chinese claim of Sarkhanese territory," said the Secretary of State, "plus the rumors of Vietnamese mobilization may have panicked the Royal Council. It was delivered by courier only an hour ago. No advance notice. Sarkhan seems in a terrible hurry."

The President said, "Get me the Special Committee's opinion. And quickly. Cogswell is chairman. He'll give it to me straight."

In a dozen offices around Washington, D.C., the preliminaries and the preparation began.

Jeremiah Stuart had, as usual, arrived at the Federal Intelligence Agency's headquarters across the Potomac, barely in Virginia, at 8:30 a.m., well before the rest of his staff and had gone directly to his dining room, for their meeting.

Stuart was an old man, but it showed only in the tough, closely shaven flesh which gathered in small folds just above his old-fashioned collar, and the small blue veins on the flares of his nostrils. His slenderness, plus his jet black hair, gave him the appearance of youth, tenacity, and stamina. He was six feet tall and stooped a bit, like a man who had carried responsibilities for a long time or, as his enemies said, like an experienced infighter who is always coiled and ready to snap off a short jab.

Four men entered. They were heads of the four major divisions of the F.I.A.—Intelligence, Plans, Research, Support.

Pointing to the chairs, Stuart began speaking even before the men were seated. "The Chinese Communists are claiming about 250 square miles of Sarkhan's territory." He paused. "What do you think?" he snapped.

None of them was willing to make the opening. Stuart was famous for his open-end questions which would become sudden traps and finally, if the issue were big enough, the end of a man's career.

Stuart was used to this kind of silent reaction.

"What could be better news? It'll shake up that neutralist, Prince Lin. It'll solidify those don't-give-a-damn Sarkhanese. And it'll make General Hajn more inclined to go along with our counter-insurgency plan." He paused. No one spoke.

"Now the bad news. The President's Sarkhan Committee is meeting at 11:30. The Committee hasn't met for six months and I was hoping it wouldn't meet for at least six more. What should we do?"

Stuart paced back and forth. He knew what he must do. He saw clearly his patriotic duty. He was going to make the "falling domino" theory work in reverse. He had watched it the other way too often. He had seen the confusion of Presidents and the timidity of Senators and the rantings of professors help the Communists to win. Half of Korea, half of Berlin, half of Viet Nam, all of China, most of Cambodia, most of Laos—each a domino toppled by the Reds, falling against another domino in a chain reaction of Communist victory. Now all that was going to change. Sarkhan would be the base.

Stuart asked, "Exactly how did Hajn respond three months ago when we proposed giving him an internal security force and gradually preparing him to be prime minister?"

The chief of Plans answered, "He was cagey. He said Prince Lin has common sense enough to listen to Hajn's advice."

"Do you think State or Defense got to Hajn ahead of us?" the head of Support asked.

Stuart's expression did not change. He must get rid of the head of Support in a few weeks. I got to Hajn long ago, he thought. If the head of Support didn't see it, he must go.

"The President," said the Intelligence chief, "has just sent Prince Lin a coronation message ahead of time, declaring the U.S.A.'s friendship and all that. Inadvertently he may have weakened Hajn's position."

I've known six Presidents, some good, some bad, Stuart thought. The President had a job to do which Stuart did not envy him. For one thing he had to be a goddam matinee idol, shaking hands and making speeches, to get elected. But why couldn't he leave this kind of international maneuvering to the professionals? Imagine, sending a message like that to Prince Lin, a pacifist, a neutralist, a weakling.

At 8:35 a.m. on October third the Secretary of Defense convened a meeting in his office.

The Secretary said softly, "I have requested Assistant Secretary of Defense Dobey to be our spokesman at the meeting today on Sarkhan. He has my instructions. The State Department may have some diplomatic scheme up its sleeves or the F.I.A. may be dreaming of a quick cloak-and-dagger job. We in Defense must be careful not to commit our funds or manpower needlessly in Sarkhan. Not now, anyway."

At 8:40 a.m. at the Department of State, the Secretary himself said, "I just want to make sure, Abbott, that you understand State's policy on Sarkhan. Our policy is to hold firm. Sarkhan is neutral. It looks neutral and it acts neutral. The monarchy is secure and Hajn, who is the strongest member of the Royal Council, is firmly pro-West.

"If the Pentagon wants to send in troops and supplies, we are opposed. We also are opposed to F.I.A. undertaking any covert operations in the area. The Sarkhanese government paper here mentions an invasion buildup across the border in Viet Nam. If it is real, we want to handle it with negotiations. Once we start pouring arms into an area or playing the F.I.A.'s game, the possibility of successful diplomacy goes out the window. So don't let anyone hit the panic button at the meeting today."

a meeting in washington

9 At 11:35 a.m. the President's Special Committee on Sarkhan met in the Conference Room at the State Department, and it promptly came to order.

Adolph Cogswell, the chairman, stood at the end of the polished conference table. He had been chairman of the Committee on Sarkhan since it had been established by President Kennedy immediately after the Bay of Pigs disaster. He did not want another such debacle. The Committee was designed to gather facts, assess them expertly and make recommendations. It had no other power—but the President often acted on such recommendations.

Cogswell stood at a podium. The Committee members sat. Cogswell knew that men listen to someone who stands above them. It was the traditional stance of authority.

Cogswell remained silent for perhaps 30 seconds after he banged his gavel.

Silence, also, was a technique. Cogswell at 75 was stocky and solid and usually restless. He knew his silence was a strong weapon.

As the Committee grew silent, Cogswell was suddenly aware of how many times, for how many years, for how many different Presidents he had performed similar functions.

President Roosevelt had once told Harry Hopkins, "As long as I have been President, there are only three persons who call me by my first name without embarrassment: Justice Holmes, Adolph Cogswell, and you."

The only person Cogswell knew well at the table was Jeremiah Stuart. They were the old workhorses. Maybe too old, he thought. Cogswell and Stuart had been through the veterans' march on Washington under Hoover, the Depression, the early wild days of the New Deal, the approach of World War II, the dealings with the Russians, the McCarthy scare, the New Frontier, and just about everything else.

They had seldom agreed, but they had a respect for one another's talents. Stuart was brooding, protective, suspicious. But also decisive and vigorous. Cogswell thought some of his liberal friends were overly harsh in their criticism of Stuart. The F.I.A. director got things done, an ability Cogswell admired in anyone. Cogswell's job had been to solve problems as they rushed down on successive Administrations. His merits were open-mindedness, toughness, an ability to shift targets. Neither man had ever questioned the integrity of the other.

"Sarkhan has requested United States aid," Cogswell said. "The medical and educational stuff is routine. But the military request includes equipment for a 60,000-man balanced army, including air and artillery. They want immediate delivery of equipment and also training by U.S. personnel. The Sarkhanese claim the North Vietnamese have mobilized troops just beyond the Tikok Mountains, troops called the Sarkhan Liberation Battalions that are really there to support China's claim to 250 miles of Sarkhan territory. This Committee, gentlemen, can recommend anything it wishes to the President. And I have to

give him our recommendation tonight. Should the United States give this military aid to Sarkhan?"

He turned to the State Department man. "What is your estimate of the situation in Sarkhan?"

Assistant Secretary Abbott pursed his lips. He slowly removed his glasses and cleaned them with a handkerchief.

"An estimate of the situation in Sarkhan?" he said. "For about the last 10 years we have considered it one of the most stable countries in Asia. The Sarkhanese request for military assistance comes as a surprise. Despite the shouting, we see no immediate threat to Sarkhan, either internally or externally. . . ."

Stuart interrupted in his domineering, metallic voice. "Fine, fine. But how long will Sarkhan stay that way? The Reds want that kind of real estate."

Cogswell tapped his gavel. Ignoring Stuart, Cogswell smiled. "Thank you, Abbott. Sarkhan is politically stable. Correct?"

Cogswell now turned to Stuart. "Jeremiah, what is the Federal Intelligence Agency's estimate of the situation in Sarkhan?"

"One cannot tell when the Communists will decide to attack Sarkhan," said Stuart. He shrugged. "That they will attack, I have no doubt. But when? Who knows?"

"Do we have enough people out there to make an accurate estimate?" Cogswell said.

Stuart sighed. He fingered some notes in the folder before him. He had 107 F.I.A. people in Sarkhan, including native agents. They knew what was going on. But no one in the room was qualified to evaluate the F.I.A. estimate. And it could leak to the columnists.

"We don't have enough, Mister Chairman, to be absolutely sure," Stuart said, looking up from figures he had scrawled on a pad. "We have about 15 people and we'd like to have four or five times that many."

"Dobey, what's your estimate?" Cogswell asked.

Assistant Secretary of Defense Cyril Dobey said, "We see no immediate danger, and the Defense Department forces are strategically located so as to take care of any emergencies in Southeast Asia. We are puzzled by this sudden request from Sarkhan."

"Thank you, Dobey," said Cogswell. "Up to now the Committee is unanimous that Sarkhan is in no immediate danger. We will now proceed to the next step. . . ."

"Mister Chairman, if I stay quiet, the record will indicate I agree with Defense's assumption that they can handle any military emergency that comes up," Stuart said. "No insult is meant, because this is all in the family, but the military people said the same thing about Korea, Laos, Viet Nam." Stuart paused and the pause was somehow Solomonlike, gentle, persuasive, wise. He smiled at Dobey. "I am not criticizing or backbiting. I am asking us to face realities. The country that is *not* invaded or overrun may be precisely the one we should help. For in such a country there is time."

Cogswell wondered about the motives behind Stuart's approach. He seemed to be saying Sarkhan was in danger, but he was not pushing for intervention.

"Thank you, Jeremiah," said Cogswell. "Your view is on record. Now, gentlemen, what are the Committee's predictions for the immediate future of Sarkhan, say during the next two years? Abbott, would you give the Department of State's view?"

"Well, sir, that's a hard one. Every political situation is in flux. At this moment it would be difficult for me to give a specific future blueprint.

"One thing is certain, however. We don't want to get boxed in so that we are forced to support a 'strong man' government or a *junta*. We've been stung by that in Korea, Formosa, Viet Nam, the Dominican Republic, Pakistan. We'd like to take a harder look at this General Hajn. We don't want to back him if he turns out to be a Trujillo."

Abbott did not understand the "strong man," Stuart thought. Like most State liberals, he retreated whenever the phrase was used. What Abbott and State did not understand was that they always picked their strong men too late. Pick one early, give him support, build him up, and you did not have to panic when the Communists started to shout their "Fascist" slogans.

Stuart looked at Cogswell. He was uncertain of him. Cogswell was tough and knowledgeable. He was the only person in the room who might sense Stuart's plans and—by his utter objectivity—ultimately block them.

"The President wants a recommendation tonight," Cogswell went on. "Mister Dobey, what's the Pentagon's prediction for Sarkhan?"

"The only hazard, as far as Defense is concerned," said Dobey, "would be an armed attack on Sarkhan either from North Viet Nam or Communist China. We have no evidence of either. Our reconnaissance planes make frequent flights over the area. If there were a military buildup directed at Sarkhan, we would know about it."

"What he is saying," Stuart said firmly, "is that anything can happen in that part of the world."

Dobey said, "That is correct. The Communists are unpredictable."

"Mister Chairman," Stuart said, "you know I have devoted my life to telling the American people of the threat of communism. My view is a simple one: if we must arm Sarkhan, let's do it before—I repeat, *before*—the Communist thrust from the outside, or we will lose the country—and along with it, all of Southeast Asia and the Malay archipelago."

Cogswell knew this was the moment of summation. He was weary of the bureaucrats, even those as shrewd and tough as Jeremiah Stuart. Most of the people in the room were thinking not of Sarkhan or the United States, but of the well-being of their own agencies.

"If I understand the situation," said Cogswell slowly, "not a single one of the intelligence-gathering agencies of the United States knows whether or not there is an invasion against Sarkhan forming in the Tikok Mountains. Why not?"

The Air Force general coughed and said, "It's hard to say. We have no recent pictures of that area."

"No pictures? What do the planes do?" asked Cogswell.

"You see, sir, this is the monsoon season. Everything from the plateau to the other side of the mountains is covered by a low-level soup, fog and rain."

"Isn't it also true, General, that there is no camera yet developed that can take pictures through yang and takhian tree leaves?" Stuart asked. He liked his intelligence sources with their two feet on the ground, not 20,000 feet up in the air. He was thinking about Doctor Theobald, the Embassy doctor in Haidho.

It was through Doctor Theobald that Stuart had worked out his clearly understood agreement with General Hajn. When U.S. troops and equipment came in, Hajn would have control of them. This time there would be no false "strong man" who appeared late, potbellied and belligerent, shouting to the crowds. The "strong man" would be the national hero, West Point-educated General Hajn. And behind Hajn? Stuart.

Cogswell was disturbed. No U.S. intelligence agents had been sent north to check the invasion claim. It was an old story. Natives could travel in the monsoon. White men could not. Why? The question was never answered.

Cogswell said, "Then it is the consensus that Sarkhan is not in any real danger. Why, then, did Sarkhan ask for such massive aid?"

"Hajn is hardheaded, Mister Chairman," Stuart said. "He is also a patriot. He must have more information. I suggest that we send a message to him through Ambassador Brown and ask for amplification."

"I agree," said Abbott quickly. "What we need is time to study the situation."

"We are heavily overcommitted in many areas of the world in terms of personnel, aircraft, ships," Dobey said. "We could, of course, meet the Sarkhanese request, but it should be studied. After all, we've only had half a day's notice."

They are all ducking, Cogswell thought, but only Stuart seems to have a reason, seems sure of what he's doing. And I don't know what he has in that tough old mind of his.

"Any further comments, gentlemen?" Cogswell asked. He shrugged. "The consensus is that the President should turn down Sarkhan's request for massive military aid. You have all emphasized that your recommendations are based on Sarkhan's relatively safe and prosperous internal conditions at the moment. Gentlemen, are there any objections or additions?"

No one spoke and the meeting adjourned.

Cogswell watched the members hurry out. They can hardly wait to report back to their chiefs, he thought.

The only one who did not hurry out was Stuart. Cogswell noticed Stuart's new suit. It had the simple elegance that came only from the best and most expensive tailors. Stuart wanted, Cogswell thought, to give the impression of coming from a long line of New England bankers or publishers, a family that had made its basic fortune generations ago, but still practiced an elegant thrift. But the Bond Street clothes somehow clashed

with Stuart's flashy Knights of Columbus ring.

Cogswell, the multimillionaire, put on his hat and coat. The coat had been his brother's, the brother who had been killed when he parachuted into Thailand while working for the O.S.S. in 1943. Charles had been his twin, and the dark tweed overcoat had been Charles' favorite. Adolph and Charles Cogswell always had worn each other's clothes.

Cogswell started to help Stuart into his close-fitting Chesterfield.

The old man loves plots, thought Cogswell. They are what keeps him going. The broad public had a vast admiration for Stuart. It was based on the fact that his visage, thin and courageous, had been seen in every trouble spot since Wilson was President. Not a single photograph had ever shown him smiling. He was always in relentless pursuit of America's enemies.

It had started so haphazardly.

In 1917 Stuart had been drafted, an Irish Catholic boy from New Orleans who had been a file clerk. In the trenches he won, in that order, a battlefield commission, a Silver Star and the Congressional Medal of Honor. On his return he was accused at a press conference of "driving his men mercilessly." He answered quietly, "I thought, gentlemen, the objective was to win." Somehow this simple thought simply expressed had caught the imagination of the American people. The phrase was inscribed on dozens of American Legion halls, on National Guard armories, in textbooks and on monuments in town squares.

In the years after World War I, Stuart moved quietly through the governmental structure of Washington, soon heading an ever-growing agency.

Though he preached anonymity, publicity always came to him. When there was an anti-Communist *coup* in a foreign land, the public usually saw a front-page picture of him talking with the president or the general heading the *junta* the day after it all happened. The dedication of his followers was almost mystical.

Stuart's living habits had changed completely since 1917. He came from a poverty background in New Orleans. His father had died an alleged alcoholic. His mother was an expert seamstress.

Until the middle of the 1930's, Stuart had always bought cheap ready-made clothes off the racks. But he had learned that in America fashion and appearance had to a large degree replaced the work and the success ethics. Appearance and fashion were instruments of power. Stuart learned that elegant simplicity was expensive and had to be effectively displayed. He and his mother moved into a fashionable old brick house in Georgetown.

The first visitor to Stuart's new home was a British tailor. A month later Stuart married the widow of a famous Senator. She had money, breeding, and was an official in the D.A.R. After the three-day honeymoon, they moved in with old Mrs. Stuart. Their marriage was without issue.

When Stuart reached his office, he sent a cable to Doctor Theobald which he considered of vital importance. It read: SEE HAJN PRIVATELY AND INQUIRE POSSIBILITIES OF SARKHAN BEING INVADED IN NEAR FUTURE.

He turned to his secretary and added, "Send that top secret, for Theobald's eyes only, and with highest priority."

"Yes, sir."

Stuart unlocked his briefcase. "Back to the office. And let me see this morning's cables."

the small voice

10

The swiftness of Coldstream's recuperation had surprised Doctor Theobald who, it seemed to Coldstream and Taja, had practically lived at the house the past week. Coldstream would talk about his experience only to Taja, and not much to her. He was still very pale and had lost weight. He had not left the house since his ordeal.

One evening a week after his experience in the hills, Coldstream was alone in his vault checking radio reports from the North. The first radio signal came five minutes before the evening schedule, which linked all of his operations in Sarkhan, came through. It was a signal sentence over the regular frequency and was relayed from one of the closer stations: "The jungle yields." Instantly Coldstream turned up the volume.

Coldstream recognized the small voice. It was Bui, eldest son of Apayki, the chief of a Meo tribe located 50 miles from the plateau in the foothills of the Tikok Mountains. Coldstream had traded with the village for 12 years. No other white man ever had bothered with them. The Meos were short, stocky, muscular, silent men who lived by hunting and by combing the jungle for food. Their villages were clumps of living foliage which they wove together without breaking the stalks from the roots. A lowlander could walk through a village without knowing it.

Coldstream had sent a message to Apayki asking if he would send one of his ablest men across the border into North Viet Nam to scout for signs of the rumored mobilization of troops, getting details of their uniforms, equipment, language and numbers. With the message he had sent a small receiver-transmitter radio. Coldstream suspected that Apayki would send his son Bui, who was trained in the operation of the radio and who was the most skilled jungle hunter in the village.

"I am at the end," Bui said, his voice sharp and clear in Coldstream's earphones. He spoke in Meo, a fluid dialect close to the natural sounds of the jungle, which is probably what it was derived from.

Coldstream paused. There was no alarm in Bui's voice but Coldstream, who had spent painful months learning the language, had never mastered its nuances. No outsider ever would. Even so, he knew something was wrong.

"The end of what, Bui?" he replied in Meo.

"The end of the hunt," Bui said and laughed. "They have caught me."

Laughter among the Meo did not always mean gaiety.

"What happened?"

"First, I will say what I saw," Bui said. "They are still a half kilometer away."

He told Coldstream of working his way past machine-gun towers and minefields to find a sprawling encampment. There were some 800 young Sarkhanese and 200 teachers—Chinese, North Vietnamese and a handful of Europeans moaning with dysentery.

The camp was efficient, Bui said. They did not train the Sarkhanese boys with blackboards or books. They sent them out into the jungle and told them there would be minefields, ambushes, barbed wire, and enemies ahead. And they deliberately gave different groups orders so that they would attack one another with real bullets. Bui had seen eight boys killed in the two days he had been there. It was very fine training, Bui said. The only bad thing was the endless talking at night. In each group there was someone who talked and talked and the rest must listen, because it was clear that the talker was a chief of some kind. The only thing Bui learned from the talking was that the white man must leave Sarkhan, and the people from the North were ready to help drive them out.

"Why do you say they have caught you?" Coldstream asked. His fingers were sweating.

"Because they have dogs," Bui said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Large dogs for tracking. The second morning they let them out."

Bui had threaded his way through the minefield. He ran fast but finally the dogs had forced him into a cave.

"I have been shooting the dogs and the men as they come up the gorge but now I have only a few more rounds," Bui said. His voice was unworried, steady, almost phlegmatic. "You will tell my father and my wife?"

"Yes, I will tell them," Coldstream said. "And don't worry about your wife. We will take care of her and the children for the rest of their lives."

"I will leave the radio on, but I cannot talk again," Bui said.

There was a smashing sound as Bui fired his rifle. Then a splintering which Coldstream guessed was the ricochet of return fire.

Coldstream waited, thinking of Bui's tiny wife, just over four and a half feet tall, but always with a child on her hip and carrying huge loads on her head. She had a timid smile, bad teeth, and was fond of candy.

There was the sound of strange voices on the frequency.

"He must be dead," a voice said in Vietnamese. "He is not moving. . . ."

Then the ripping sound of a Sten gun and the beginning of a cry chopped off.

"This time he is dead," a new voice said. "Now bring a flashlight in here and make a search."

It was obviously an officer-instructor. The man's voice was

deep and he spoke Sarkhanese with a strange inflection.

"Leave the radio there," the voice said. "I'll take care of it."

Coldstream leaned forward in his chair. On the bottom of the radio there was a small ordinary-looking dial that was really a detonator. Once the dial was turned to the "on" position, it would detonate one pound of powerful plastic six seconds after the radio was picked up.

"It is a good job," the harsh voice said. "Well made. Japanese style. . . ."

There was a click and then silence.

the american embassy

11

At 10 minutes before 7 Coldstream was walking along the river. Though still weak, he enjoyed his exercise particularly in the early morning. Boats floated down carrying cargoes of exquisitely arranged radishes, onions, and tomatoes. A small child on the prow of a *huatze,* who had probably never seen a white man, stared solemnly at him and ran to the stern to stand by his parents.

His workmen showed him two more decapitated bodies that had been hooked out of the river that morning. He did not understand fully, but obviously they were intended as a warning. The citizens of Haidho had the impression that some sort of mysterious struggle was taking place upriver.

He wondered if the American intelligence people knew more. It was unlikely. They always depended on Asians for their information. It was convenient, but it put the Americans completely at the mercy of the Asians. Superior intelligence must be gathered from many sources.

Possibly the bodies related in some fashion to the curious report McCauley had given him on the throwaways which Coldstream had gathered from all over Sarkhan. One throwaway was distributed only in Buddhist villages, another in predominantly Moslem villages. Both were printed on very cheap paper, both skillfully written, carefully using selected quotations from the Koran and the *sutras* to attack the other religion. For over 600 years there had been no religious conflict in Sarkhan, and mosques and pagodas were everywhere.

Taja and McCauley were in the kitchen. Taja was cooking blueberry pancakes which McCauley claimed to love and which appalled Taja. She would stare at him, unable to control her laughter, as he spread the butter and poured the sweet syrup over the pancakes.

McCauley looked up at Coldstream. "They were talking about you last night at the Embassy cocktail party. That article in the Hanoi paper that said your village *godowns* in the Three Mountain Peaks area had been ransacked by Sarkhanese villagers protesting your capitalistic methods. You had been charging the villagers exorbitant prices and getting them into debt and were foreclosing on their farms. I gathered that the ambassador had cabled the newspaper article to Washington."

Taja had prepared a small chicken curry for Coldstream. She served him quietly and then said she was going to the market.

She had a cheap, flimsy throwaway which the merchants of Haidho used to advertise their bargains. McCauley took it from her and examined it. The character for "people" was burred—and he realized it had come from the same press that printed the propaganda sheets Coldstream had sent him. The market flyer had been printed by the *Haidho Gazette*—operated by Marcus Coit. Coldstream said, "Let's look around a bit before we jump to conclusions."

"I'm not jumping to any conclusions," McCauley said impatiently. "I'm just pointing out that the propaganda and this advertisement were printed on the same press. If I had to make a conclusion right now I'd say that Coit is being had. Good Lord, he's the most anti-Communist character in Haidho. Which, if you were running off Communist propaganda, would be just the place to have it printed."

"What else do you hear around Haidho these days, Taja?" he asked.

Taja said, "There is much talk at the palace. The Prince should have returned from meditation two weeks ago. He had many appointments—including one to become the godfather of his cook's new son. The servants at the palace are worried. They don't even know where the Prince is meditating. It's been almost a month now. . . ."

McCauley looked up from his pancakes. "The Prince's secretary called and canceled my appointment. That's never happened before."

The two men ate silently. Taja moved about the room unobtrusively with her extraordinary grace.

"I'll go see Ambassador Brown this morning," Coldstream said.

"You still look weak," said Taja. "Shall I drive you?"

"I'd better go alone, thank you."

"You can go into the Embassy alone," she said, taking one of his hands gently in hers, "but I will drive you."

"I feel better now," said Coldstream.

Taja moved her head slightly forward, a fraction of an inch, toward Coldstream's face.

McCauley laughed. "Taja, I wish you'd hold my hand like that."

"When you get the *mentado,* I will," she said, letting go of Coldstream's hand slowly, trailing her fingers lightly.

Fifteen years ago the United States had had only a small consulate in Sarkhan, a rented bamboo house with 17 employees. That was the same year, 1950, that Coldstream had arrived in Sarkhan with two surplus Navy landing craft, $1500 in credit, and a briefcase full of combat decorations. In that same briefcase were his Navy retirement documents and final divorce papers.

He had hired Taja to be his secretary shortly after his divorce. He had heard something of her background, but it did not register. She had been one of King Diad's mistresses or concubines or something, but he cared nothing for that sort of gossip. She was efficient and multilingual.

Taja moved quietly about the office and later, about the house. She brought in maids and cleaned the place thoroughly. She instructed the laundress how to iron shirts; she improved the quality of the meals; she fired half of the old staff and put on more energetic people; she sorted his mail, but without opening his letters; she met callers and sent them away satisfied, although they seldom got to see Edward Coldstream. Then life had become easier for Coldstream and quite a bit happier.

General Hajn was with the ambassador when Coldstream arrived at the Embassy and he waited. He had met Ambassador Spratt Brown only casually at the last Fourth of July reception, but had heard much about him from Taja, who knew many of the 851 Sarkanese employed at the Embassy. Taja collected useful gossip the way a dredge sucks up sand. She considered it as one of her duties, and it was easy for her. She had access to the palace, to all embassies, and also was at ease in the marketplace.

Brown tried to conduct himself in the tradition of the Peace Corps and the New Frontier. He was the heir to a considerable New Hampshire fortune, a lawyer with a long record of public service. The entire Brown family, which included five children, took lessons in Sarkhanese, and at public functions they wore native clothes. Instead of shaking hands, they bowed low from the waist, in Asian fashion. Ambassador Brown went to great effort to be "close to the natives." He rode his bicycle around the park every morning and once or twice a week he attended the opening of a new mosque, a Buddhist temple, or a factory. He lectured at luncheons to business groups.

The ambassador's door was open and faintly Coldstream could hear conversation. Hajn obviously was distressed at the refusal of U.S. aid. The Royal Council had discussed turning to Russia or Indonesia and Hajn had dissuaded them, perhaps only temporarily. If it was a matter of proof of the outside threat, Hajn offered a packet of the latest intelligence information.

Coldstream recognized Hajn as a man of power—but it was not power alone that he sought. It was the prestige and tradition of aristocracy that Hajn hungered for.

Hajn had made news around the world when he surrounded several hundred Meo insurrectionists at Podeka Valley in 1961 and slaughtered them. Hajn himself had manned a machine gun, rallied his men three times when they thought they were losing, and had suffered heavy wounds. The pictures showed the dead rebels wearing hammer-and-sickle armbands. Coldstream had wondered about this at the time. He had never known the wandering Meos to have had any political affiliation.

General Hajn was a physical mutation. In Sarkhan the average male weighed 110 and was five-feet-two. General Hajn was six-feet-two and weighed 230 pounds. The Sarkhanese were slow-moving and wore gentle smiles. General Hajn had the physical vitality and alert aggressiveness of a Western executive.

As the two men came into the outer office Hajn saw Cold-

stream and his broad face animated.

"Coldstream!" Hajn said, thrusting out his large hand. "How are you! We missed listening to the Army-Navy game on the radio last year."

The ebullient general turned to the ambassador. "Of course you know my old friend, Admiral Edward Coldstream?"

"I have had the pleasure. I've heard a lot about Admiral Coldstream and his South East Asia Trading Corporation."

"Just Mister Coldstream, sir. I retired from the Navy 15 years ago as captain. The admiral title is what we call a tombstone promotion."

"Your Excellency, take good care of him," Hajn said. "Coldstream has done much for Sarkhan. Good-bye, Your Excellency."

Brown bowed from the waist. *"Tai wah khin sum koon,"* he said. Coldstream flinched. The ambassador was trying the language and he was coming close. The farewell he had just given was actually the way a man says good-bye to his mistress.

Brown's manner was chilly. Coldstream plunged into his fear of internal subversion in Sarkhan. He cited the tense atmosphere, the decapitated bodies of Buddhist and Moslem leaders when there had been no religious war in Sarkhan for 600 years, the flood of anti-American broadcasts, the flyers spread all over the country, the pressure on the villages, the kidnapping of young men for guerrilla recruits. Brown appeared not to have heard him. Coldstream mentioned the disappearance of Prince Lin, but Brown countered curtly that he had been assured that Lin was in meditation and suffering from a slight cold. Coldstream said that he had evidence that the riot at the embassy had been a Communist maneuver, but Brown snorted, "Nonsense. I was there, remember?"

The ambassador got up from behind his desk.

Coldstream knew his visit was over.

"Sir," said Coldstream as he began slowly to unbutton and remove his gloves, "I know what I'm talking about. I personally went to Boa Binh to investigate and had an interesting experience. . . ."

The ambassador interrupted gently. "I know about your experience. You went up there on business and the natives got angry and beat you up in a particularly ugly manner. I have a report of it here in my desk—a report from the Sarkhanese river patrol which went to Boa Binh and investigated."

"Would you like to know what really happened?"

The ambassador shook his head.

"We cannot pry into the domestic affairs of our host country," he said. "Also, Captain, we have our own sources of information and expert ways of evaluating them."

Coldstream shrugged and stood up. "I thought I would try, Mister Ambassador," he said. "I have seen the model which Mao Tse-tung developed in China unroll in a half-dozen Asian countries. Without being able to prove it, I am convinced that the Communists have begun their first state of insurgency—political infiltration of the villages. Now they are moving to the next step. The danger is from within. Not from without."

The ambassador hesitated by the door for a moment, then said carefully, "Thank you very much, Captain Coldstream, for your information and your offer to help me run the Embassy. I think I understand what has stimulated you to come here and be so kind. Perhaps I know things which would surprise you. For example, I am aware that you have been sending information to Adolph Cogswell, the head of the President's Special Committee on Sarkhan—a most discourteous thing to do behind my back."

"Oh?"

Coldstream was unable to hide his surprise.

Ambassador Brown gave his short pleasant laugh and said, "You wonder how I got that, eh? Well, thank you very much for stopping in to see me."

Coldstream bowed Sarkhanese style and said, *"Koom p'at ili,"* the respectful way of saying good-bye to an official.

The ambassador returned the bow and replied with the same loving farewell he had spoken to General Hajn.

Coldstream walked down the Embassy corridors, his stomach tight with anger. With me he has used the correct expression after all. The Honorable Ambassador Spratt Brown certainly screwed me.

Half an hour later Coldstream was back at his house.

When Coldstream had finished describing his interview, McCauley said, "The ambassador is a fool. An absolute ass."

"We should tell Cogswell what is happening. In detail."

"Edward, whatever you do from now on will be closely watched," Taja said. She was restless. "Remember that, please. I have never seen Sarkhan like this before. When the Japanese were here we knew exactly who was watching who, who was a traitor, who gave information, who was dependable. Today things are shifting, uncertain."

Coldstream paced up and down the room for a few moments and said, "We can send a message to Cogswell tomorrow. . . ."

"If you send him a message, everybody in Sarkhan will know. The only way is for you to fly to Washington," Taja said.

"She's right," McCauley said. "I'm not optimistic about getting much done in Washington. But it's our best chance."

Coldstream turned to Taja. "Send a cable to our agent in Hong Kong telling him that I am coming there for 10 days to buy agricultural equipment and to arrange for hotel rooms for Professor McCauley and me. Also inform the Hong Kong Historical Association that Professor McCauley will want to use their archives while he is in Hong Kong."

McCauley smiled a lazy smile and said, "That will interest the ambassador's informer. And it will be easy for us to catch a plane from Hong Kong to San Francisco."

"Edward," said Taja, who hated for him to fly and feared his absences, "the next plane to Hong Kong leaves tomorrow afternoon."

He nodded and left the room to pack, already 5000 miles away. Taja looked after him but did not move. McCauley watched Taja and felt the sadness in the room.

the ambassador's team

12

At the Embassy, a troubled Ambassador Brown called a meeting to discuss his conversation with Coldstream. He told his staff that General Hajn had assured him that there was nothing to the rumors that Prince Lin had disappeared and no significance to the bodies floating downriver. But he was beginning to suspect Coldstream of being something more than a mere mercenary businessman. He turned to Doctor Theobald, the F.I.A. chief, for more information on Coldstream.

"I'll send you our dossier," Doctor Theobald said. "But to summarize: Annapolis graduate, rose to captain in World War II, combat decorations, requested duty in China in 1945, then resigned shortly thereafter. Shrewd, energetic businessman, built a large company which does sea transport, runs river boats, maintains trading posts, and buys and sells in all legitimate commodities. No evidence of political interest. He got himself pretty well mangled about 10 days ago. Some villagers upriver took exception to his way of doing business, I think. I took care of him for a few days. He's some kind of an electronics nut. Fiddles with gadgets in his basement."

"What about that woman who lives with him?" the ambassador asked.

"Taja is her name," said Coit, the hunchbacked publisher of the *Haidho Gazette* who traditionally served as an unofficial Embassy advisor. He had lived in Sarkhan 40 years, had survived the Japanese occupation and his knowledge was considered encyclopedic. "Taja was the king's mistress 15 years ago, but the pox left scars on her face. The king had to turn her out. Something about the concubines of royalty having unblemished faces. Usually such a woman would leave the country. But the king and the people in the palace liked Taja. And times change. So she moved in with Coldstream after a few years."

"Anything else?" the ambassador asked. "What about this McCauley character?"

"His dossier is spotty," Doctor Theobald said, "but it gives a fairly complete picture."

He had been born in Jammu, India, on December 11, 1923, and his birth had been registered with the American Embassy in New Delhi. He was the son of missionary parents, both of whom were physicians. When McCauley was seven, his parents moved to Cochin-China. He had been educated at a village school during the day and the Calvert correspondence course at night. He could speak English, Chinese, Hindi and French by the time he was 12. When the war came along, he claimed he was a conscientious objector. After that the records were thin and erratic. Later he showed up in Burma as a medical corpsman with the guerrillas and there were indications he had been dropped into Sarkhan, but the dates and purpose of the mission had disappeared.

Brown asked Coit what he thought of Coldstream. The hunchback thought of Coldstream's lithe, straight body—so different from his own tortured frame—and was suffused with sudden anger. "A subversive," he said. "Oh, sure he's a war hero. But isn't that a perfect cover? Why would a Navy captain want to be liaison officer with the Chinese Red Army? He spent a year and a half with Mao Tse-tung and Chu-teh, eating with them, sleeping with them, working with them."

"It might have been a good way to get intelligence," the ambassador said.

"And get yourself brainwashed. That's precisely what happened to Coldstream. He comes back and writes a report saying that the Chinese Communists have developed a new kind of guerrilla warfare that can defeat a modern Western army." Coit writhed back into his chair and when he spoke again his hand shot out like an exclamation point. "That notion, the notion of imitating the Chinese Communist guerrillas in the jungle, is playing into their hands. In war you go all out. You don't use some half-baked idea Mao cooked up."

The ambassador did not know a great deal about Southeast Asia, and the references to 10-year-old reports and to unfamiliar names confused him. Also, whether it was true or not, whatever went on in the room would somehow get back to the F.I.A. in Washington and could hurt the State Department. The ambassador was loyal to State. Ignoring F.I.A. could get State into trouble. He bid Coit goodnight, still a troubled man.

a quick trip home

13 At Hong Kong just the sheer concentration of planes—Qantas, JAL, Pan Am, BOAC, Lufthansa, Philippine Air Lines, Cathay Air, Flying Tiger—gives a sense of rising tempo. The corridors of the airport have crowded shops—pearls, cameras, silk, "suits custom-made in two hours," duty-free stores where Napoleon brandy is two dollars a bottle—all of which contrasts harshly with the nearby tenements for Chinese refugees. The vitality of humans struggling shakes Hong Kong as much as the hard screech of jets taking off.

As the plane landed, McCauley finished reading the two Sarkhanese papers he hurriedly had bought at the Haidho airport. Each headlined the invasion on the *Plateau des Luminaires* and also the Chinese claim to part of Sarkhan.

McCauley slept all the way to Tokyo. When they took off for Honolulu, Coldstream had two quick Scotches, a codeine pill and a Seconal. In 15 minutes he was asleep.

McCauley studied Coldstream's face for a moment. It was pinched and thin. The *mentado* had taken more out of Coldstream than he allowed himself to reveal. In sleep the toll showed, his eyelids were blue with fatigue. His gloved hands were placed carefully on his chest.

McCauley had met Captain Coldstream at the end of the war. McCauley had been a medic with an O.S.S.-led guerrilla band in Thailand which fought under the direction of Pridi, the leader of the Thai underground. In August 1945 the band—ragged, malnourished, and sick—was picked up by Coldstream's destroyer. McCauley stayed aboard Coldstream's destroyer for almost a month.

The Captain paid McCauley a polite visit in sickbay and McCauley had been surprised by his conversation. Coldstream knew of Pridi and asked penetrating questions about how the underground had been organized, how the various groups communicated, the political future of Thailand, the basic economics of Southeast Asia, the future of things.

McCauley was suspicious. Three years of patching up torn bodies and constant tension twisted him and he was petulant.

The next day Captain Coldstream was back, calm as ever, offering to send a radio message to his family.

"I don't have a family, Captain," McCauley said. "They were executed the first week of the Japanese occupation."

The next day when Captain Coldstream came in he said, "Good morning, Mister McCauley, did you love breakfast?" But he said it in Chinese.

"You mean, did I 'enjoy breakfast,'" McCauley replied in Chinese. Then astonishment showed on his face. "Where did you learn to speak Chinese?"

"One must do something with spare time."

"Why Chinese? That won't help you when you come up for admiral."

"Because it looks like the Chinese are going to be big, not only out here in Asia, but in the world," Coldstream said. "So I thought I'd learn how to talk to them."

Two days later McCauley was giving Coldstream lessons in Chinese. Because of his extraordinary aptitude and because his missionary parents had been moved from one country to another in Asia, McCauley had an easy fluency with languages. He was surprised at how well Coldstream had learned Chinese on his own. He was a disciplined man, McCauley saw quickly. The captain was intensely serious about political matters, and soon convinced McCauley that the future of Southeast Asia would be determined by what happened in China and Sarkhan. He began urging McCauley to return to the States, go to college, specialize in Southeast Asia and Sarkhan, and become an expert "in a world," as Coldstream said, "that would demand experts in every category, subcategory, nook and cranny."

Coldstream stirred in his seat, his hands touched one another and immediately his eyes were open. Both men were edgy about the forthcoming meeting with Cogswell. He was tough, Coldstream knew; no one pushed him around. McCauley was suspicious of wealthy men who dabbled in statecraft. He had not met Cogswell, though he had served as an advisor on Sarkhan since the publication long ago of his now famous (in limited circles) monograph on Sarkhanese grammar. It had brought McCauley a letter of praise from Prince Lin. McCauley had never been to Sarkhan—except briefly during the war—a fact he acknowledged with casual arrogance in the first paragraph of the monograph. But it was not necessary, he wrote, grammar and linguistics were a science. Man could speak 48 phonemes and out of these he can explore all languages. His monograph, he stated, was a demonstration that Sarkhanese was a combination of Khmer and Mandarin. In the world of linguistics this was close to a heresy, but the few rebuttals which were attempted were met by an implacable refutation from McCauley.

Around that time Cogswell had started querying Coldstream about Sarkhan. Partly to relieve the pressure, Coldstream wrote Cogswell that he might find McCauley useful as an expert.

McCauley's dealings with Cogswell had been by mail, but he knew *of* the man: born in 1890, son of a millionaire publisher of wildly sensational magazines, took over himself, added scientific magazines for prestige and a political quarterly for Washington contacts, today publishes more than a hundred periodicals in seven languages. McCauley sniffed. A man who could continue to advise presidents, he was sure, must be a toady; nontoadies don't last.

As the plane landed, McCauley saw Coldstream gently rubbing his hands together and thought that tomorrow he would make sure that his friend saw the best surgeon in town. A car delivered them to the Cogswell Building on Massachusetts Avenue and Cogswell met them, a short muscular man who walked with a surprising bounce.

Cogswell looked at his watch, said brusquely, "Gentlemen, please sit down and tell me why, as you indicated on the telephone from Honolulu, you think that Sarkhan is about to go down the drain. I hope you can do it in thirty minutes. I have another appointment at 6."

Coldstream did the talking, numbering his points.

At 5:58 Cogswell interrupted. "Sorry, gentlemen, we must stop. I have only one question. Professor McCauley, do you agree or disagree with what Captain Coldstream has told me?"

McCauley replied instantly. "Conditions in Sarkhan are worse than he has told you."

The three men stood up. Cogswell led them to the door and opened it.

"Very interesting, gentlemen. Very interesting. However, what you have told me does not jibe with the governmental intelligence. Still, very interesting. Half an hour is not enough. Can you come to my house at 10 tomorrow morning?" His question was phrased as a command. "Good night, gentlemen. It was good of you to come."

When they were alone, McCauley muttered, "We wasted the price of two first-class tickets to Washington."

"You don't think much of Cogswell?"

"I cannot associate him with someone who's been the confidant of six Presidents. I have a feeling that he didn't hear a thing you said. Not a goddam word. He took no notes and he asked only one question. He may have become senile."

Coldstream laughed. "That's precisely what Stuart was supposed to have said when Cogswell advised Truman to fire MacArthur."

the confrontation

14

"Cogswell has lived here for 40 years," Coldstream said as their taxi pulled up to the old brownstone house in Georgetown. "He has a squash court in the back garden. Ten years ago he gave it up. Now he walks three miles a day."

Before they rang the bell the door was opened by a man who obviously was not a butler. He was deferential, but his eyes inspected them carefully and he had on a plain dark business suit.

He brought them to Cogswell, whose eyes were bloodshot. He had the appearance of a man who had been up all night.

"Gentlemen, things have gotten a bit complicated," Cogswell said. "Much has happened since last night. I have everyone here."

"Everyone? Who is everyone?" muttered McCauley.

"The President's Special Committee on Sarkhan," Cogswell said.

"A crisis?" McCauley asked.

"You might call it that, yes. Another goddam crisis."

Cogswell ushered them through a corridor into a large room which extended the entire width of the house. Down the center was a heavy oak table. Seated around the table were nine men, three of them in uniform.

McCauley observed that the majority of the group was at sharp attention even though seated.

The men stood up as Cogswell spoke their names—Assistant Secretary of State Abbott, Hiller of Defense Intelligence, Stuart from F.I.A., Assistant Secretary of Defense Dobey and aides and officers. They were somber substantial men heavy with responsibility and authority.

"Gentlemen, we can begin," Cogswell said, sitting down at the end of the table. Cogswell changed. His tired smile vanished. He now had an air of cool authority.

He explained the committee's purpose to Coldstream and McCauley: to recommend to the President decisions on Sarkham. He added, "May I warn you, anything discussed here is considered highly confidential. Please sign the paper in front of you acknowledging that you know it is top secret."

Coldstream read the paper slowly and signed. McCauley signed immediately and looked up at the others. Stuart, the Director of the F.I.A., put a cigarette in a short, filtered cigarette holder. Taking a lighter from his vest pocket he placed it on the table. It was a solid gold lighter. On one side was a small American flag made from diamond, ruby, and sapphire chips. McCauley picked it up and read the inscription: "To Major Stuart, Congressional Medal of Honor winner, from his buddies in the American Legion."

Cogswell held up his hand for silence.

"I consider this the most important meeting our Committee has ever had," he said. "We are trying to avoid another Bay of Pigs. Because all of you are intelligence specialists, you know who Captain Coldstream and Professor McCauley are.

"There are three major points Coldstream and McCauley brought up last night" Cogswell said. "The first is that Prince Lin has disappeared. This in their opinion creates a hazard and has ominous implications. Ambassador Brown in Sarkhan says that the Prince has *not* disappeared and, if he had, his absence would be of little significance."

Cogswell waited again making sure each person had a chance to speak. Later the refusal to speak could be important.

No one spoke.

"These two gentlemen also believe that it is unlikely that Sarkhan can be toppled by an external threat. In fact they believe there is none," Cogswell went on. "They also say that the invasion rumors may be only efforts to bleed us for arms and money and the 'fringe benefits' of American aid. They say that there *is* an internal threat which is invisible and slight at this time, but which might, if America moves powerfully, use our intervention as the means to play on Sarkhanese nationalism and build a powerful revolutionary movement."

Cogswell paused again. Again, no one spoke.

"Let us handle one point at a time," he went on. "Captain Coldstream, contrary to your opinion, the Embassy says that Prince Lin is ill with a cold and is not missing. He simply has been staying indoors. You claim Lin is missing from the capital. What is your evidence?"

"Before he answers that," said Stuart, "may I ask why it matters? Assume our friends, the Sarkhanese, are being invaded by a hostile army. Why should we be concerned with this Prince Lin?"

McCauley raised his hand and Cogswell nodded. "Mister Stuart," said McCauley, "for over 40 generations the family of King Diad has ruled Sarkhan. For over 40 generations Sarkhanese astrologers, at the birth of the king, have predicted on what day the King will abdicate. For 40 generations the kings have abdicated on that predicted day. . . ."

"Please, Professor McCauley," said the Assistant Secretary of State, "we are dealing with the harsh realities of an invasion. The subject involves legislation, guns, airlifts, military equipment of all kinds—not superstition, native hocus-pocus and mythology."

McCauley went on as if the Secretary had not spoken. "There is not a Sarkhanese who doesn't know that King Diad is going to abdicate in a few weeks. They also know that on that day Prince Lin will be crowned the 42nd king of Sarkhan. Furthermore, for 40 generations it has been the custom, regardless of circumstances, that the heir apparent be seen in public in front of the royal residence every day for one lunar month before the abdication of the King. It so happens that Prince Lin has not been seen for the last 15 days. Rumors are spreading that the Prince has been kidnapped."

Cogswell said, "Why are you so sure that Prince Lin is missing and not just indisposed?"

McCauley pulled a thick volume of Sarkhanese law from his briefcase. It prescribed that when the king or the heir apparent was ill, he must be treated in the Royal Dispensary and bulletins issued daily as to his condition. There were no alternatives. McCauley said, "Now, gentlemen, if the heir apparent, Prince Lin, is ill, then he must be at the Royal Dispensary."

In a weary tone Stuart interrupted, "Please, Professor, we don't need a lecture. We already know the prince is at the Dispensary. The ambassador said so. General Hajn said so."

"Just like," said McCauley, "our own government said President Eisenhower had a stomach ache when he was almost dead from a heart attack."

In the moment of silence, Coldstream and McCauley glanced at each other. They had checked the Royal Dispensary and knew the Prince was not there. But the United States intelligence service had not.

"Do you say Ambassador Brown and General Hajn are liars?" Stuart asked.

"I don't recall mentioning the ambassador or the general."

"Goddammit," said Stuart, "that red telephone in the corner is a scrambler. It is a direct line to our Embassy in Haidho. Let's see what the ambassador has to say about your accusation."

Cogswell walked to the telephone, cranked a lever, and also cut in an amplifier so that everyone could hear.

"Hello," he said into the telephone. "Cogswell here. Washington, D.C."

"Brown here," came the tiny words from the amplifier. "American Embassy, Haidho. What is the decision on the request for aid?"

"Mister Ambassador, it hasn't been made yet. I am calling about Prince Lin. Does your staff know where the Royal Dispensary is?"

Eight thousand miles away Brown cleared his throat.

"Royal Dispensary?" he asked. "I don't know of such a place."

McCauley took the phone.

"McCauley here," he said. "The Royal Dispensary is the little stone building to the right of the Inner Palace. It is surrounded by a screen of bamboo trees."

There was a long silence.

"I thought that was a temple," the small voice on the phone said.

"It is. A temple of healing."

McCauley handed the phone back to Cogswell.

"Mister Ambassador, I would like you personally to go to the Royal Dispensary and ask to see Prince Lin. Inquire as to his health and give us a report on it."

"It's dinner time now for most Sarkhanese."

Cogswell said sharply, "Mister Ambassador, I don't care what time it is. Just move out and take a look."

"I'll go," said Ambassador Brown.

"Thank you, Mister Ambassador. I will hold the phone," said Cogswell.

Cogswell sat by the red telephone, the receiver to his ear. The

men around the table smoked and talked in low voices. Eight minutes later Brown came on again.

"Mister Cogswell, Prince Lin is not at the Dispensary. The Sarkhanese doctors said he has been away for a month and they do not know where. They seemed concerned."

"Then he is missing."

"Yes, sir," said Brown. "Before calling you back I phoned General Hajn. He says the Prince might have left Haidho for a meditation. It's longer than usual because of the coronation. He has requested to meditate in secret."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

Cogswell put down the phone. "It seems, gentlemen, that Captain Coldstream and Professor McCauley are correct. Prince Lin is missing and it is of some concern to the Sarkhanese."

No one spoke. Stuart looked at McCauley, no expression on his face. If he was bothered, it did not show.

"The next point of discussion is the invasion. We should start with a general summary by one of our government people." His eyes ran down the table. "General Lindquist, why don't you sum up, very briefly, the situation in Sarkhan as you see it?"

The Air Force general's fingers moved on the tabletop as if they were assembling a sheaf of papers. He pulled his head back. He had no papers. He recovered quickly.

"Of course, Mister Cogswell," said Lindquist in his crisp and sure manner. "Sarkhan is intensely pro-West. The Communists know the only way that they can take over in Sarkhan is by a military invasion from without. Hence the current emergency.

"The first phase of the invasion began a few days ago. Advance units, about three thousand North Vietnamese troops, are now in the plateau area. They are not guerrillas. They are uniformed troops with 105-millimeter howitzers, tanks, light planes, trucks, and bulldozers. They are building airfields and logistic centers. The major invasion probably will occur as soon as the monsoons stop. And just across the Chinese border there are 80,000 well-trained troops carrying the most modern mobile arms. It is a real emergency."

Coldstream said, "I will, sir. My quick summation is this: You are about to have another Bay of Pigs in Sarkhan. Only instead of involving a small controllable country like Cuba, it will involve all of vast, rich, restless Southeast Asia. It will be 10 times as tragic a fiasco as the Bay of Pigs."

Hiller, the Defense Intelligence Agency man, broke in to remind Coldstream and McCauley that the details of the invasion which they had just heard were top secret—known to perhaps 15 or 20 persons in the U.S., no more. McCauley tossed a folded newspaper to one of Stuart's aides, who read Sarkhanese. "This is the *Haidho So-Bin*, a Sarkhanese newspaper, yesterday's edition. Will you read the headline and start the lead article, please."

The man studied the paper, then read in English, "North Viet Nam Invades Sarkhan. General Hajn, through his press officer, General Bandhinjo, announced this morning that Sarkhan has been invaded. On the plateau area there are about 3,000 Vietnamese troops, equipped with such arms as 105-millimeter howitzers, tanks, light planes, trucks, and bulldozers. These are the advance units and they are building airstrips and logistics centers. They are not guerrillas. Across the Chinese border are some 80,000 well-trained troops standing-by ready for a full-scale invasion of Sarkhan when the monsoons stop."

McCauley said quietly, "Gentlemen, the intelligence agencies of our country receive urgent information and it is classified as top secret. Only 15 or 20 persons know it. Yet this so-called top secret information has been published yesterday in Asian newspapers."

Coldstream said, "Professor McCauley and I discount this article entirely. This particular paper is highly unreliable. My company gets reports from the so-called invasion area daily. At this state of the monsoon season it is difficult even to fly over those mountains. An air drop is impossible." Coldstream turned abruptly, smiled, and rubbed his palms together. "But I'm sure you must know this, gentlemen."

Cogswell said, "Is there a single American to your knowledge who claims to have seen the invading Vietnamese? Is there one American eyewitness?"

Coldstream shook his head. McCauley said nothing.

Stuart said, "I have eyewitness accounts."

"From Americans?" said Coldstream.

"No. But I have a few trusted Sarkhanese agents. Their loyalty is unquestionable." Stuart lowered his voice and, staring at McCauley and Coldstream, added, "Perhaps more loyal and dependable than some Americans."

Coldstream said, "Sir, do you recognize the names Qua Hai and Sku Bien?"

"I do not. Who are they?"

"Qua Hai and Sku Bien are your agents in the plateau area." Coldstream pointed to a hand-drawn map of Sarkhan that he had taken from his briefcase.

Stuart's assistant took papers from his briefcase, found a page, and showed it to Stuart. Stuart was not ruffled, but his smile was tight. Really not a smile. It was a predatory expression.

Coldstream pointed to his map again.

"You will notice red circles around some of the towns," he said. "These indicate where there are Communist agents. Mister Stuart, both of your agents up there are also employed by the Communists."

"How do you know that?"

"Sarkhanese villages are small and most everything that happens in them is known to everyone. Your two men have been seen going to the Communist camps in the hills and helping the guerrillas."

Stuart said, "Let us put the shoe on the other foot, Captain. Have you known any Americans who have been an eyewitness. to my agents consorting with the Communists?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is the witness and under what circumstances?"

"I am the witness, sir, I saw them in a Communist camp."

"How do you know that the people you saw there were Qua Hai and Sku Bien?"

Coldstream opened his briefcase. He picked up an envelope, extracted two cards. He pushed them across the table to Stuart.

"Here are their identification cards in your organization," he said.

He then took two more pieces of paper from the envelope and slid them across the table. "And here are their Communist identification cards."

"Captain Coldstream," said Stuart. "What were you doing in a Communist camp? Can it be true that through your trading corporation you do business with the Communists?"

"I was not in that camp voluntarily."

"This is all very difficult to believe. Mister Cogswell," said Stuart, "I would like Captain Coldstream to tell us why he was in a Communist camp and how he got the identification cards of two of my agents."

Coldstream stood up nervously, pushed back his chair with his foot and walked slowly across the room. He hunched over, his hands thrust deep in his coat pockets. McCauley watched him. Coldstream was shuffling more than walking, his lips were pressed together, the muscles in his neck tense.

Stuart unbuttoned his coat and leaned back in his chair with the satisfied look of a man who is about to hear a confession.

Coldstream said, "About six weeks ago I wrote a report for Mister Cogswell and sent it from Haidho to Washington by way of courier."

Cogswell interrupted and said, "That is correct, and I received the report two days later. Captain Coldstream, you're barely whispering. Can you speak a little louder?"

"In my report," said Coldstream, speaking loud and clear, "I said that Sarkhan had become politically unstable and I had a hunch, no proof, that several highly placed persons might be betraying the government. I did not know who they were, but I volunteered to try and find out."

He rubbed his palms in what he was aware was a Shylock gesture but he could not stop. He would have welcomed an interruption.

"During the following four or five days I made strenuous efforts through my corporation to confirm my information," he said. "Later I decided to visit villages in Boa Binh district, where the Sark Cong terrorists had started. I visited Boa Binh, then Dao, where I borrowed a jeep from the chief. I was surprised to find the road had been cleared and that other cars had been on it.

"About 30 miles from Dao I saw something in the sunlight as I turned a corner. . . ."

Coldstream stopped and looked at Cogswell. "Sir, I'm sorry I have to be so long-winded, but I can't tell it any other way."

"As you like," said Cogswell.

Coldstream was trembling slightly, but his voice was steady.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH]

THIS FUNNY LIFE

During my college days at a girls' school, the students used to compete among themselves, each student trying to hang the cleverest sign on her door.

There were signs of every description and shape, but the one that took the prize was posted by a senior: "Live alone and lack it!"

E. B. Jett
Tampa, Fla.

Our infantry brigade was recently assigned to Viet Nam. The brigade motto "Ready Now" was stressed by the commander to preserve the high level of *esprit de corps* among the men of the unit. Salutes were exchanged with a smart "Ready Now" instead of the usual greeting. Unit designation signs proclaimed the motto and telephone operators answered incoming calls with it.

The colonel didn't realize just how effective his campaign was until one day when he was traveling to a nearby city in his jeep. As he passed through a small village populated largely by women of pleasure, one of the local lovelies recognized his jeep and shouted lustily, "Ready Now, Colonel!"

Name withheld at writer's request
San Francisco, Calif.

While 15,000 eagerly expectant fans of Frank Sinatra's waited for their idol to appear at the Forest Hills Music Festival in New York, the skies began to darken and thunder rumbled on the horizon. Because this was an open-air stadium, rain would cancel the performance, and Sinatra's busy schedule did not permit a performance the following night.

One woman—evidently a Frank Sinatra fan from "bobby sox" days—was particularly disturbed by the threatening skies, and kept expressing her fear that the concert would be rained out before Frank even began to sing.

The gentleman beside her finally couldn't take her moaning and groaning any longer. "Look, lady," he said. "Don't worry. It won't rain. Frank won't let it!"

Irwin Greenfield
Bayside, N. Y.

In our organization, there was a young engineer who took advantage of every possible opportunity to endear himself to the boss. Recently, while out of town on a hunting trip, the boss called to check something with our bookkeeper.

Ever alert to the opportunity of being an apple polisher, our young associate piped up, "Ask him if he needs me for anything."

With a straight face, the bookkeeper shot back, "Yes, he wants to know if you can swim with a duck in your mouth."

L. A. Ricord
Shreveport, La.

There are many oddly named small towns in the state of Illinois—university names like Normal, formerly the home of the State Normal University; Stanford, Oblong, Criss Cross, etc.

A Bloomington, Illinois, newspaper's society page recently headlined: OBLONG MAN MARRIES NORMAL GIRL.

James McInerney
Norwalk, Conn.

At a 25th-year class reunion, prizes were awarded for a variety of reasons. One went to the alumnus who had traveled the farthest distance to attend, one to the person who had really carried out his life ambition, etc.

The prize for having had the most children went to a shy, rather quiet-looking woman. In presenting the trophy for her family of 13 children, the toastmaster referred back to the graduating yearbook to read what she had expressed as a teenage girl graduate. Under "Life's Ambition," she had listed, "Undecided."

Ren Glasser
New York, N. Y.

We were standing around the water cooler discussing our favorite subject—women. The question of age came up.

"A gal's declining years start at about 30," someone said.

"You're wrong," declared one fellow. "After 30, they seldom decline."

Ron Greer
Hollywood, Calif.

A Texan, visiting a friend in New York City, was being shown the Empire State Building.

"It's mighty tall," drawled the Texan, "but we have outhouses back in Texas that are taller."

The New Yorker remarked, "Yes, and you certainly need them!"

Robert Miller
Yuba City, Calif.

During a recent United Fund campaign, girls were chosen to represent the various classifications into which businesses were placed, and they received titles such as "Miss Manufacturing," "Miss Finance," etc.

One particularly well-endowed beauty appeared in a local newspaper photograph which was appropriately captioned, "Miss Big Firms."

Ed Meyer
Ft. Worth, Tex.

While qualifying Naval pilots for landings aboard a large aircraft carrier, we watched, horrified, as an inexperienced young pilot tried time after time to land aboard our ship. Finally, in seeming desperation, he dove nearly straight down at the deck, blowing out two tires and inflicting other minor damage, but managing to at last bring the plane to a halt.

As he climbed, somewhat shaken, from the cockpit, he was met by a disgusted chief airplane mechanic.

"I've got just one question, mister," said the mechanic. "Were you a Kamikaze School dropout?"

G. E. Montague
Olathe, Kansas

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